JUN 2 5 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
June 29, 1957 — 15¢

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BEREA, OHIO

HERE'S HOW I CHEAT YOU
By a Gyp Furniture Salesman

PARADISE FOR HORSE PLAYERS
BY RED SMITH

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25-57

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All of Niagara wouldn't be enough

If every drop of it were put into the pipes of America, the Niagara couldn't supply enough water. Our homes, farms and factories use 200 *billion* gallons per day. Our rising birth rate, our expanding industries, our increasing standards of living demand more and more water every second.

Thousands of communities are faced with insufficient water supply and inadequate pumping and distribution systems. Probably you live in such a community. Talk to your mayor and other officials—support them in their efforts to supply your town with enough water. Tell your friends about what you learn. Don't let insufficient water stop progress where *you* live and *how* you live.

Interested citizens and city officials are invited to write Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Illinois, for a copy of "Your 1100 Gallons," a timely booklet on water shortage problems.

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"You'd think I had halitosis or somethin'!"

Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's *why* it pays to use Listerine regularly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs... Listerine kills germs by millions

Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

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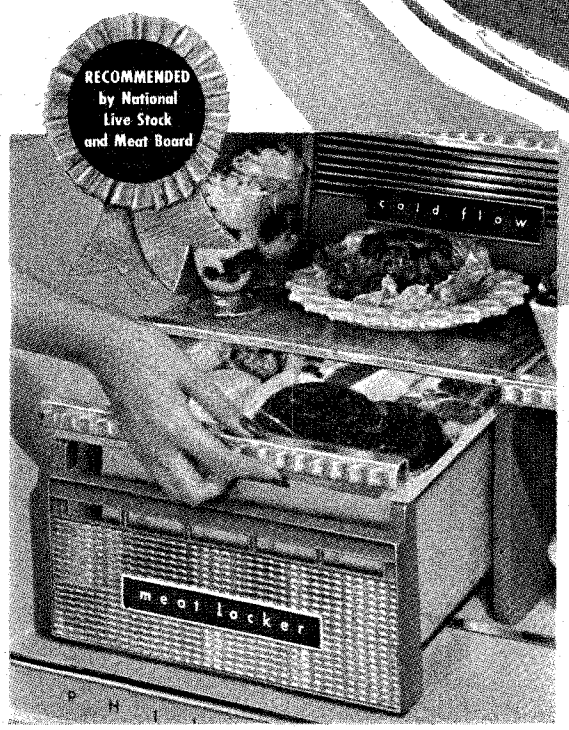
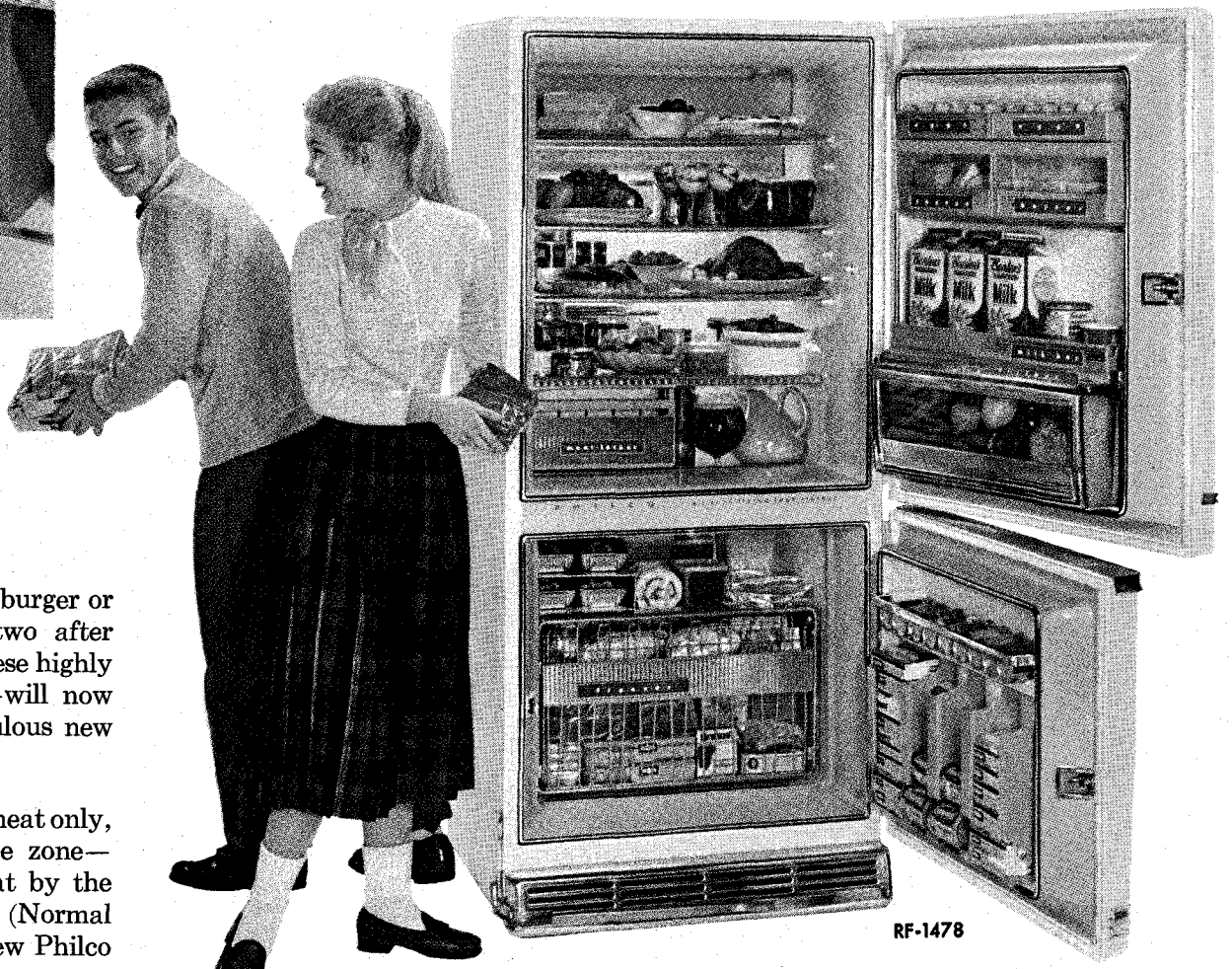
Keep meat fresh days longer without freezing

in the new PHILCO® Super Marketer





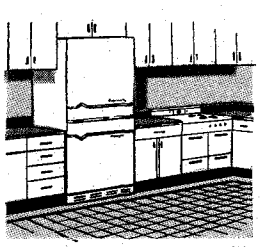
RF-1478

THE SPACIOUS SUPER MARKETER refrigerator-freezer combines 8.5 cu. ft. automatic defrost refrigerator with 5.1 cu. ft. freezer that's on the bottom, where it belongs. Total storage: a big 13.6 cu. ft.!

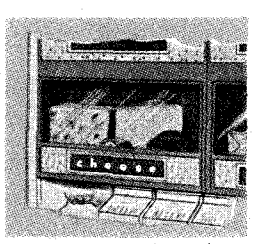
EXCLUSIVE "COLD FLOW" MEAT LOCKER keeps meat in a special 33-degree zone—the IDEAL temperature for fresh-meat storage

NO LONGER do you have to cook hamburger or chops—or eat cold cuts—a day or two after buying! No need for freezing either! These highly perishable meats—*all* meats, in fact—will now stay fresh *days longer*, in Philco's fabulous new "Cold Flow" Meat Locker.

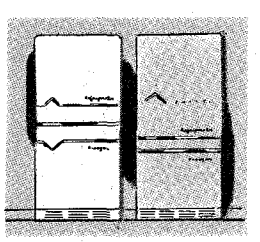
SEPARATE REFRIGERATION system, for meat only, keeps the Meat Locker in a 33-degree zone—the temperature recommended for meat by the National Live Stock and Meat Board. (Normal refrigerator temperature is 38°.) The new Philco with the "Cold Flow" Meat Locker's at your dealer's *now*. One look and *you'll* want it!



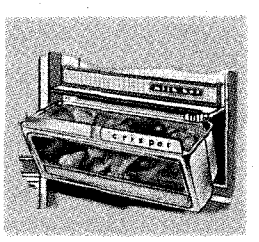
THE "BUILT-IN" LOOK costs no more; looks built in because it fits flush to cabinets. Stands alone beautifully, too. Pastels or bright white.



NEW CHEESE KEEPER keeps cheese in perfect, ready-to-eat condition. Never again dry or moldy cheese! *Philco exclusive!*



CHOOSE YOUR COLOR from Suntone, Startone or gleaming white . . . all stunning. There's a wide choice of sizes, too.



WAIST-HIGH CRISPER conveniently keeps fresh fruits and vegetables at their tasty best. Snaps open and closes quickly.

LOOK AHEAD . . .
and you'll choose
PHILCO

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

A brand-new Mr. and Mrs. have checked in and out, leaving an afterglow of that warmth which brides and grooms stir in every heart not compounded of ice. Leaving, too, the curious debris that accrues to just-marrieds—why don't humans think up a more tenderly romantic wedlock symbol than a decrepit shoe? At least, these honeymooners seem to have escaped being assaulted by their loved ones with .15-caliber rice. Confetti is a saner farewell missile, and even if for hours afterward stray flakes of it do sift embarrassingly off the newlyweds in public places, why, a blushing bride is admirable, and who looks at a groom? . . . To Mr. and Mrs., wherever you are: may your future be as pleasant as the expression you and Norman Rockwell have left on the chamber ladies' faces.

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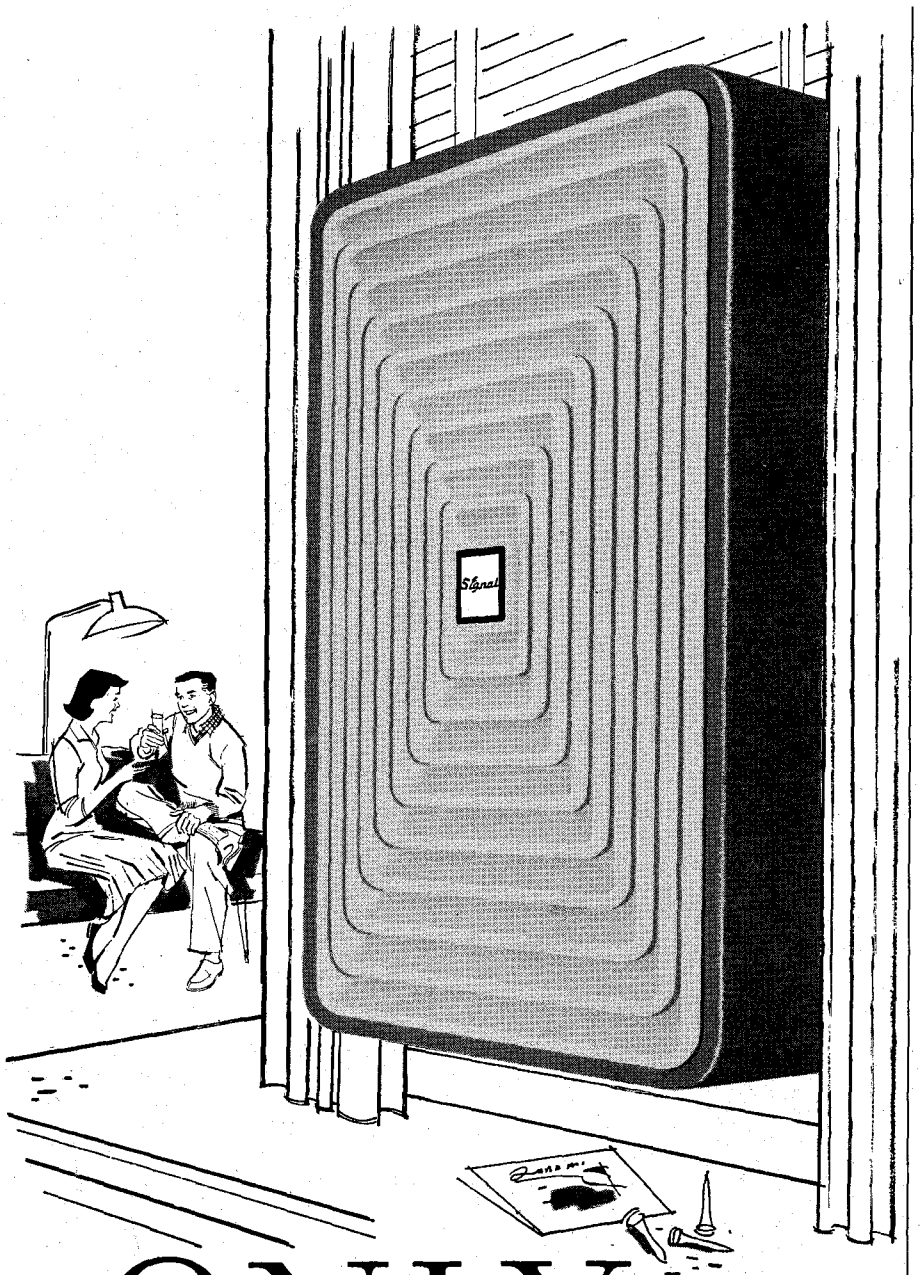

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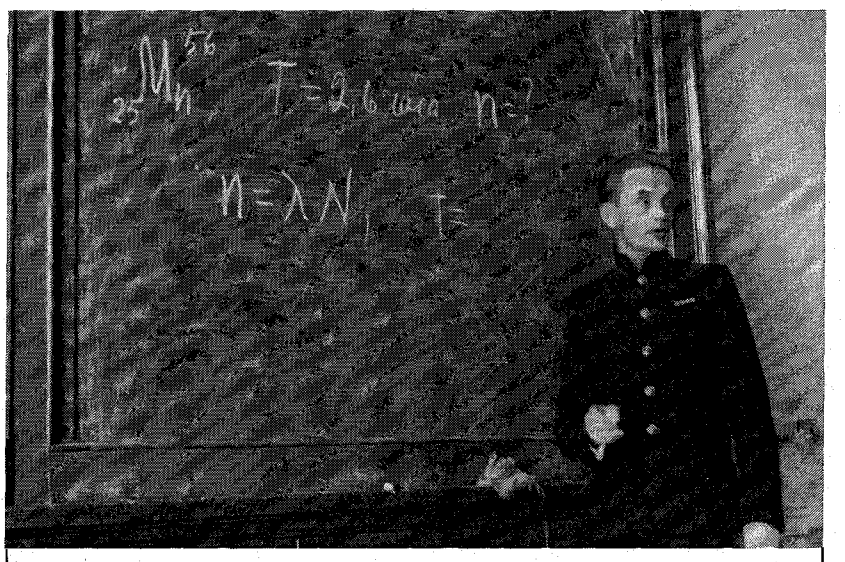
Letters



SOVIET COLLEGE BOY

Dear Sirs:

Referring to Howard Simons' excellent article on Moscow University (BIG MAN ON A RED CAMPUS, May 25), I was highly amused by the photograph on page 37 of Comrade Peter Zablotsky about to solve a brain-racking problem in "nuclear physics." It appears that the gentleman must have spent his first three years studying little else than the history of the Communist Party; the problem he is pondering over certainly isn't worthy of a fourth-year physics student's attention [see cut].

I have just finished my sophomore year at Case Tech, so I'm no Einstein. Furthermore, my knowledge of Russian is just about nil. However, any engineering student will recognize Mr. Zablotsky's problem—which apparently deals with the radioactive decay of Manganese 56—as just an extremely simple exercise in exponential decay, the sort our sophomores get in the first week in differential equations. Any self-respecting American physics senior would be downright insulted if he were asked to solve such a problem at the blackboard.

WALTER ARNSTEIN
Cleveland Hgts., Ohio

Whither Hornblower?

Dear Sirs:

As a Hornblower fan for more than half my life, let me congratulate C. S. Forester on the new serial, ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER [May 11–25]. If I live long enough, I'm sure I'll be able to follow with equal interest its sequels: Prime Minister Hornblower, His Majesty Hornblower, St. Horatio, and Hornblower the God.

But where do we go from there?

JAMES WADE
Granite City, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It is delightful to meet Admiral Hornblower again but the essay HORNBLOWER AND I is simply priceless.

HARRY E. COLBY
Waterloo, Iowa

"Are You Kissable?"

Dear Sirs:

John DeMeyer's story THE MARRIAGE SECRET [May 25] is the best recipe for saving a marriage that I have heard. . . .

When a man stomps out of the house . . . instead of kissing his wife, murder wells up in the woman's heart and between clenched teeth she says, "I'll fix you, old boy."

However, don't let the fair ladies forget it's up to them to make the men want to kiss them the way they did before they married. Take inventory, girls, are you kissable?

DOROTHY KNIGHT
Lincoln, Me.

Real Gone

Dear Sirs:

Thank you muchly for that real jagged blast, DREAM MAN [by Bill Doyle, May 18]. It was cool, man, cool. I dug it the most. The jive lingo sent me. It was gone, man, real gone.

We teen-agers dig scoping tales like this one. Maybe it'll teach some poor cat a lesson about "Elma Pretzel" and all those other crazy guys.

DONNA EASTMAN
Franklin, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Everyone around here thinks it was just plain cheap of you to put that story in your magazine. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that you meant it as an insult to Elvis Presley. It also doesn't take a genius to figure out that you know nothing about Elvis, or you wouldn't write trash (Continued on Page 6)

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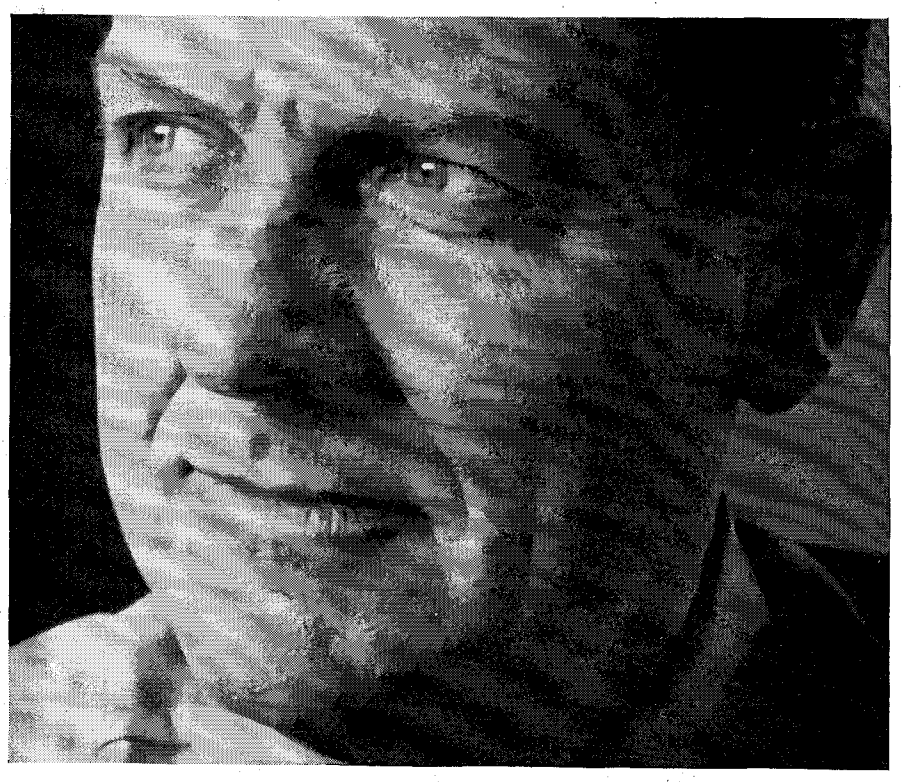
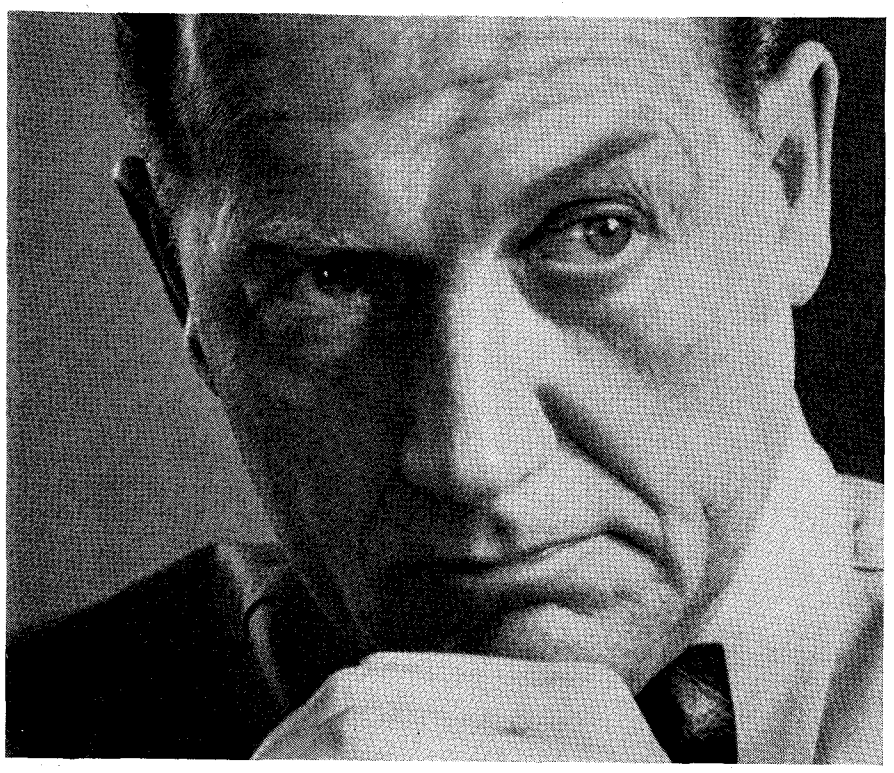
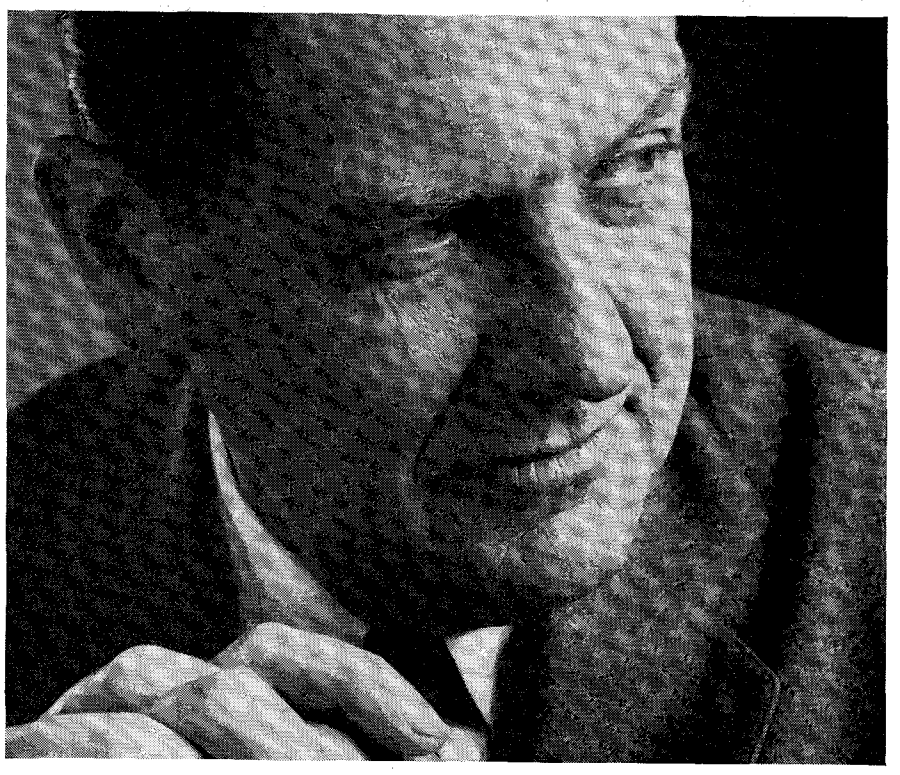
Meet a man whose business is your driving comfort and safety. He's a service station operator, an independent businessman, whose helpful manner has earned the respect of everyone.



He's a forward-looking man with a growing business. His professional way of conducting that business is a credit to both the oil and automotive industries he represents so well.



He's a skilled man whose training and experience you can always depend upon. He'll take expert care of one of your major financial investments—your automobile.



He's a good citizen, representing his community every day to out-of-town travelers. As a businessman, he supports various activities for the betterment of his community.

There are over 200,000 men like this ready to help you,

and every motorist, on every highway and byway throughout America. Knowing that trained, experienced and friendly help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure. America's service station teams give today's motorists the road-long reassurance that they never drive completely alone.

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"I'm tempted... to get a postage meter!"

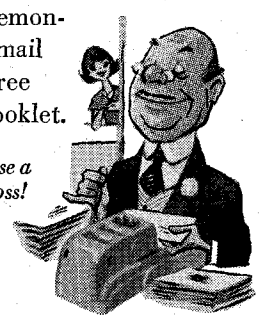
Mr. Smith is the backbone of our country, a small businessman. He has a small office, and keeps a small stock of stamps in a small stamp box. Today, with his secretary ill and invoices to go out, he ran out of stamps. So Mr. S. had to pedal to the postoffice, buy stamps, and affix same... Utterly unnecessary! No office is too small to have a postage meter—now that PB provides a low-cost desk model.

A postage meter frees you forever from stamp-sticking, stamps that stick together, and riding herd on the old-fashioned stamp box. The little DM model, for instance, prints postage as you need it, for any kind of mail. *And it even has a moistener for sealing envelopes!*

You dial the amount of postage wanted, insert envelope, press the lever—and the stamp is printed right on the envelope! With a dated postmark that helps get your mail through the postoffice faster; with your own small ad, if you like. The DM provides postage for parcel post on special tape.

The meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you need to buy at a time. Your postage in the meter is always protected from loss or misuse, and is accounted for automatically, on visible registers.

There is an easy-to-use model, hand or electric, for every office, large or small. When you think of the convenience and the savings, aren't *you* tempted to get a postage meter? Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or mail coupon for free illustrated booklet.



Anyone can use a DM—even the boss!

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

like that! "Our" Elvis is a wonderful person—much better than jealous people who sit around and write (and publish) nasty stories about other people who have enough talent, personality and intelligence to get ahead in the modern world.

BARBIE BURDETTE
Austin, Texas

Big Date

Dear Sirs:

Breathes there a teen-ager's parent or an adult who remembers that most special night so long ago, who does not read sheer poetry into Norman Rockwell's cover of May 25th?

MRS. JOHN A. THORPE
Blackshear, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

If that cover does not bring a tear to your eye then you have never been in love; you've never heard angels sing; never had your heart come near to bursting with pride and ecstasy!

WESLEY CROMER
Skyland, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

The finest thing that Norman Rockwell has ever done. A nuclear fission of atomic youth. It gives to this generation everything that Mona Lisa never knew.

DERMOT ST. J. GOGARTY
Montreal, P.Q.

● *For other news of Rockwell see page 100. ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Re Norman Rockwell's hashhouse hashish: why do the characters in Rockwell's covers always have to look so gooney?

GERALD N. WINN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

On this week's cover, three of the four characters (we'll give the truck driver the benefit of the doubt) are woefully lacking in chin.

Why? I hope the answer is dietary; bottle feeding and prepared food salves in infancy, perhaps. I hope it is not a symptom of slackness, of boom-time softness, of lack of discipline and of staring, droop-jawed, at the surfeit of predigested entertainment on television.

MRS. ZADY KRIEL
Oakland, Cal.

Grandma's Good-by

Dear Sirs:

I have never read a short story as tender and touching as Ray Bradbury's GOOD-BY, GRANDMA, May 25 issue.

JOHN W. GOODWIN
Storrs, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

GOOD-BY, GRANDMA is atheism in a sickly sentimental wrapping. The physical facts of death are ignored—death is not just falling calmly asleep, as anyone knows who has seen people die. Dying people do not make long speeches embodying their philosophy.

Whether you die at nine or at ninety, you will not like it. You will need faith in God and hope for a future life to combat the mortal fear.

M. KIMM
Hicksville, N.Y.

Indifference to Danger?

Dear Sirs:

Donald Robinson's article IF H-BOMBS FALL . . . [May 25] is well written and enlightening, but with one extremely important fact omitted.

It is stated that most Americans won't listen to warnings. Is the committee aware that the Civil Defense, or whoever is responsible for air-raid sirens, is conditioning the Americans much as psychologists condition white rats? Every Friday morning at 10:00—with hardly a variation—the sirens "screech" for about one minute in the whole Los Angeles area. . . .

How are we to know when the "real" thing comes along? Will the sirens blow at 9:30 or 10:10 instead of 10:00 o'clock?

Pardon me while I laugh.

MRS. DAVID K. CARTLER
Bell, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

On page 105 . . . it is stated: "The Air Force was so alarmed that it ordered a 'warning yellow'—attack imminent—in the Oakland area."

Our filter center's recently printed information sheet states that yellow alert means probable attack by hostile aircraft—not attack "imminent," which is a red alert.

ROBERT HOUGHTON
Grayling, Mich.

● *Reader Houghton is right.—ED.*

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Reading across pages, then down:

4–Howard Simons. • 13, 14, 15–Amos Sewell. • 16–Two from International; Wide World. • 17–International, three from Wide World. • 18, 19–Morgan Kane. 20–Wide World, Bill Shrout, Curtis Photo. • 21–International, Wide World. 22, 23–Jack Moore. • 24–Stan Galli. • 26, 27–Jim Burns. • 28, 29–Bruce Bomberger. 30–Gene Lester, Globe. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–Larry Keighley. • 37–Robert Meyers. • 96–C.B.S.-TV. • 100–Washington Daily News, Arthur Siegel, John R. Wells, Arthur Avedon, anonymous, Larry Fried.

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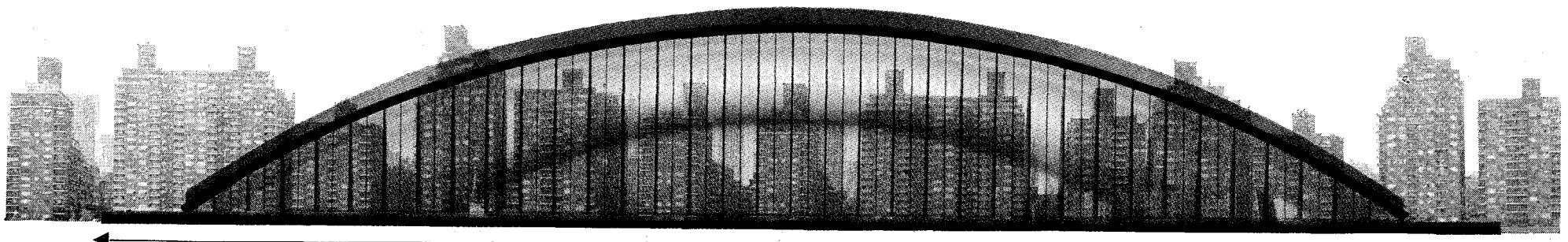
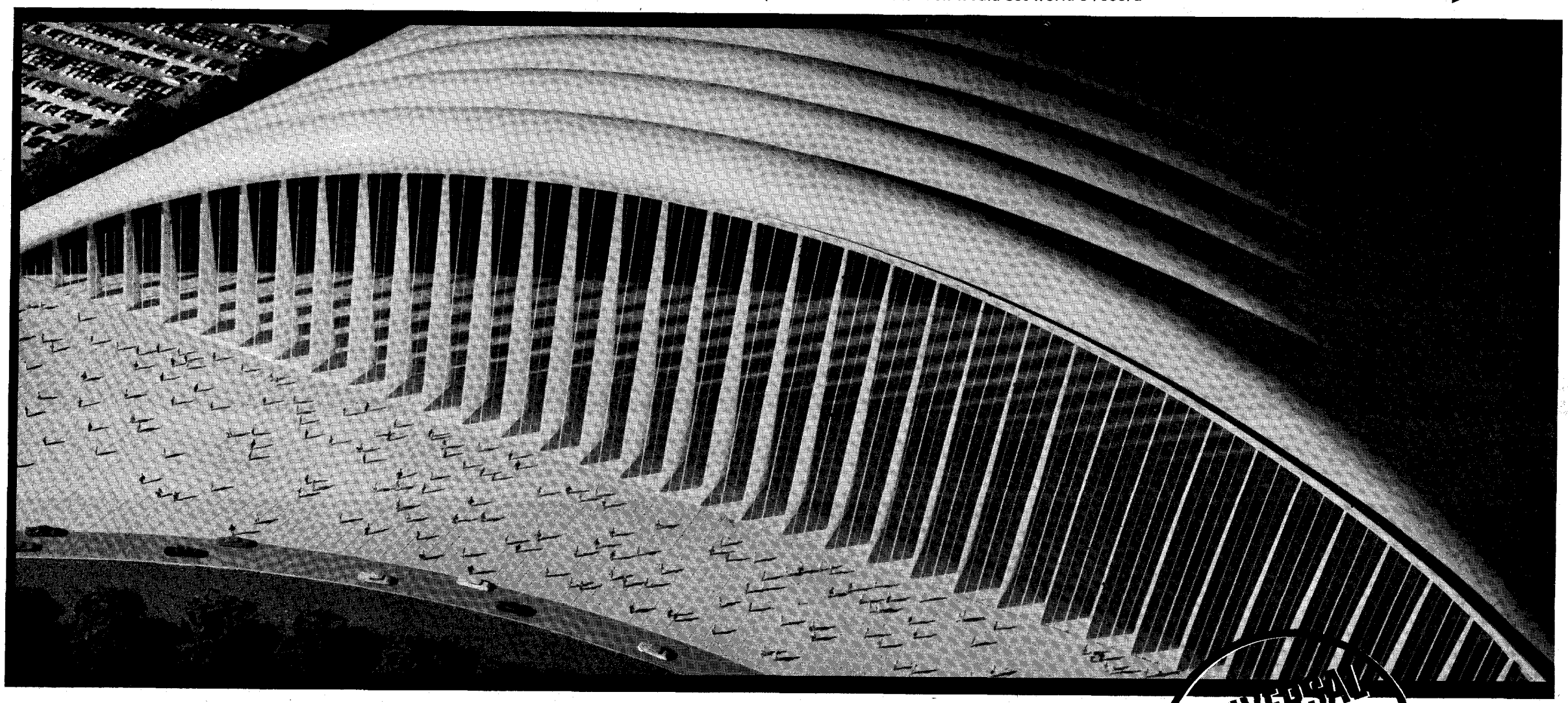


One-fifth of a mile span of this concrete arch would set world's record



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K. P. Billner, *Vacuum Concrete, Inc., Engineer;* Boyd Anderson, *Ammann & Whitney, Engineer;* Alfred Clauss, *Architect Associated*

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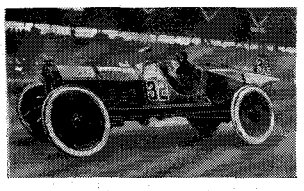
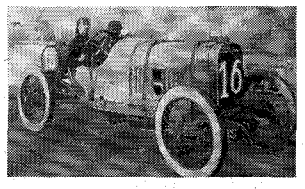
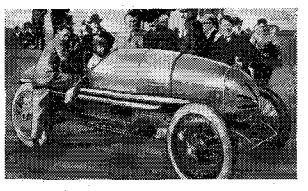


1911 RAY HARROUN
74.59 m.p.h.



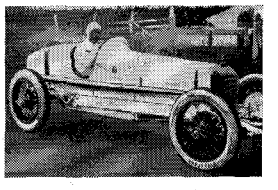
***1913** JULES GOUX
75.93 m.p.h.

***1920** GASTON CHEVROLET
88.62 m.p.h.



1921 TOMMY MILTON
89.62 m.p.h.

1922 JIMMY MURPHY
94.48 m.p.h.



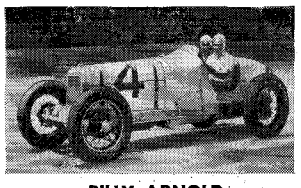
1923 TOMMY MILTON
90.95 m.p.h.

Again at Indianapolis . . .

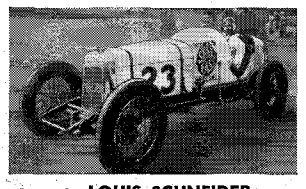
the "Race of Tires"

Sam Hanks, 1957 Indianapolis winner at 135.601 m.p.h., says:

"The pressure gets worse at Indianapolis every year, but I've got to admit that Firestone stays right on top of it. When you run at the speed I did, with the top cars pushing you all the time, you bless Firestone every foot of the way. And another thing, on the highway I have Firestones on my own car, because Firestone knows more about rubber than anybody else in the business."

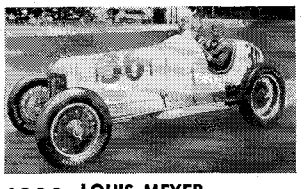


1930 BILLY ARNOLD
100.44 m.p.h.



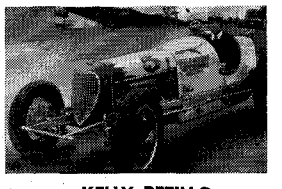
1931 LOUIS SCHNEIDER
96.62 m.p.h.

1932 FRED FRAME
104.14 m.p.h.



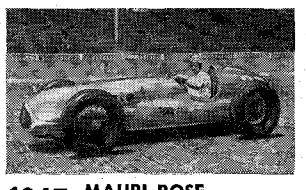
1933 LOUIS MEYER
104.16 m.p.h.

1934 WILD BILL CUMMINGS
104.86 m.p.h.

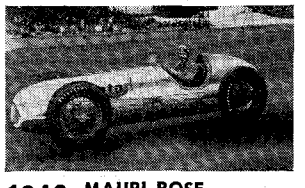


1935 KELLY PETILLO
106.24 m.p.h.

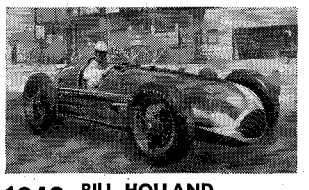
***1946** GEORGE ROBSON
114.8 m.p.h.



1947 MAURI ROSE
116.33 m.p.h.

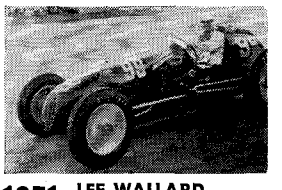


1948 MAURI ROSE
119.813 m.p.h.



1949 BILL HOLLAND
121.327 m.p.h.

1950 JOHNNIE PARSONS
124.002 m.p.h.



1951 LEE WALLARD
126.244 m.p.h.

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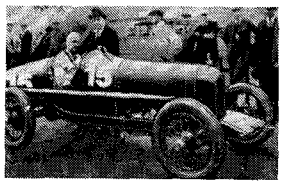
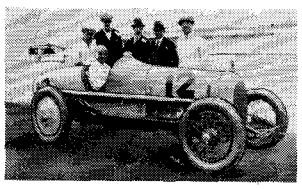
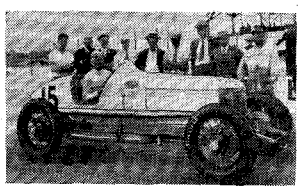


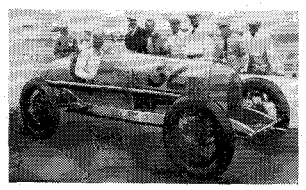
1924 L. CORUM, JOE BOYER 98.23 m.p.h.



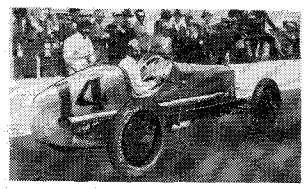
1925 PETE DE PAOLO 101.13 m.p.h.



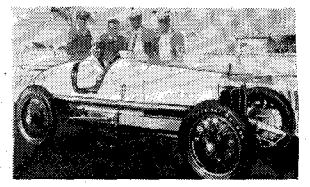
1926 FRANK LOCKHART 95.9 m.p.h.



1927 GEORGE SOUDERS 97.54 m.p.h.



1928 LOUIS MEYER 99.48 m.p.h.



1929 RAY KEECH 97.58 m.p.h.

...or the 34th consecutive "500" ...is won on Firestones!

The blazing 500-mile grind around "The Brickyard" is America's supreme test of tire engineering. No laboratory can reproduce its brutal demands on safety and endurance. No one has learned as much from Indianapolis as Firestone. And the proof is this: for 34 successive races all the Indianapolis winners have been on Firestones!

When an Indianapolis driver buys tires he is buying life itself. That's why he puts his money on Firestones. There's a hint in that for the driver of the family car. True, he doesn't give his tires the punishment a race driver does—but he runs them far *longer!* With the family aboard, tire traction, freedom from skidding, and blow-out protection are even more vital.

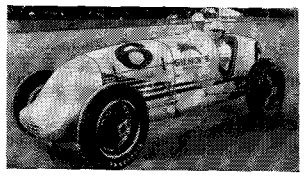
Why should the Firestone victories at Indianapolis be important to you as a family-car driver? Because *that* 500 miles equals 65,000 miles of ordinary tire wear! Under the fantastic pressures and punishment of the "500," our engineers have learned more about rubber compounding, tread design and cord strength than any laboratory research could reveal. The result: dollar for dollar, Firestone tires, like the new Firestone Nylon "500," are the longest lasting, smoothest running, *safest* tires on wheels! Your family deserves a set. You can buy them on convenient terms at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

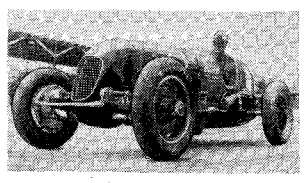
BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1957, The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company

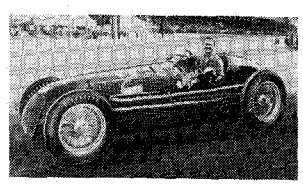
36 LOUIS MEYER 109.06 m.p.h.



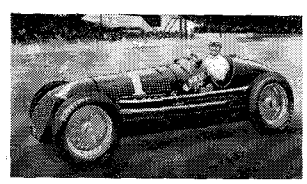
1937 WILBUR SHAW 113.58 m.p.h.



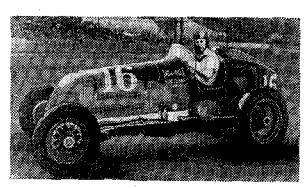
1938 FLOYD ROBERTS 117.20 m.p.h.



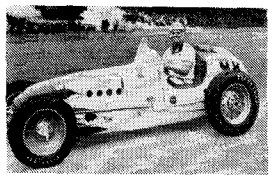
1939 WILBUR SHAW 115.035 m.p.h.



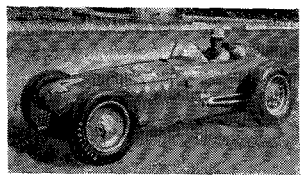
1940 WILBUR SHAW 114.277 m.p.h.



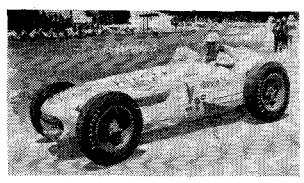
***1941** MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS 115.117 m.p.h.



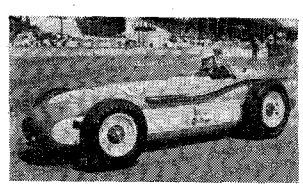
52 TROY RUTTMAN 128.922 m.p.h.



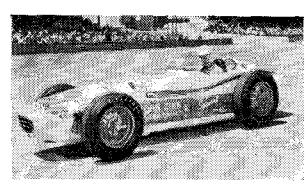
1953 BILL VUKOVICH 128.74 m.p.h.



1954 BILL VUKOVICH 130.840 m.p.h.



1955 BOB SWEIKERT 128.209 m.p.h.



1956 PAT FLAHERTY 128.49 m.p.h.

*NO RACES DURING THE WAR YEARS

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Editorials

Trading With Red China Isn't Necessarily "Realistic"

Since the British Government served notice that it intended to permit its nationals to trade more extensively with Communist China than they have been permitted to do since the Korean war, an apparently co-ordinated chorus has risen to insist that the United States must "eventually" adopt the same policy. The British argument is that it is illogical to enforce restraints upon trade with Red China which we do not impose on trade with Soviet Russia.

There is a certain logic in this position as far as the British are concerned, although it might be more aptly stated backward: why not be as tough on Russia as we are on China? Surely Great Britain has as much reason as we to fear the triumph of Communism in the world. Anyway the British argument hardly disposes of the reasons why the United States has up to now refused to remove, or significantly modify, the ban on trade with the Chinese Communists. Undoubtedly, however, Britain's action will step up the pressure upon our Government to follow suit. Indeed, we shall be fortunate if we do not find ourselves helping build up the Red Chinese war strength on the unique theory that this is the way to weaken it.

The Battle Act, which attempts to regulate trade with "nations threatening the security of the United States," has been more strictly applied to Communist China than to the Soviet Union for the simple reason that at the moment China presents the more immediate threat. After all, the Communists are holding Americans in their prisons, and in Korea are building up their war strength contrary to the terms of the armistice. Red China is still officially at war with the United Nations, having been formally condemned as an aggressor. It would be as fantastically foolish to strengthen Red China now as it was to provide Japan with the sinews of war in the late 1930's.

Another factor which is generally glossed over by advocates of more trade with Red China is the fact the West would have to accept the products of slave labor. The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations has pointed out that, according to an official report by Secretary General Hammarskjold to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, "the Peiping regime has literally enslaved twenty-five million Chinese—perhaps the greatest slave-labor force in modern times, exceeding even that in the Soviet Union." The determined opposition by labor-union leaders to recognition of Communist China rests largely upon ability of countries using forced labor to dump their products abroad at prices which cannot be met where free labor conditions prevail. Even those entrepreneurs who may be tempted by the prospect of a little competition for labor leaders would hardly welcome serious damage to the economy from an unequal contest with slave-produced goods.

Finally there is the fact that the Communist conquerors of China are widely reported to be in a political and economic crisis. If this is true, it is good news for us and the free world. Why curdle so desirable a possibility? Why fasten the shackles even more tightly on the Chinese people and destroy what is left of free Asia's confidence in American good faith?

Does Nehru Want to Punish Newspapers for Their Success?

In Prime Minister Nehru's India, under a new law, if you wish to read a large newspaper, you must pay a stiff price. The more pages, the more you must pay. The publisher cannot hold the price down to attract more readers. He is forced by the government to raise the price.

Under the Newspaper Price and Page Law, every paper's price is to be fixed in relation to its number of pages. Also, the government decides how much advertising there shall be. Advertisements will be limited to a fixed percentage of the reading matter. If your newspaper wishes to accept more advertising, the law forces it to use more pages and to charge you a higher price. Thus in India your newspaper cannot give you the benefit of mass production and mass circulation.

By publishing many pages, a newspaper offers more value, hence it attracts more readers. But this appears to be what the men who are running India do not wish. They insist on a skimpy press. Tiny, impoverished newspapers influence few people. How can they stand up against the mighty political machine that manages a great government? Of course, India is not a dictatorship, but its new law is a step in that direction. Where the press is weak, dictatorship becomes easy.

A defense of the new law has been made by Dr. B. V. Keskar, the Minister for Information and Broadcasting:

Doctor Keskar said the Bill would "prevent smaller newspapers from solely depending on advertisement revenue and from being compelled to do what advertisers wished them to do." Minister Keskar also "said that it was necessary to give some protection to the regional language press." These small papers are printed in the languages of their regions. Wouldn't it be less harmful to pay them a cash subsidy out of the national treasury than to penalize successful, widely read publications?

The minister's most astounding remark was "that he had failed to find out how a price-page schedule could interfere with freedom of the press. The most venomous criticism could be made in a four-page paper."

Venom isn't the point. The point is that a four-page newspaper can give little information about the intricate affairs of the modern world, or even of India. Doctor Keskar and Premier Nehru may think a four-page paper is ideal because it can hardly do more than print government announcements. This is why every city in the Soviet Union has a standard four-page newspaper. That is a dangerous example for India to follow.

Europe's Common Market Has Some Hurdles to Get Over

When the representatives of Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France, West Germany and Italy signed a treaty a few weeks ago to remove tariff barriers among themselves, they brought one step nearer realization a suggestion often made during past decades. Although leaders are confident that the treaty will be ratified promptly, changes in governments could nullify these hopes.

The "Common Market" does not mean free trade between the respective countries and nations outside the six that make up the combine. The belief is that as in the case of the United States, where no tariffs impede the flow of goods among the states, a similar arrangement among European countries will stimulate the marketing of their products among themselves and with the outside world.

The six nations possess substantial quantities of bituminous coal, iron ore, excellent agricultural lands and stands of timber, a diversity of climates to satisfy most needs, and a high degree of accessibility with one another as well as with regions beyond. But economic unification does present certain problems.

Freely flowing commodities will call for some equalization of wages in the respective countries and flexibility in the free movement of nationals from one country to another. If the exchange of goods and services is to move smoothly, as in the United States, adjustments in monetary exchanges will have to be worked out—perhaps a common currency established. These essentially revolutionary potentialities seem a long way off.

Americans who may look upon the plan as one which may benefit us, too, by way of an increase in trade with Europe, will do well to exercise patience. Whether or not the United States will benefit is debatable. Important tangible economic returns, if and when they come, may not be realized for a matter of ten to fifteen years either within the Common Market itself or by the world that trades with it. The removal of tariffs within the bloc is to be effected in stages over a period of about seventeen years. No cause for fireworks yet.

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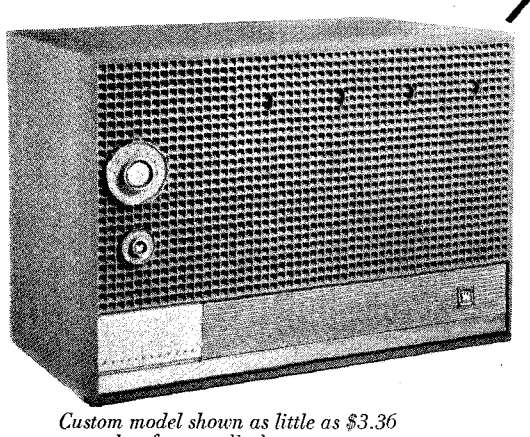
Great news from WESTINGHOUSE... the first air conditioner

"fashion-thin" to blend in

Flexible—fits anywhere: upper or lower sash; through the wall; casement windows; on swing-out mount.

Only the Westinghouse Streamliner is so thin, so low yet so smart!



Custom model shown as little as $3.36 a week after small down payment.

Say good-bye to the mechanical look in air conditioners! The *really* new Westinghouse Streamliner is fashioned to blend in with home beauty —both indoors and out!

Thinner . . . no bulky overhang to intrude on your décor. *Lower* . . . you enjoy more light and view. *Smarter* . . . streamlined styling plus blissful cooling and more of everything else, too: Simply choose any of 7 comfort zones on a single dial. Set the built-in thermostat and forget it. Adjust the no-draft grilles in any direction. Custom and Deluxe models. Compare the Westinghouse Streamliner with all other so-called "thin" air conditioners. You'll agree it's your *smartest* buy!

Save on installation and electricity with new 115-volt models! ¾ HP 7½ amp. Streamliner runs on *normal house current* in many cases. 1 HP 12 amp. unit runs anywhere an ordinary ¾ HP will!

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse

REFRIGERATION SPECIALTIES DIVISION SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

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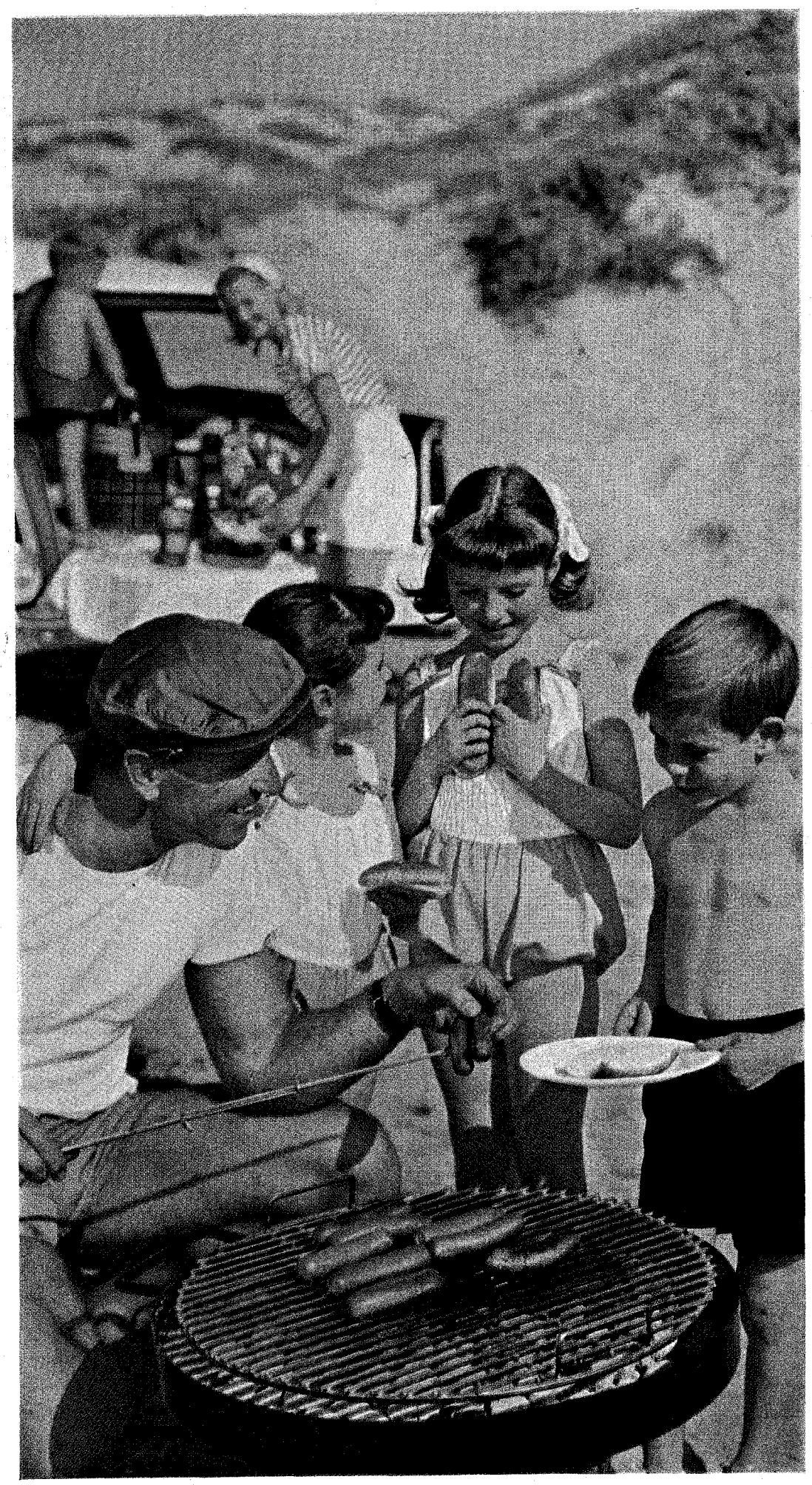
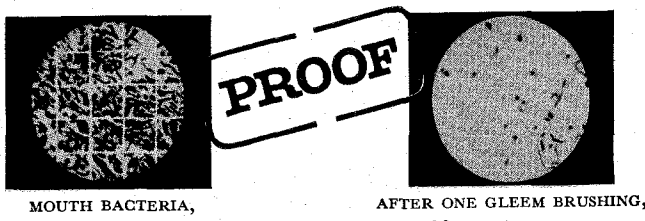
Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM – *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

When *your* family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then make sure they start their day with the one and only Gleem—to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 completely destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. And you'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem . . . it meets this modern problem!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor, means a sweeter goodnight kiss! So start *your* day with Gleem.

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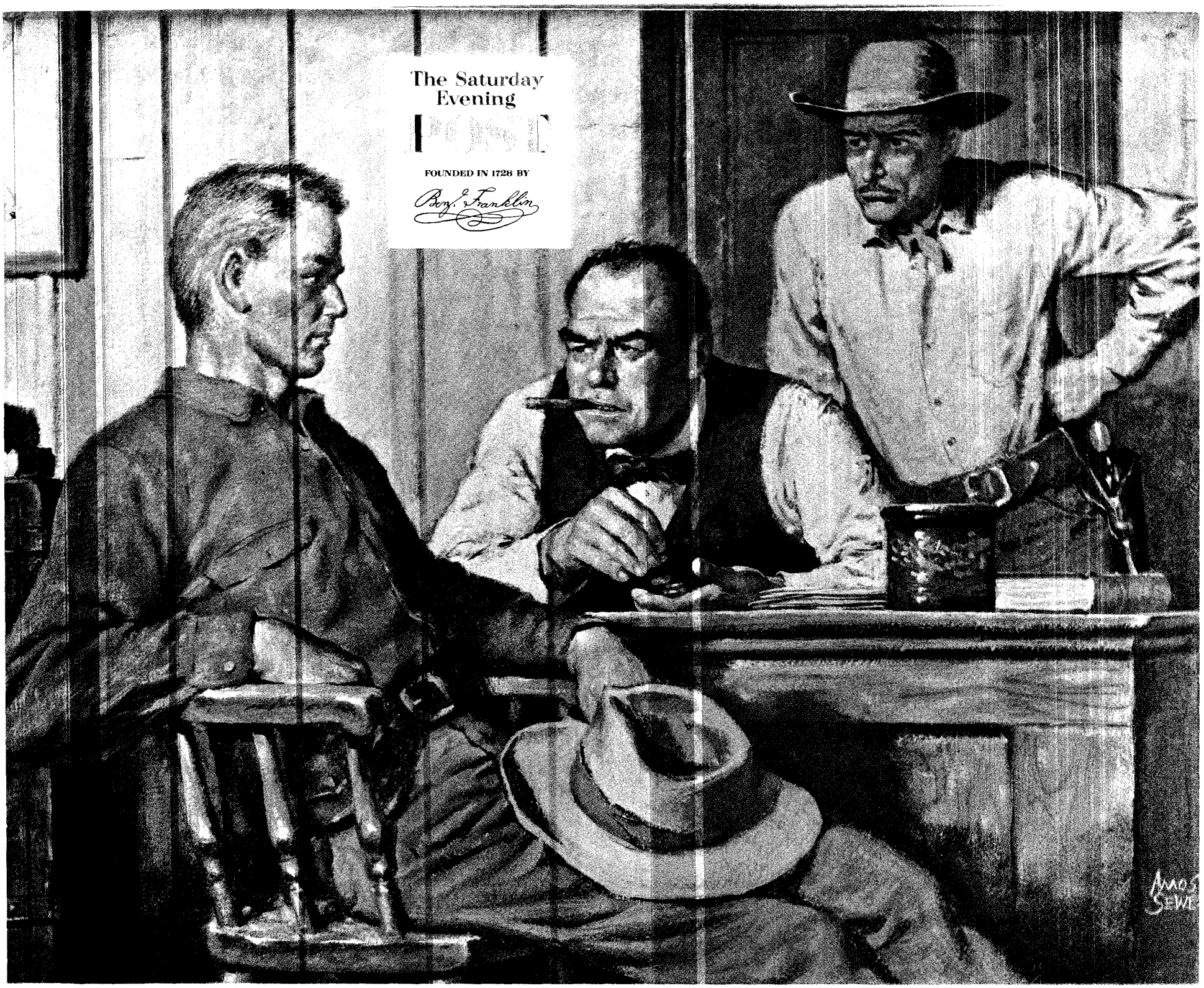
The Saturday Evening Post

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin



"I hear you're leaving Independence, Luke," Menafee said meaningfully, and added, "tonight."

Luke Storm was a belligerent, arrogant frontiersman who was on the prowl for trouble. And he found all he could handle on the overland trail.

California Passage

Beginning an exciting new Western

By CLIFF FARRELL

Ellen Jessup fought terror and panic. Standing in the dimness of the crude lodging she had rented at the establishment known as the Overland Inn, she peered through a tiny slit in the frayed length of oiled-paper window shade. From this concealment she had a view down upon the principal street of Independence. Early dusk had come and the respite from the blazing heat of the August day had stirred the amazing activity below into new, feverish life. Vehicles of all varieties, from great, ox-drawn prairie wagons to varnished phaetons, inched along, hub to hub; wheels churned and rechurned the powdery dust. A steady current of humanity on foot flowed along the narrow duckboard-and-clay sidewalks.

She watched a man emerge from the street door of the inn almost below her window and go strolling along with the throng. A moment earlier she had heard this same person leave a room not far from her own, lock the door, then pass down the hall and down the inner stairs on his way to the sidewalk.

She drew back a little, but he moved off down the street without a glance upward. He was a stockily built man with graying hair and

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heavy, impassive features. Every item in his garb was scrupulously commonplace. He could have been a storekeeper or a salesman, but Ellen knew now that he was neither.

She peered until he was lost to sight. She was now certain that she had been followed all those miles from Baltimore and that her every move was being watched. She had noticed that same man during the furtive, roundabout journey she had made by train and stage to Pittsburgh. She had glimpsed him again on the levee at Cincinnati during the overnight stop.

She had hoped that it had been only coincidence, but fear had been always with her during the remainder of the journey. Now he was here in Independence and occupying a room at the inn only a few doors from her own. No, there was no longer any doubt. Now that she had something tangible with which to come to grips, she calmed and the panic ended. She had lived with phantoms for so long that this actual imminence of danger was almost a stimulation to her. She tried to visualize what the graying man's next step might be, and estimated her own ability at counteracting whatever came. Excitement stirred warmingly in her. Becoming aware of this new emotion, she was almost appalled. *Am I actually enjoying this awful thing?* she asked herself accusingly.

She had been so carefully taught to be always ladylike, to avoid scenes and to swoon at the mere thought of violence. She was shocked by this discovery of a lawless strength within her.

She returned to the viewpoint at the window. The inexpensive and rather flashy dress that she wore did not hide the fact that she was straight-limbed and attractively contoured.

She had combed her thick, dark hair carelessly, and had thinned and arched her brows and added shadow beneath her eyes and used rouge and rice powder on her lips and cheeks. All this helped dull the clarity of her dark eyes, added age to her appearance and blurred her features.

She wore cheap earrings and a gold bracelet. The wedding band on her third finger was already tarnishing. In spite of all this, there was the mark of deep-rooted finishing-school training in the way she carried herself. Back in Baltimore she had been considered quite a beauty.

Remembering Baltimore, she gazed through a sudden mist of self-pity at the hectic scene in the street. Then the tears faded as she marked out another man who was moving along the opposite sidewalk. She had noticed this person earlier in the day and there were reasons why she had become interested in him, reasons that had to do with her own plans and her own safety.

She had first seen him enter Independence that morning, riding a wild, tough-mouthed sorrel horse that was fitted with a Spanish saddle. He was leading four heavily laden pack ponies. To her Eastern eyes he was a wild and bizarre spectacle. His own eyes missing nothing, had been arrogant and challenging as he rode down the street, as though he scorned this place.

A ragged elkskin hunting shirt hung from his lean, wide shoulders. He wore buckskin breeches that had been shrunken by time and weather until inches of his bare shanks were exposed above his moccasins. Unshaven, his tawny hair was bleached the color of straw by exposure. His skin was tanned a contrasting hue of deep bronze. He was whip-thin. Obviously, he and his ponies were completing a long and harsh journey.

Ellen had lost track of him for a few hours. When she had noticed him again, his appearance had changed amazingly. But he was still a striking figure. He evidently had visited a barber and found a bathtub in the meantime. His long jaws were scraped smooth, and his hair was trimmed short, so that his ears seemed very prominent. He had an aggressive chin and a nose and mouth to match. His forehead was high, his brows straight.

He was taller than most men, and Ellen decided she had never seen a person who seemed to move so indolently and yet with such easy grace.

Ellen had discreetly inquired about him at a mercantile where she had shopped during the afternoon.

"Oh, him!" the storeman had sniffed, glancing apprehensively through the window at the tawny-haired man striding by. "That's one of them trappers. Name is Luke Storm. Risks his hair in the mountains for months at a stretch; then blows in all the profits in two, three days."

"A man like that," Ellen had said musingly, "might know all the trails to California and the quickest way there."

"He ought to," the storeman had said. "He sure ought to."

Luke Storm was a person who could not be overlooked easily, even in this crowded town. All afternoon he had been making the rounds of the inns and fandango houses and monte banks. He was flushed now with drink, but seemed as steady as ever on his feet as he moved boisterously along.

He jostled men aside who did not veer out of his path, and dared them, with a hopeful glint in his eye, to take offense. He ogled any comely females who came in sight. This drove the majority of them into taking cover in shop doorways or to hurrying, with averted eyes, to the opposite side of the street.

Ellen became nettled. She watched a bare-shouldered dance-hall girl come from a doorway, attach herself to Luke Storm's arm and attempt to cajole him inside. He swung her high and sent her on her way with a resounding spank.

The thought occurred to Ellen that it would be quite a pleasure to slap the face of this conceited barbarian and put him in his place. He was so blatantly sure of himself. She watched, hoping that some of those men he was shouldering aside would rise to the occasion. He had already been in trouble a couple of times. Early in the afternoon she had seen a swirl of excitement at the door of a monte house. Luke Storm had appeared, bearing aloft the struggling weight of a tinhorn gambler whom he hurled into a horse trough. Later on, he had been the center of what evidently had been a general, free-for-all brawl in a tavern. Apparently he had emerged unscathed from these encounters. And he still seemed to be inviting trouble.

Ellen's gaze became smokily critical. Luke Storm's manner offended all her sense of decorum. He was thoroughly detestable—and yet she must ask of him a great favor. She became aware of her anger. Her annoyance turned upon herself that she would thus let a total stranger upset her.

She now heard faint, shuffling movement in the bare-boarded hall outside her door. Her first thought was that it might be the stocky, gray-haired man. She lifted her reticule from the bureau, opened it and let her hand rest inside against a short-barreled pistol that she carried there.

Directly beneath her room was the tavern where men were drinking and gambling. The tumult of their voices and activity came in a steady rumble—a sound that had never ceased, day or night, during the three days she had occupied these quarters.

These were the best lodgings she had been able to find, and she had learned to keep her door bolted. (Continued on Page 87)

Luke caught the Kid in mid-air. He jackknifed under the force of the blow and was limp before he struck the ground.

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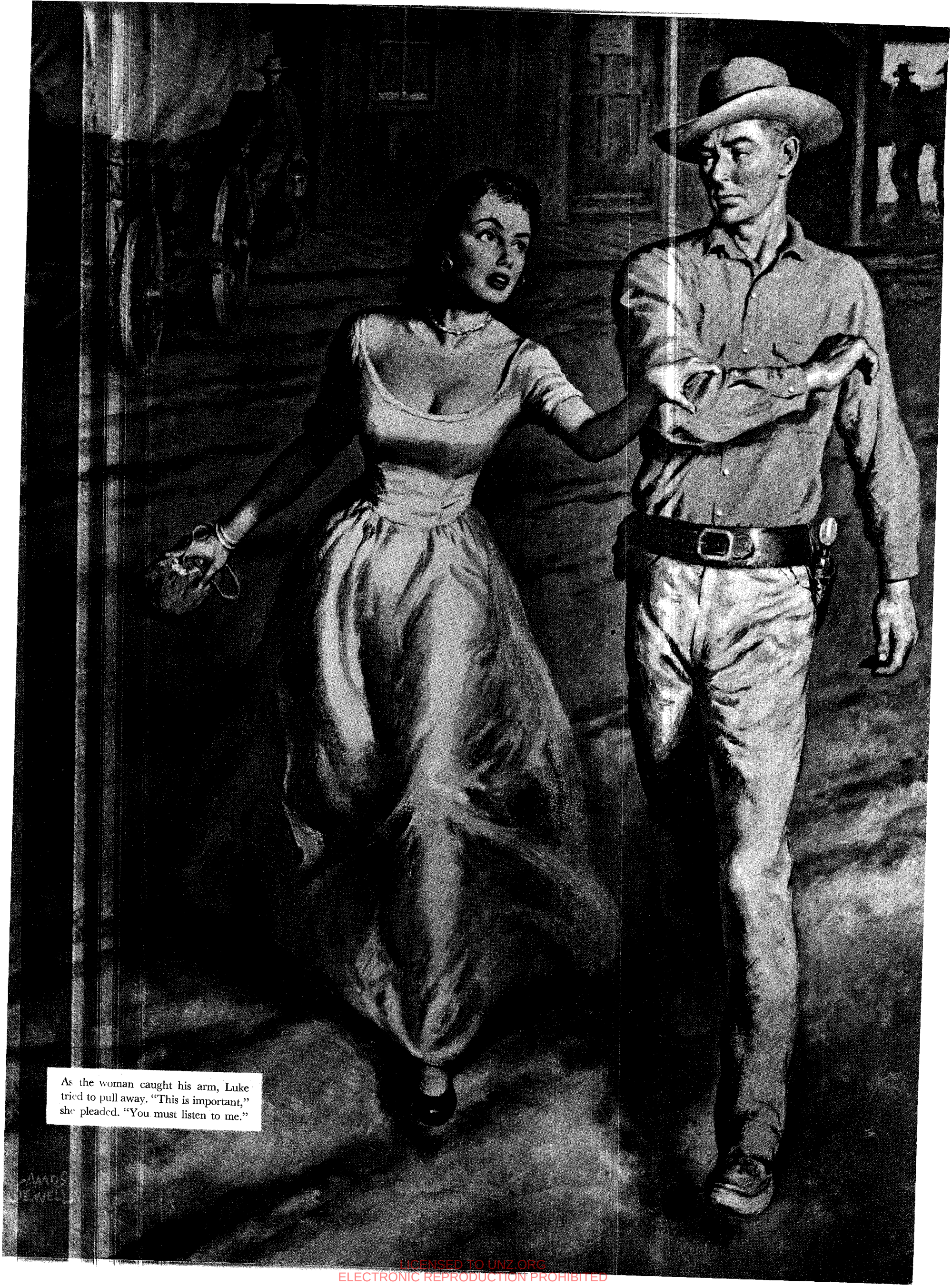

As the woman caught his arm, Luke tried to pull away. "This is important," she pleaded. "You must listen to me."

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Meet the Ambassadors

A Post editor's analysis of our diplomatic double standard: the system that forces us to be represented by rich amateurs or penniless pros. Sometimes the results are tragic, sometimes comical, sometimes triumphant.

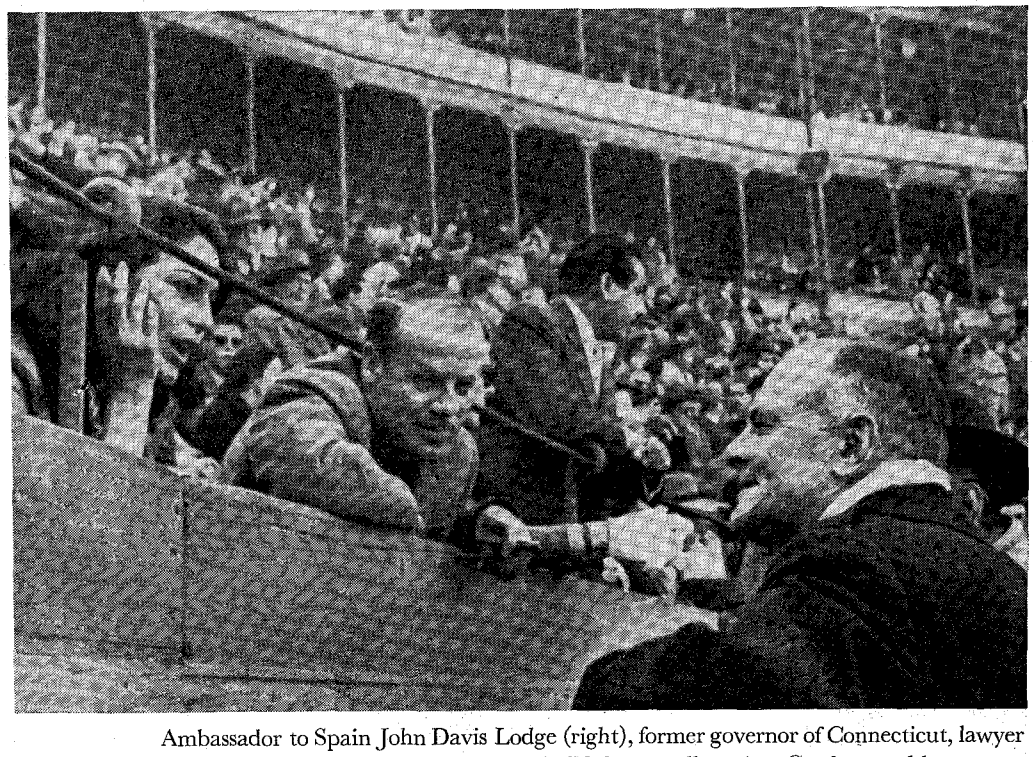
By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Playwright, journalist and ex-congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce (right) had no diplomatic training before serving as our ambassador to Italy, but she got many things done. Left: Italian star Gina Lollobrigida.

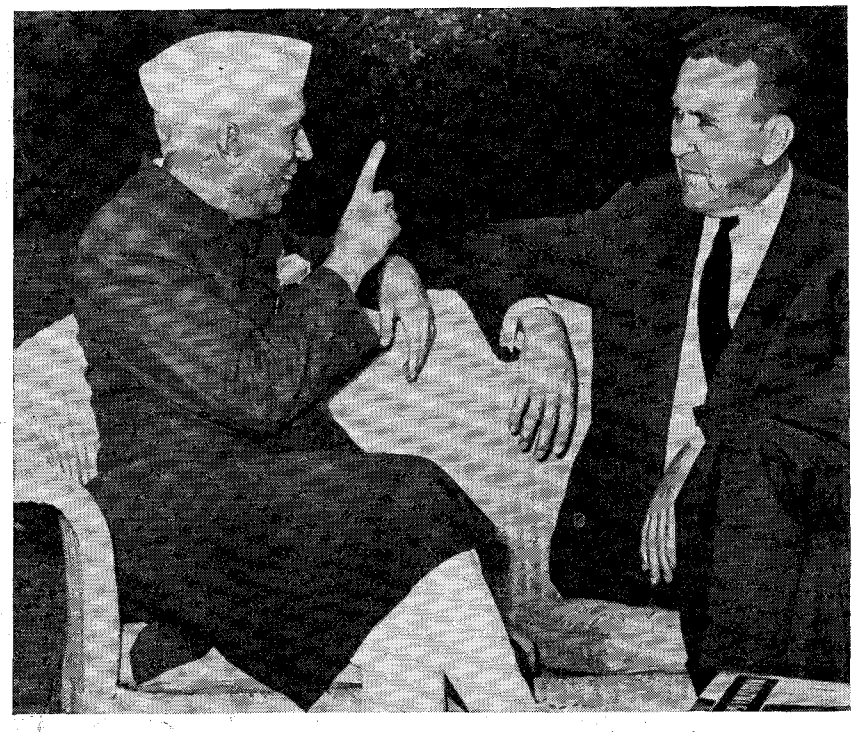
The great ambassadorial controversy is on. The shocking fact that our most important foreign posts are purchasable like medieval bishoprics has, at long last, attracted the attention of the citizen back home. How well, he wants to know, is the United States served by her far-flung envoys? The question is the more acute as President Eisenhower's recent redeployment of our diplomatic guard has replaced some experienced men with novices who'll have to spend a year or two learning their diplomatic ABC's.

Among the newcomers are men like Amory Houghton, board chairman of the Corning Glass Works, our new ambassador to France; James D. Zellerbach, retired head of the Crown Zellerbach paper empire, ambassador to Italy; and John Hay Whitney—whose private fortune reputedly amounts to about $100,000,000—ambassador to Britain. While some of the new appointees who have not come up through the ranks of our Foreign Service may be superbly qualified, the point is that too often they were selected on the basis of cold cash rather than merit. The "price" for an ambassadorship, as a rule, takes the form of a contribution to a presidential campaign fund at election time. Amory Houghton, for example, contributed $6000 to the Republican campaign fund in the 1956 elections. John Clifford Folger, our new ambassador to Belgium, contributed $11,500. John Hay Whitney, together with his wife, donated $47,000.

Maybe the trouble is that our head of state cannot create a baron, let alone a duke. One



Ambassador to Spain John Davis Lodge (right), former governor of Connecticut, lawyer and onetime movie actor, stops at the bullfights to talk to Ava Gardner and her escort.



Chester Bowles, another former Connecticut governor and advertising executive, was a popular ambassador to India (1951–53), who admired Nehru (left).

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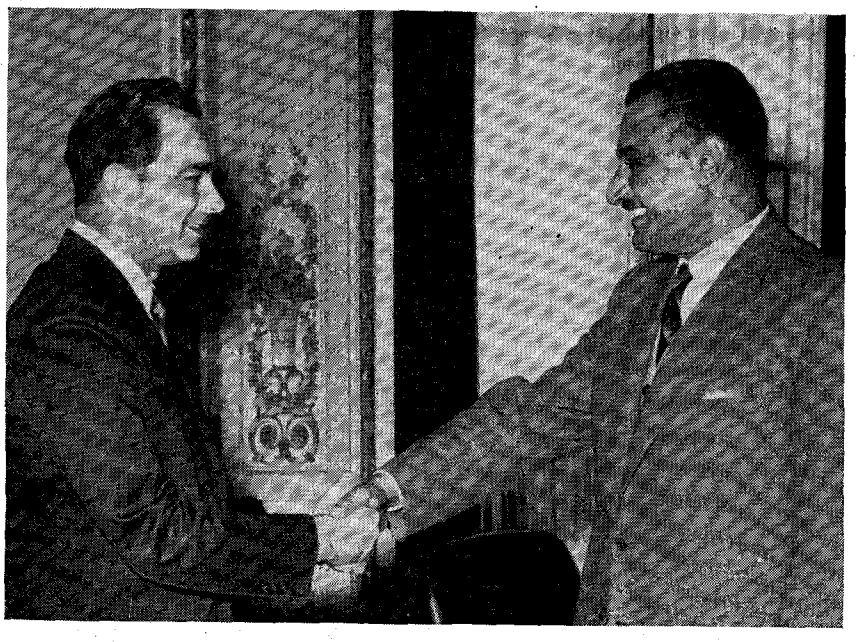
Charles Bohlen, a professional Foreign Service officer, was ambassador to the U.S.S.R. from 1953 to 1957 but was suddenly shunted to the distant Philippines.

West Pointer Henry Byroade got his diplomatic training in the Army and in the State Department. As ambassador to Egypt he became friendly with Nasser (right), but the Egyptian dictator double-crossed him.



of the few things he can do to show his appreciation for services rendered is send you out as an ambassador. Both parties are committed to the game. Of fifteen ambassadorships filled in 1934 by Franklin D. Roosevelt, ten were handed to political appointees and five to professional diplomats. The choice is not inevitably gilt-edged. Among our better-known ambassadors have been distinguished soldiers, scientists and civil servants. Often as not, however, a politician who has served his party zealously or who has helped secure a presidential nomination by delivering a block of votes, finds himself raised to ambassador. John D. Lodge, a former governor of Connecticut whose career includes a successful attempt at motion-picture acting, now represents us in Madrid. Scott McLeod, the officer who purged our Foreign Service in line with the late Senator McCarthy's formula, has been rewarded with the embassy in Dublin. At The Hague, former Civil Service chairman Philip Young has just replaced the able career diplomat H. Freeman Matthews, who has been nominated for transfer to Vienna. And in strategic Switzerland, Miss Frances Willis, a highly competent career officer, has been asked to make room for Henry J. Taylor, journalist and commentator.

Today, fully one third of our active mission chiefs are nonprofessionals. When one takes into account that many of our embassies are located in small, obscure, uncomfortable countries or in drab Iron Curtain capitals where no one wants to bury himself, one gets a fairly heavy concentration of "political" ambassadors in the attractive sectors of the globe. Llewellyn E. Thompson, one of our ablest career diplomats, has been transferred from the Austrian to the Soviet capital; while Charles E. Bohlen, generally considered our most brilliant Foreign Service officer, was ignominiously demoted from Moscow to Manila, a relatively trivial assignment. Such vital hitching posts of our foreign policy as London, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Bern, Madrid and Brussels are, at this writing, in the hands of amateurs.

One reason frequently advanced to justify this curious system is that it takes a rich man to pick up the tab for the high entertainment bill at some of our (Continued on Page 60)

Perle Mesta is saluted by onetime French Ambassador Henri Bonnet. Once Washington's No. 1 hostess, she served as minister to Luxembourg for her old friend, Harry Truman.

Joseph Davies (with his second wife, who divorced him in 1955) was ambassador to Russia from 1936 to 1938, wrote a naïve book called "Mission to Moscow."

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They'd been married twenty happy, fruitful years. What had suddenly got into his wife?

THE YEAR OF DISCONTENT

By STEVE McNEIL Illustrated by Morgan Kane

After dinner, Henry Fielding settled down in his favorite chair, a second cup of coffee beside him, the evening paper, still unfolded and virginal, in his lap. He sighed and looked into the flames coming from the oak logs in the fireplace. Out in the kitchen he could hear his wife, Marian, and his daughter, Jill, busy with dishes. This was the time he loved the best—the tag end of the day, with his family around him and his day's work done. He smiled faintly, lighted a cigarette and opened the paper.

Marian came into the room. Henry glanced up at his wife. Sometimes, looking at her in the right light, she seemed as young as the day they were married. He supposed it was the agelessness of the Irish. Her skin was taut and alive, her eyes clear and green, her measurements substantially the same as they were twenty-one years ago. He handed her the women's section. Marian sat down on the arm of his chair. The paper remained in her lap.

"Henry," she said.

"H'm-m-m?"

"When was the last time you took me to a dance?"

"Oh, I don't know. Last month, I guess. See here in the paper that ——"

"It was four months ago."

"What was four months ago?"

"The last time you took me dancing. Henry, do you know when I last wore a long dress?"

Henry frowned. He was on dangerous ground. He couldn't remember the last time Marian had worn a long dress, and that in itself wasn't something you admitted. He also couldn't say that going to a dance was less rewarding to him than spading the flower beds. He couldn't remind Marian that she was no longer a college girl, and that he had reached the more or less advanced age of forty-two. It had also long since been apparent to Henry that the reason men went to a dance was to meet women. He had already met a woman—twenty-two years ago—had married her; they had a daughter, age seventeen, so why in heaven's name go to a dance?

(Continued on Page 78)

"Because we've been married twenty years is no reason to settle back and stagnate," she said.

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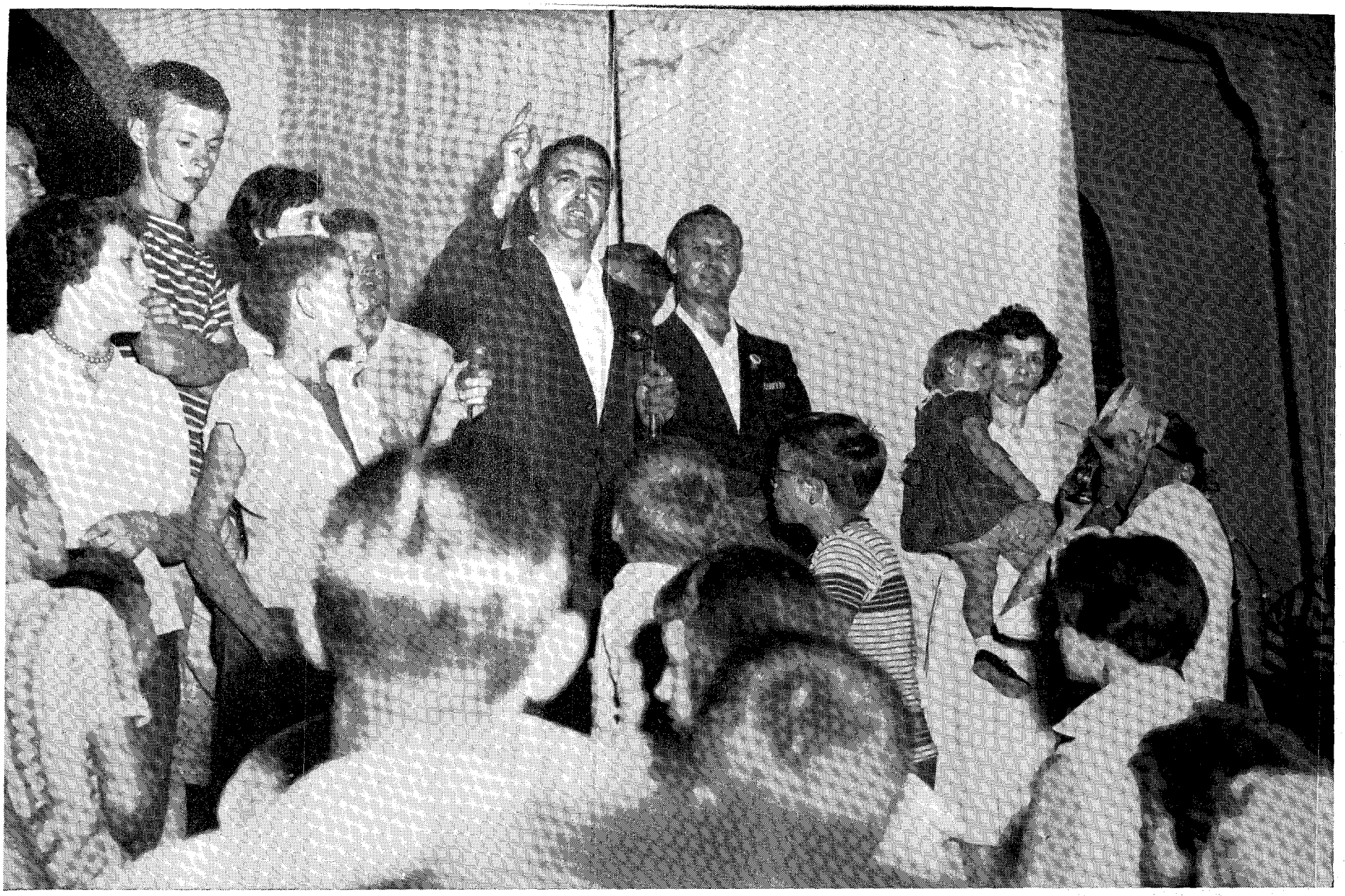


Asa (Ace) Carter, extremist White Council leader, exhorts a crowd at Clinton, Tenn. Violence flared there last year when the high school complied with the integration order.

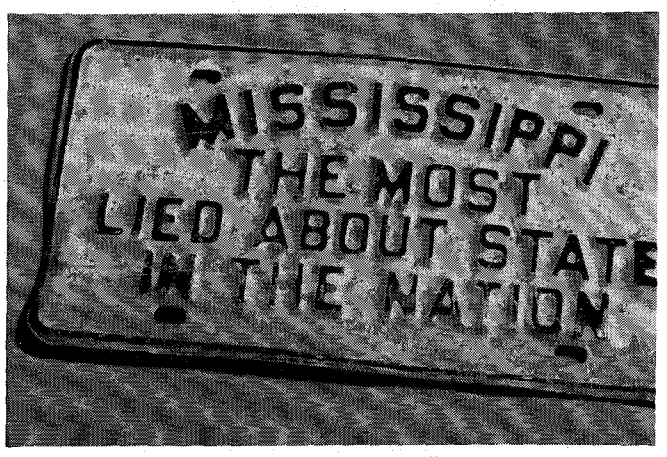
THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Part Three

How far will the White Citizens' Councils go to thwart the Supreme Court integration order? What sort of men are their leaders? Here are some carefully researched answers.

Robert W. Patterson, founder of the Mississippi Citizens' Councils: "We're not about to integrate."



. . . And they do believe it. This auto tag expresses the attitude of sensitive Mississippians toward "outsiders."

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Autherine Lucy at the University of Alabama.
She was admitted to classes, then
was suspended after four days of rioting.
Her case provided a shot in the arm for the
Alabama council movement, which had been lagging.

Sam Engelhardt, the leader of the Citizens' Councils of Alabama, an organization devoted to maintaining racial segregation, is a tall, slender man in a gray flannel suit and horn-rimmed glasses, forty-four years old, getting bald, a long-legged man who walks in long strides, rather quiet. In less than three years he and a handful of other Southerners have welded the Deep South into rocklike determination never to accede to the Supreme Court's order abolishing segregation in the public schools. Matters are quite different in the Border States, as we shall see; here we speak only of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The chief instrument in this astonishingly successful endeavor in the Deep South has been the Citizens' Councils. What kind of men are its leaders?

One is a small-town lawyer, another a doctor, another a businessman, another a farmer. None is a professional politician. Few had had previous experience as propagandists. "We've had to play a lot of it by ear," as one said. They have succeeded on a shoestring. Most of them work at cluttered desks in dingy offices, with only a secretary or two to help. Some are slightly amused at their role. But all, or nearly all, are dedicated men.

Sam Engelhardt is a planter. He owns 6500 acres of land. He has lived on his plantation twenty miles from Montgomery all his life; his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather lived there. Engelhardt attended a military school and, for two years, Washington and Lee University. He raises cotton, cattle, hogs, wheat, "and we've also done right well with children."

The population of Engelhardt's county is 85 per cent Negro, the highest in the United States. Negroes outnumber whites 27,334 to 4700. "So that's why I'm in this thing," he says simply. "Not only can they run the county politically but if you have a nigger tax assessor, what would he do to you? What would a nigger sheriff do to you? What would a nigger judge do to you? The niggers were just about to take us over in my county. They were gaining political power because Folsom"—Gov. James Folsom—"was after their votes. He appointed a vote registrar that would register niggers. That is," he added quickly, "register them indiscriminately. We'd only had 150 niggers registered, and he registered 500 in four years. Well, I got in it to try and do what I could to stop it. I came out for the state House of Representatives in 1950 on a White Supremacy ticket." Most Citizens' Council leaders avoid the phrase "White Supremacy"; it smacks of the Ku Klux Klan, which makes them nervous. But Engelhardt doesn't care; on his campaign cards is printed the simple legend:

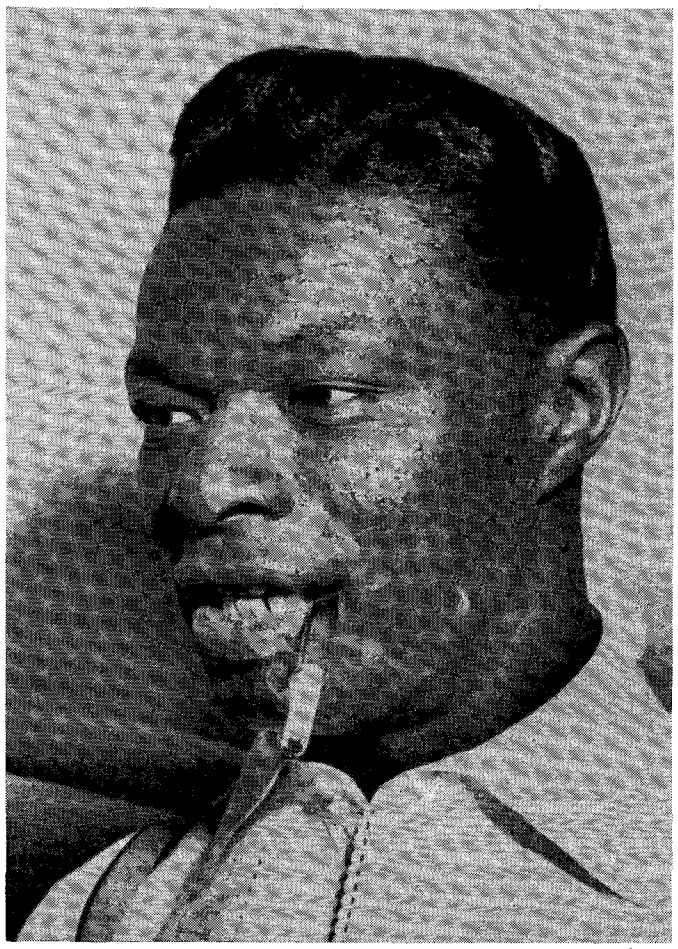
I Stand for White Supremacy Segregation

Engelhardt regarded it as his duty to go into politics. Was (Continued on Page 54)

THE PLAIN TRUTH

John Bartlow Martin's assignment was to travel through the South for as long as necessary and report the facts about integration, as he found them. These articles—which we know will bring little comfort to the partisans of either side—are the result. We think they bring the light of fact to a crucial social issue, as it is developing both in the inflexible Deep South and in the so-called Border States.

THE EDITORS



Pianist and singer Nat (King) Cole was attacked
by Asa Carter's followers on a Birmingham stage.

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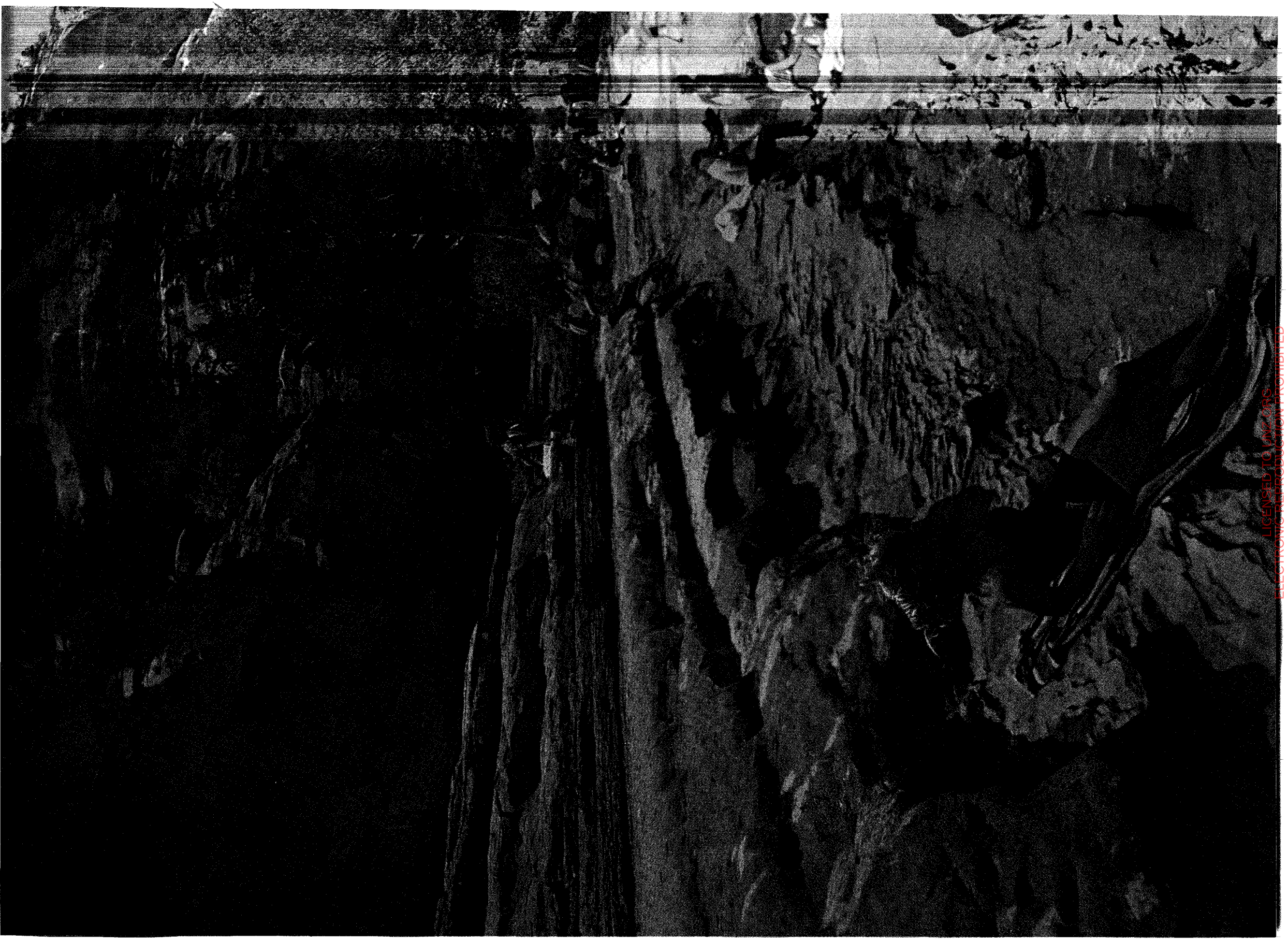

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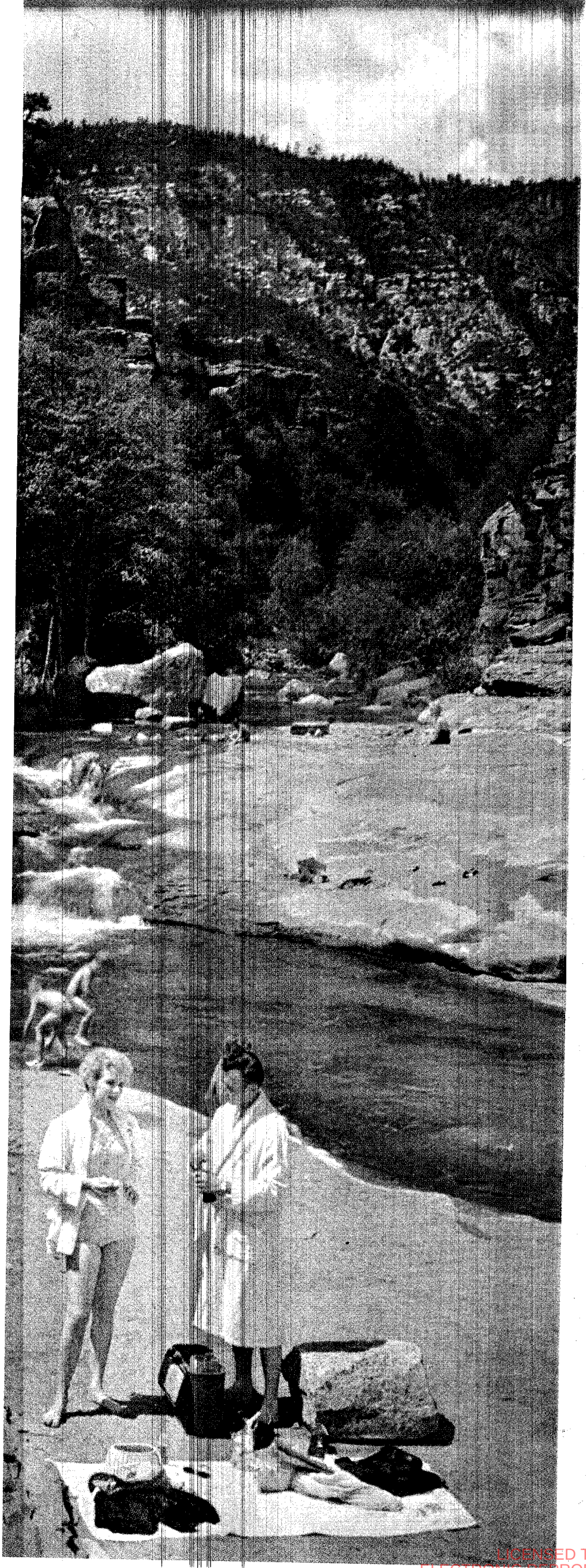

The Face of AMERICA

Oasis in Arizona

In the mountains southwest of Flagstaff,
nearly dead-center of Arizona,
rises a stream called Oak Creek.
As rivers go, it isn't much more than a trickle.
But in this arid land all waters are precious,
and under the scorching summer sun,
the swirl of running water is a welcome,
cooling sight. For most of its first dozen miles,
the creek meanders through a gorge
in the region's red sandstone and white limestone:
Oak Creek Canyon, cool and green, with a
fringe of alder, sycamore and ponderosa pine.
This area has been set aside for recreation.
Camp sites are maintained for the
thousands of visitors who flock here every
summer—particularly from the state's
parched lower desert country—
to get wet all over in the cold, clear,
fast water. ● Photograph by Jack Moore

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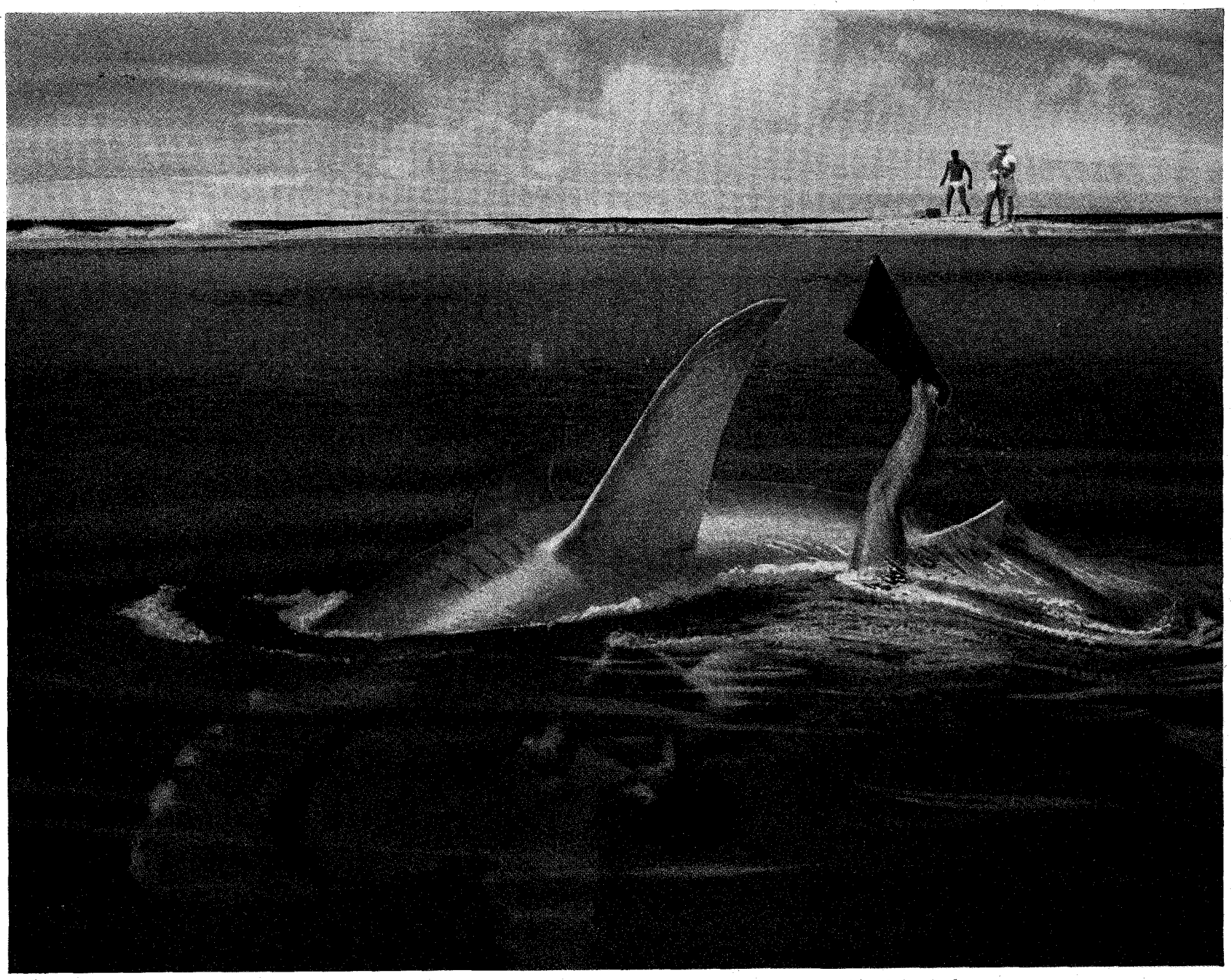

He thrust the knife upward with all his strength and felt it slip into the tough hide of the shark.

MAKO SHARK

Certain death lurked beneath the surface of this quiet lagoon.

By FRANK HARVEY

Juan Fernandez drove the station wagon that belonged to the Ackerman charter-boat service through the jungle on St. Croix Island. Palmetto fans scraped and slithered over the windshield, and the car bucked in the deep ruts so that the three Americans had to hang onto their seats. But Capitan, Juan Fernandez's small yellow dog, somehow managed to keep his forelegs on the dash panel, and peered importantly ahead.

"Oh, driver," said the big American whose name was John Welch. "How much longer does this steeplechase continue?"

"Not long, señor," Juan said. "Road very rough, eh?"

"Road," said the big American, and laughed a little. "What road?"

"Yes, señor," said Juan, feeling confused.

He was not at ease with Mr. John Welch or his pretty daughter Natalie. Mr. Welch was a huge lion of a man with a mane of white hair, a stern face and light-colored eyes that were hard to look at—and he was very important in New York. Ken Ackerman, Juan's boss, had said that Mr. Welch was so rich he could reach into his pocket, if he felt like it, and buy the whole charter service like a bunch of bananas. Juan said nothing. A year ago he would not have cared if Mr. Welch possessed all the money in the world. He'd been nineteen then, interested in diving, singing a little calypso with his guitar, and lying in the shade of a coconut tree. Now he was twenty—and there was Anita Torres. A man who hoped to marry Anita Torres could not lie about under a coconut tree—nor even work as a boat boy for Ackerman. He must possess a boat of his own and catch many fat *langostas* for the big hotels in (Continued on Page 38)

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Here's how I Gyp You

An insider's startling revelation of a flourishing racket that enables unscrupulous furniture dealers to cheat millions of bargain hunters with rigged prices and phony sales.

by Lee Nugent

It happened in my town. It has undoubtedly happened in yours. Joe and Mary Bradford had intended to buy a new innerspring mattress and box spring for several weeks. When they saw the ad I ran for the chain furniture store I manage, they knew it was their big chance. The ad featured "a nationally known" mattress and box spring to be sold at half price, both pieces complete for $59.50, the "regular" price for each unit.

They left our store congratulating themselves. Hadn't they bought a $119 value for only $59.50?

Not quite. Two weeks before, my boss, A. B. Weld, had picked up his phone and placed a long-distance call to the small factory supplying our promotional bedding. Weld, a dynamic man of around fifty, wasted no words.

"Cliff," Weld said without preamble, "you know that hundred-and-eighty-coil unit you make for me in a pin-stripe tick at thirteen dollars and fifty cents? Put a fancy tick on it and use a different label. Gimme that 'Sweet Dreams' job. Use a fifty-nine fifty preticketed price. No other changes. What'll it cost, laid down?"

Cliff figured for a few seconds and said he could deliver in quantity for seventeen dollars.

It was that easy. Cliff would have used a $79.50 tag on that seventeen-dollar unit if Weld had wanted it, but $59.50 would do. The "Sweet Dreams" label was an obvious attempt to trade on a nationally known brand name.

Weld gave Cliff quantities for each store; then placed his phone in its cradle and swiveled to face me.

"Lee, I love the little man," he said. "God made so many of them. We sell the little guy the furniture he needs and make him think it's a bargain. That makes him happy."

That's Weld's philosophy and typifies the attitude of the "borax" furniture dealer. "Make him think it's a bargain." The term "borax" comes, I believe, from the word "baroque," originally used to describe highly ornate and overdone design. In the furniture trade this was gradually corrupted to "borax," and now is applied loosely to certain furniture, dealers and methods. The nearest thing to a short definition would be "to gimmick" or "mislead." The borax man is sometimes hard to spot, and all prospects for home furnishings are his legitimate game.

You might have been the Joe and Mary Bradford that bought the "half-price" bedding and received (Continued on Page 74)

About the Author

Lee Nugent is the pseudonym for a furniture salesman of many years' experience whose story has been thoroughly authenticated. Only the names of the dealers, their stores and their products have been changed.

THE EDITORS

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Paradise for Horse-Players

A unique approach to racing is found at the Delaware Park Track, a millionaire's pet project, where the customers are pampered and profit is no object.

The verdant, carefully landscaped paddock is one of the most beautiful in America.

By
RED SMITH

Outside the office of the Delaware Park racing secretary, a few steps removed from the paddock's bosky dell, a rhododendron clump of uncommon size and rare splendor blooms where it shouldn't at a season when it hadn't ought to. It is symbolic of Delaware Park itself, which for twenty years has thrived where no gambling hell should prosper.

In Delaware, horses and horticulture run for the du Ponts. Unlike the Thoroughbred horse, the mammoth shrub is a hybrid, by the Great Rhododendron (native to the Eastern United States) out of the Pink Rhododendron (indigenous to the Northwest). In its native state, rhododendron grows in mountainous country in the deep shade and acid soil of evergreen forests. Delaware's planting flourishes in

Six starters leave a trail of hoofprints on a special turf mixture which both cushions the horses' feet and resists weather changes. Left: The clubhouse.

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a sweltering coastal plain, shaded by a few hardwoods, surrounded by antiacid limestone paths.

It is supposed to bloom in May or earlier, but when Nature drew up that schedule she failed to reckon with a family that could turn coal, air and water into nylon stockings. For the du Ponts of Wilmington, this botanical fief puts out its many-colored blossoms during the regular racing dates and remains in full flower from Memorial Day to the Fourth of July.

Delaware Park is a big-league track in bush-league territory, set in rural meadows below Wilmington, a city of 110,000. It is squeezed from the south by the Maryland tracks convenient to Baltimore and Washington, and pinched from the north by New Jersey cavalry posts handy to Philadelphia.

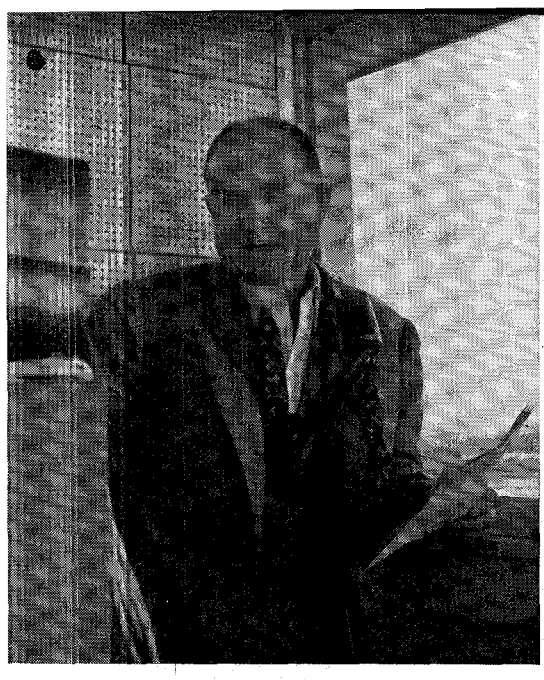
Competition ought to squash it, but it burgeons like the rhododendron. There are many reasons for its survival, but two are paramount: (a) it has charm; (b) its proprietors admire money but don't need any more.

John E. Madden, a great trainer who had made a stack in racing, was saddling a horse in New York one day when his advice was sought by a friend with an earned reputation as a plunger. Madden said yes, his steed was fit and with good luck ought to win, might be worth a pretty good bet. What, his friend asked, did he consider a pretty good bet?

"For you," Madden said, "I'd say about five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars! Are you going to bet the horse, John?"

"I'm betting five dollars."



Sportscaster Bryan Field, noted for his Oxford accent despite his New York origin, is now general manager of Delaware Park.

"Now just a minute! Five dollars for you, five thousand for me. What gives?"

The trainer tightened the saddle girth and tested it. "I've already got mine," he said quietly.

That's about the way it is with the Delaware Steeplechase and Race Association. Delaware Park isn't the only nonprofit race track in America, but until the New York tracks recently turned their backs on sordid gain it may have been the only one that was nonprofit on purpose. Ever since the opening in 1937, money left over at the end of a meeting has gone back into the operation.

The result is a horse yard that seems a haven to a player gone (Continued on Page 71)

"Willie's Place" is one gambling spot where children are always welcome. The track cultivates its tradition as a friendly, country horse park.

ives and kids picnic near the paddock while daddy buys his ticket for the daily double. Although the track is a non-profit organization, it still makes money, which is either put back into the operation or used to increase the purses.

William du Pont, Jr., who built Delaware Park, and his wife, former tennis champion Margaret Osborne.

Illustrated by Jim Burns

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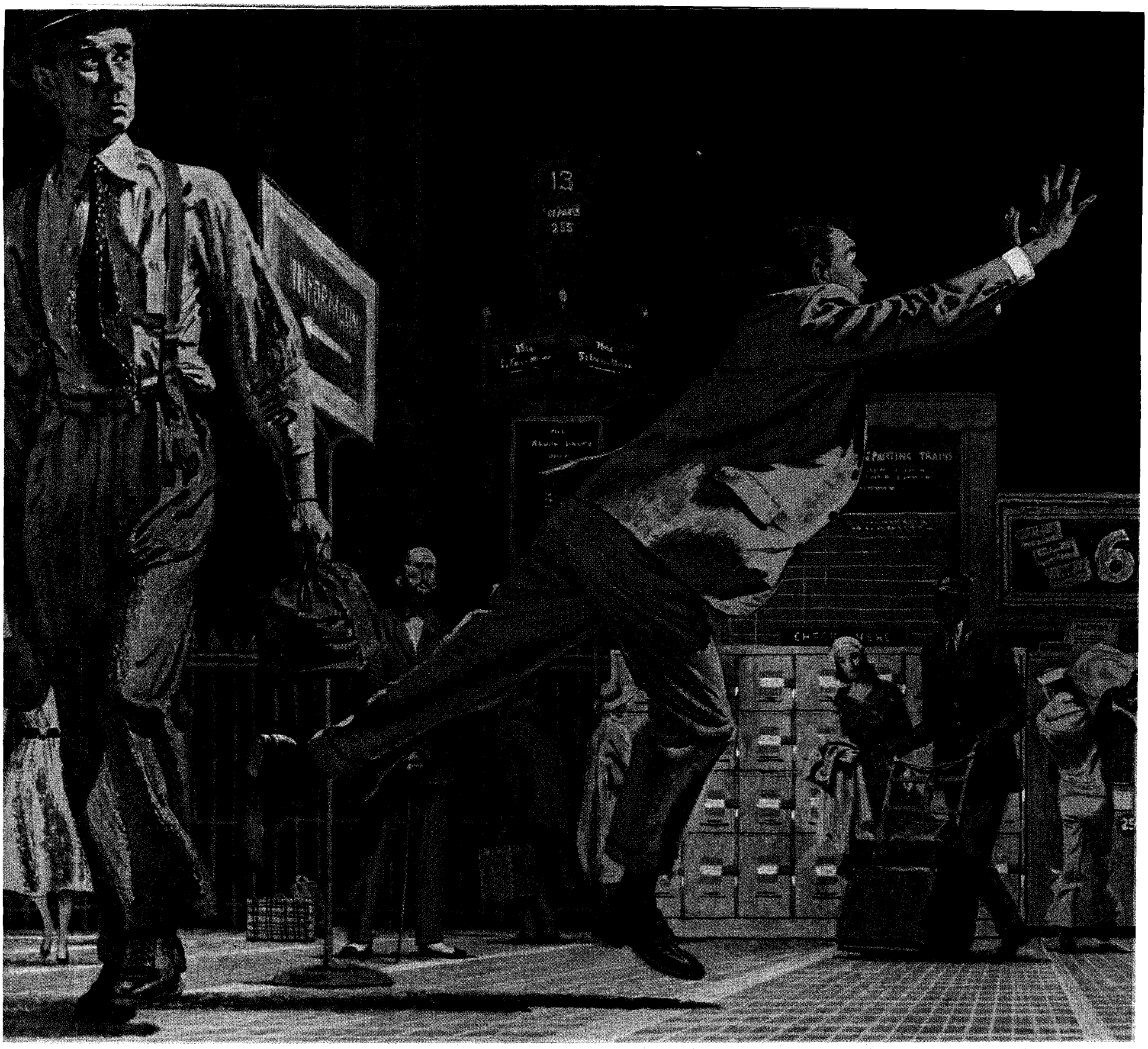

BOMB SCARE

The phantom of Knickerbocker Depot was always one step ahead of the cops . . .

By THOMAS WALSH

It was late afternoon of their third full day in and around Knickerbocker Depot before they had any serious trouble with the McAndrew girl. But then, with the concourse jam packed at ten minutes past five on a busy Friday, the information booth surrounded three deep, and people rushing every which way from ticket windows to train gates to waiting rooms to street exits, several unexpected and rather exasperating things happened to her, and in quick order.

The first was that she almost tripped headlong over a large and unattended suitcase near the balcony stairs. The second came before she had quite recovered herself, when a redcap pushing a loaded hand truck in front of him rammed into her from the back, and appeared distinctly annoyed and unapologetic about it. Then the third—the *pièce de résistance*, perhaps—occurred immediately afterward, when a stout commuter, rushing across for one of the Westchester locals, shot off tackle into her left

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Rafferty lunged at the bomb, which was in mid-air between him and the man using the McAndrew girl as a shield.

shoulder, stepped on her toes, knocked the newspaper from under her arm and set her hat crazily askew over her right ear.

And that did it, of course. That was full stop. For three days then Tony Rafferty had observed her tightening up little by little, as she came to realize the unvarying monotony of her assignment and the long odds against any success in it. But after that commuter she didn't tighten up any more. She did something else. She just burst loose in every possible direction, like a broken watch spring. She shouted something or other at the commuter—at the porter too. Then, looking around in a harried and rather desperate manner, she saw one of the concourse benches nearby, sat down on it, removed her left shoe and began to massage the toes on that foot with a furious and yet wincing tenderness.

"Oh-oh," Joe Weiner said, her expression warning him. "Here we go, Tony—low bridge. You think we can handle it?"

"I think we better," Rafferty grunted at him. "And right now." Then, bracing himself, he walked over to her, irritably conscious of much leg displayed, much too much for a prim little schoolteacher from East Osage Falls or wherever it was, and took up a discreet safety position between the McAndrew cheesecake and a couple of admiring bystanders on the main concourse.

"What's the matter?" he inquired gruffly. "What are you sitting down for? And watch the skirts, can't you? There's guys looking."

"Are there?" Miss McAndrew said, flaring out instantly at him—just waiting the chance, of course. "Then let them. Who cares? How long am I supposed to keep marching around and around for you in this madhouse? You tell me! How long do I keep it up?"

Then Rafferty was bumped from behind, and bumped hard. He almost toppled into her. Perhaps the general irascibility affected him also; or perhaps, again aware from the McAndrew tone and expression, as he had been aware now for three days, that there was something dead set against Tony Rafferty in this girl, something despising and scornful, deep down, it seemed to him that he might just as well give her the truth here—for once, at long last and straight out.

"You want to know that?" he demanded evenly. "O.K. Then I'll tell you, Miss McAndrew; since you seem to be getting so upset and excited about it. Just as long as we say so. Now you satisfied?"

"Satisfied?" Miss McAndrew whispered at him. "Satisfied?" A very small girl, she raised a very small fist at him helplessly; then shook it in the same manner. "Why, you—you —— You just listen to me! I'm paying for a hotel room over on Park Avenue—and at sixteen dollars a day!—that I see for about five minutes every night and five minutes every morning. My feet are killing me, I'm using up the best part of my (Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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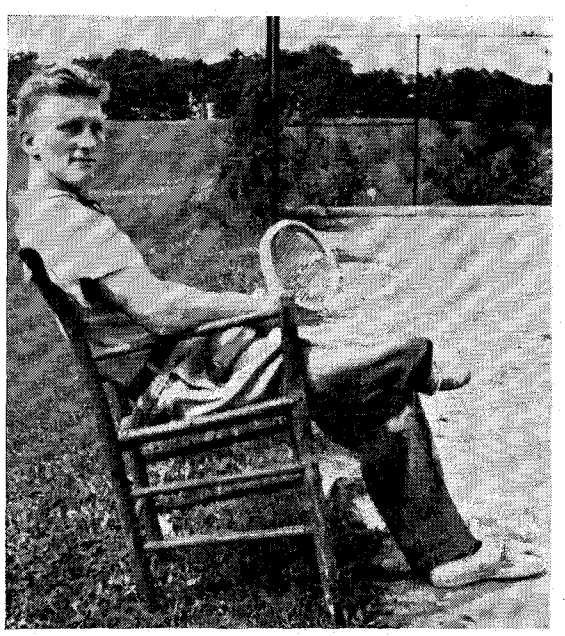
Business at breakfast: Douglas, who heads his own Bryna Productions company, dictates to his secretary (left). With him are his wife, Anne, and their son, Peter Vincent.

THE ACTOR IN ME

I Was Always Hungry

By KIRK DOUGLAS, as told to Pete Martin

A poverty-stricken kid from upstate New York clawed his way to movie stardom, critical acclaim and box-office gold. Here is his own intimate story.



This scrapbook photograph shows Kirk during a summer vacation from St. Lawrence University in 1937.

CONCLUSION

My name used to be Issur Danielovitch. My mother and father were Russian Jewish peasant immigrants. They came from Mogoloskova Burnya, which is south of Moscow. At least I've been told it's there, but its name must have been changed since my parents left, for I can't find it on any map.

Pa stepped off the boat at Ellis Island in 1910. He sent for ma later. They had a typical immigrant's point of view. I honestly believe that when they reached the U.S.A. they thought they'd find gold shining in the streets.

Pa died three years ago. Ma says that I look like him. The shape of my face resembles ma's, but I have pa's deeply cleft chin. He was vital, he had personality, he was physically powerful, and he was a thoroughly unskilled laborer. He had a horse and wagon; he peddled fruit, delivered wood and collected junk.

Although pa knew how to drive a horse around town, the business of earning a living in his adopted country baffled him. Sometimes he just sat there, looking bewildered, wondering how other men (Continued on Page 96)

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DON'T STOP NUMBER SEVEN!

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

He was known as "the college boy." It was not a complimentary term, the way it was used, and Crawford was fully aware of the fact. The railroad's publicity department, in announcing his appointment as assistant superintendent in charge of this mountain subdivision, had given the weekly newspaper here in Wynburn a story which had set his university degree above his railroad experience.

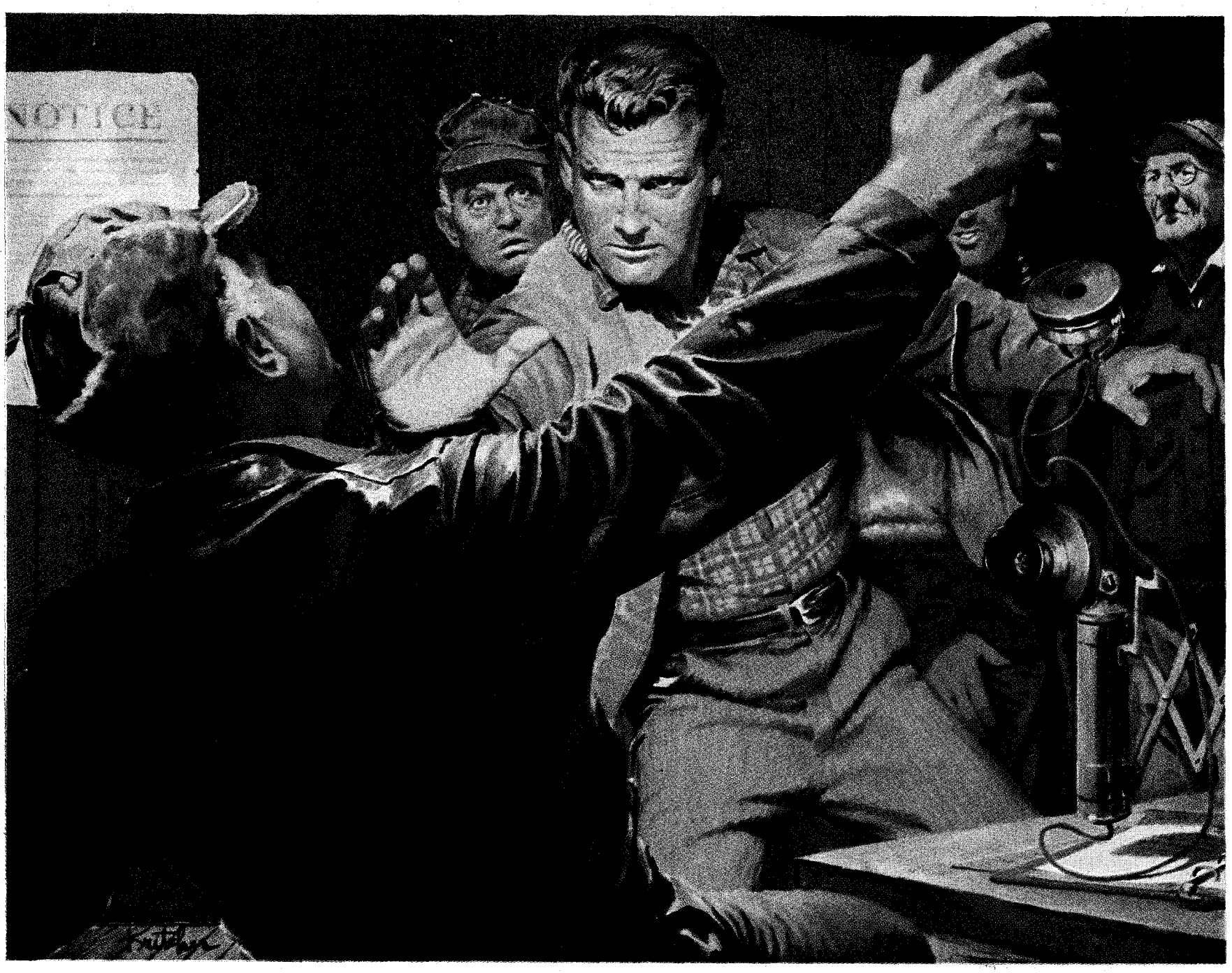
Standing now in front of the living-room fireplace in the house that had been home for less than three weeks, warming his cold hands and waiting for Martha to bring him a cup of coffee, Crawford thought about it. Because of the publicity release, he had been "the college boy" even before Martha and he had stepped off the train at Wynburn, and in the high country, in this railroad town, he had been suspect from the start. His wife, who was young and pretty, also had been suspect. And in three weeks there had been no change.

At the moment he did not look like a college boy. He wore a fur cap, a thick overcoat, and high-laced boots over his pants legs. His eyes right now were much older than his age; his face was drained and a little gray. For almost thirty-six hours there had been little sleep for him, because he had been watching the weather; noting the plunging drop in the thermometer, waiting for the snow that he had predicted, and against which he had planned his operations. The snow had started, and he knew it was here to stay.

Martha came out of the kitchen, bringing his cup of coffee. Crawford smiled at his wife, as though acknowledging that her presence gave him a warmth that the fire in front of him did not yield.

"Do you have to go back to the station?" Martha asked. (Continued on Page 82)

Would he let a man die to keep a train on schedule?



With a violent shove he sent Murchison sprawling onto the floor.

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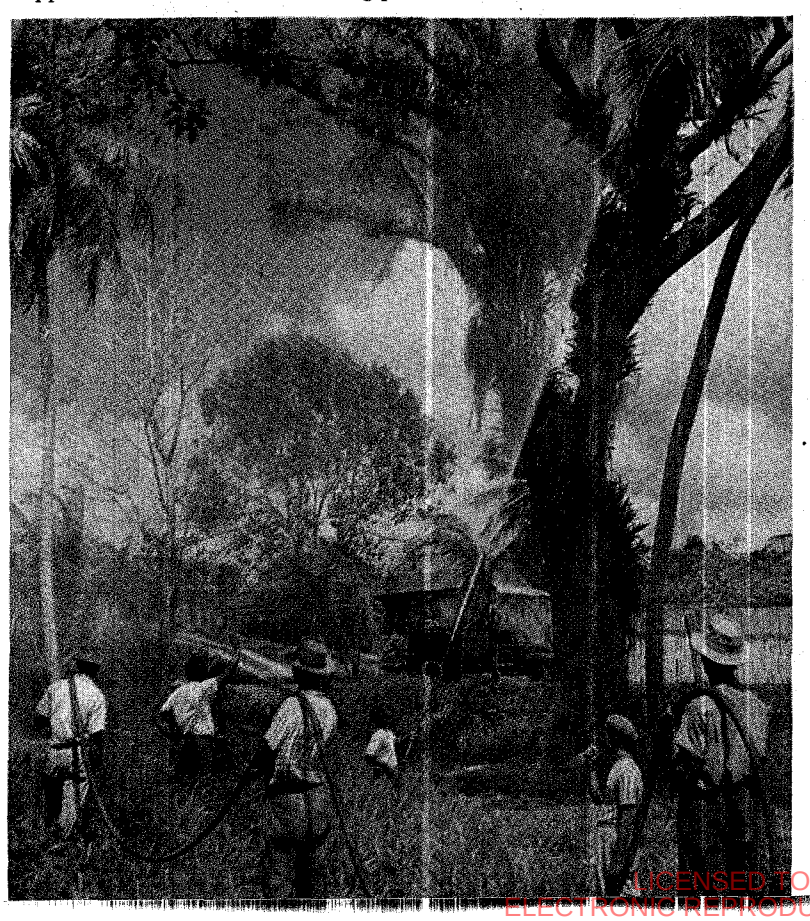
Malaria fighter at work: Sprayman coats the interior of a remote Mexican village home with DDT to kill disease-bearing mosquitoes before they can transmit infection.

Below: Eradication teams are also at work in Trinidad. Here a team shoots a copper-sulfate solution into breeding pools that collected in an immortelle tree.



They Battle the Ancient Scourge

Latin America has launched an unprecedented attack on the carrier of a tropical killer—malaria—as the first step in a global campaign to wipe out this dread disease.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

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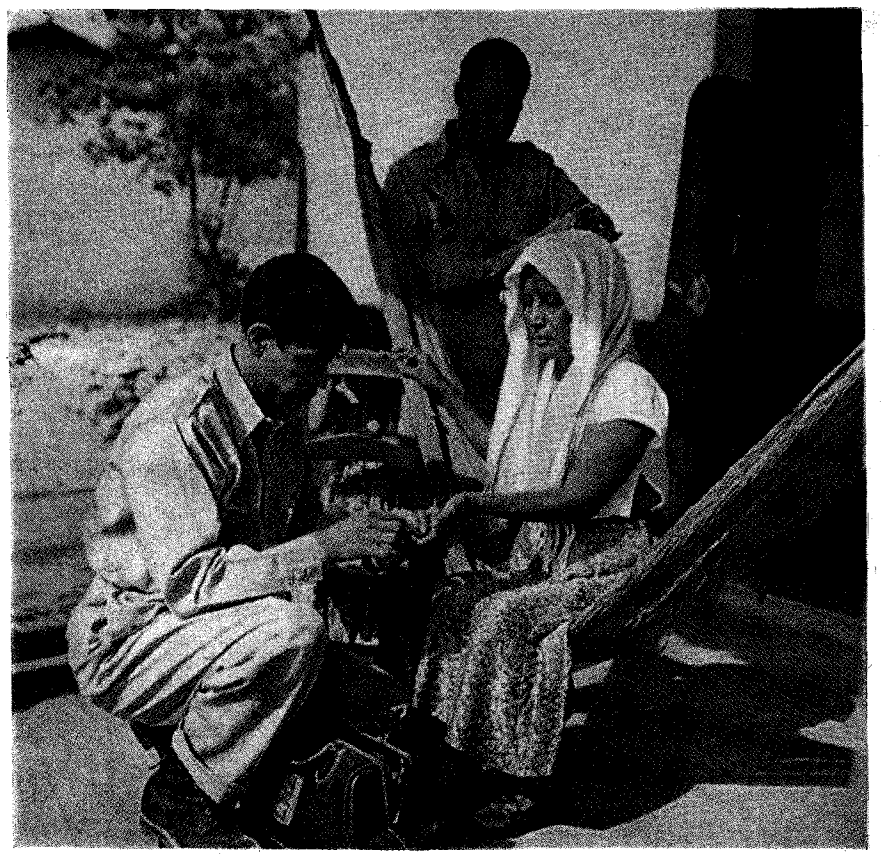
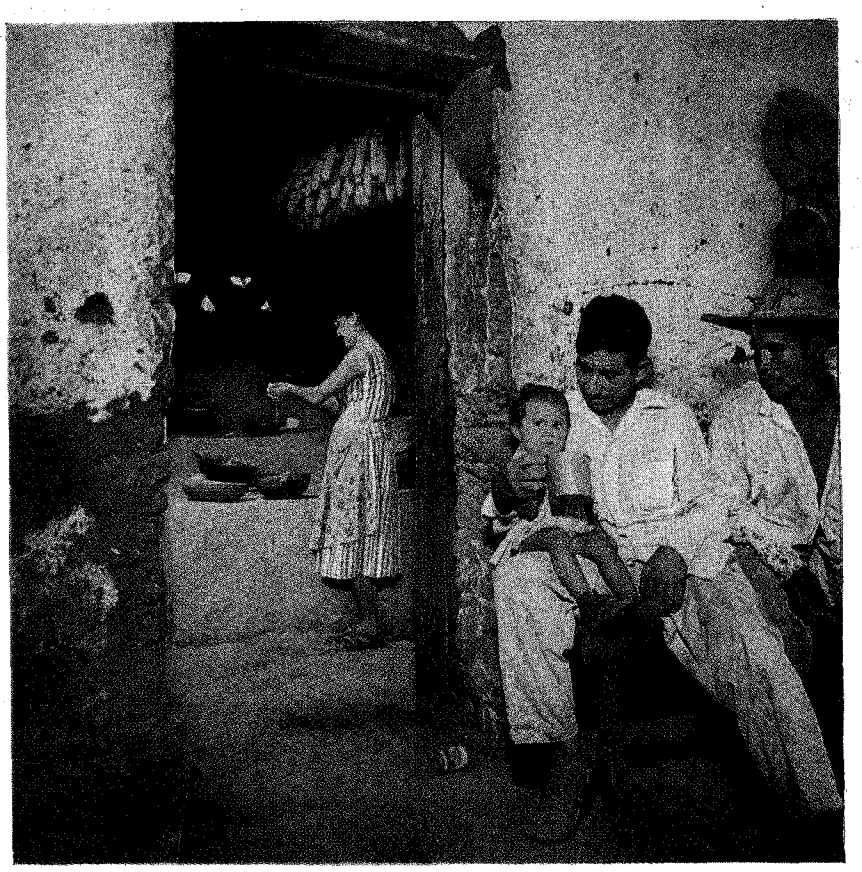


Dr. David Paz Martinez takes a blood smear from a malaria victim in the village of Coyuca de Benitez. Each year this disease strikes some 2,000,000 Mexicans.



Countless homes like this one, as well as huts and even primitive lean-tos in every corner of Mexico's broad malaria zone, are the targets of the spraying teams.

Lifesaving sign: José Encarnazion Flores proudly displays the marker which indicates his dwelling was the first in his town to be sprayed. Initials stand for National Commission for the Eradication of Malaria.

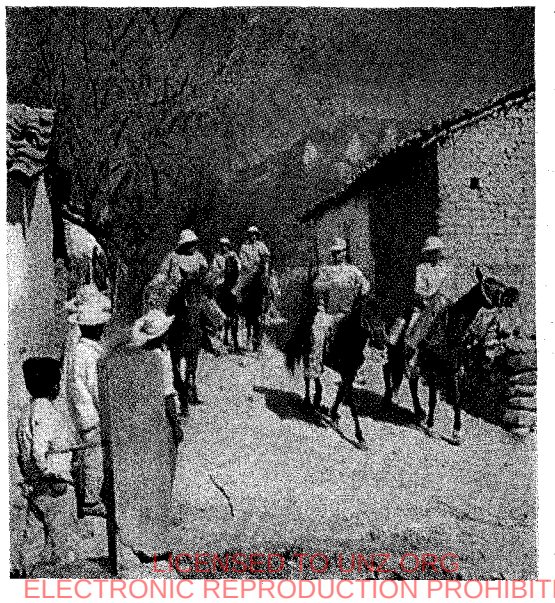
The observant tourist cannot travel far in Mexico this year without noticing, alongside the front doors of the houses, a stenciled set of initials, "C.N.E.P. ——" followed by a number. The visitor, his eye and camera cocked for more picturesque decorations, may pay scant attention to this one. But to the people of Mexico the new supplementary house numbers mark one of the most important events in their history, one in which they are proud to have a part.

The occupant of a low, thatched mud hut on the road into Taxco is so set up at having drawn this town's "C.N.E.P. No. 1" that, lacking any exterior wall space smooth enough to paint it on, he has the number inscribed on a small signboard suspended from a forked stick outside his home. Each night he takes the sign in, so it won't get stolen or rained on. His neighbor, who possesses "C.N.E.P. No. 2," has framed his sign like a picture, and it, too, comes in for the night.

This strange device, which has recently been affixed to some 3,500,000 Mexican homes, has a life- and health-saving significance not only for the residents of our neighbor republic but, indirectly, for 40 per cent of the world's population. The initials stand for a new Mexican Government agency with the big, bold title of *Comisión Nacional para la Erradicación del Paludismo*—in English, the National Commission for the Eradication of Malaria.

"Eradication" is a bold word, indeed, when applied to a disease which has held so much of the world in its hot and bone-shaking grip for so many centuries. (Continued on Page 64)

Photographs by Larry Keighley



Mounted brigade of mosquito fighters enters the nearly inaccessible village of Santa Fe de Tepetlapa, in Guerrero.

Dr. Donald J. Pletsch (center), the Pan American Sanitary Bureau's consultant to the Mexican campaign, plans an attack.

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Post Script

Annual Complaint

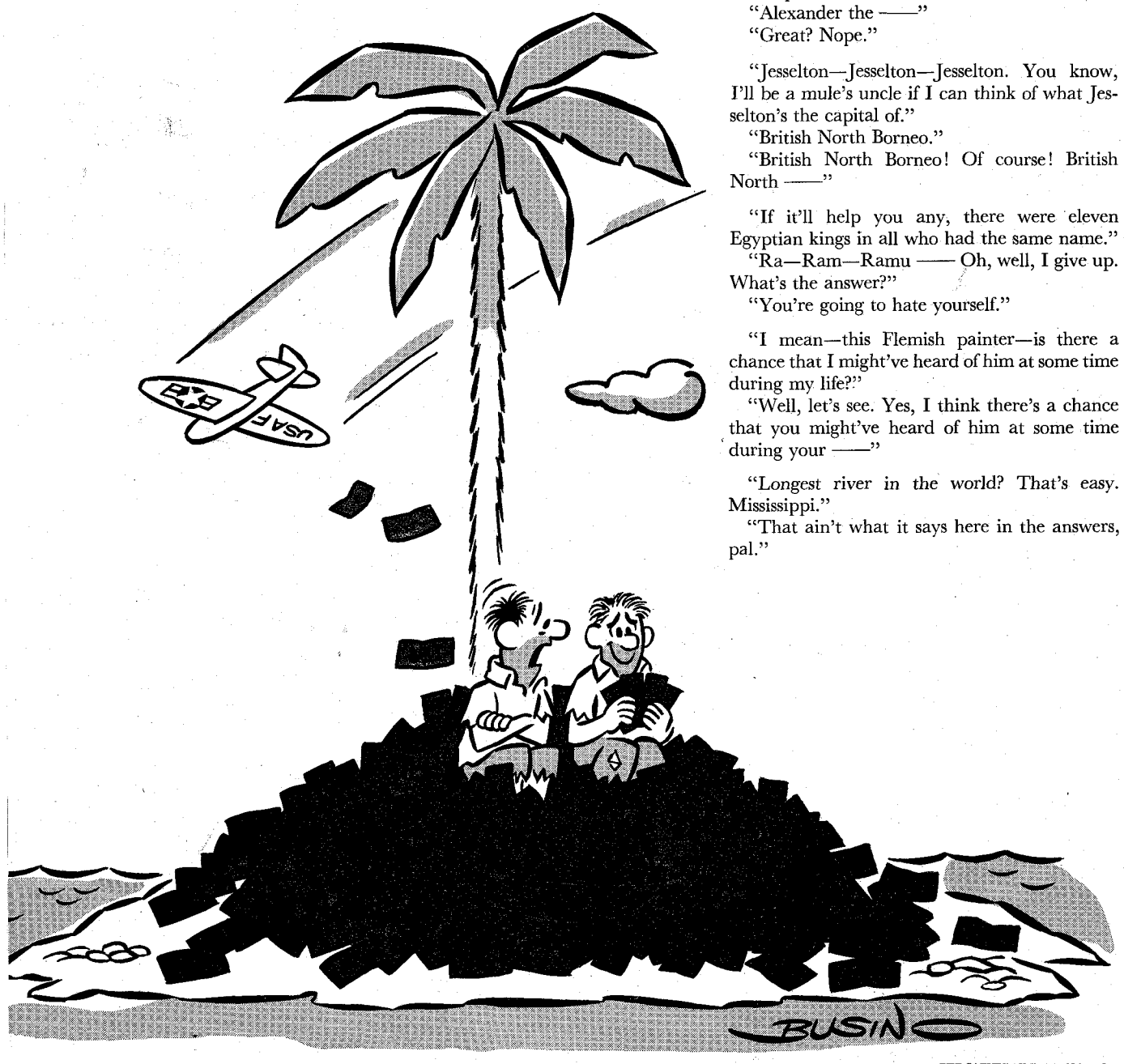
When a picnic is in progress on a day that
breeds romance
And the spirits of participants are high,
Who need fuss about such trifles as mosquitoes,
gnats and ants?
.....I.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

Summary of the Man Situation at Any Summer Resort

All the good-lookin'
Ones are tooken!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Good grief! We've been mistaken for a foreign country!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Having a Miserable Time (Glad You're Not Here!)

Dearest Wifey: Just a mention of this rather
dull convention
And to tell you I can't wait for it to close;
I'm so glad that you elected not to come; as I
suspected,
It is meeting, meeting, meeting, and the
pleasure that's connected
Is so meager that it hardly even shows.

Oh, of course, we've played some poker, and
the funny part—the joker—
Is that somehow I wound up without a cent;
And I can't say there've been no girls, for I
noticed that some show girls
Were imported for a party; when I saw them, I
said, "Go, girls!"
And at quarter after three A.M. they went.

Though there's been a bit of horseplay in the
hallways, I, of course, play
A most minor role in all the whoop-dee-do;
So, if you were entertaining any idea of
emplaning
For this city to be with me on the weekend
that's remaining,
Give it up; there's nothing here to interest you.

DICK EMMONS

Deliver Me From Quiz Games

"Is the answer Napoleon?"
"Nope."
"Julius Caesar?"
"Nope."
"Alexander the ——"
"Great? Nope."

"Jesselton—Jesselton—Jesselton. You know, I'll be a mule's uncle if I can think of what Jesselton's the capital of."
"British North Borneo."
"British North Borneo! Of course! British North ——"

"If it'll help you any, there were eleven Egyptian kings in all who had the same name."
"Ra—Ram—Ramu —— Oh, well, I give up. What's the answer?"
"You're going to hate yourself."

"I mean—this Flemish painter—is there a chance that I might've heard of him at some time during my life?"
"Well, let's see. Yes, I think there's a chance that you might've heard of him at some time during your ——"

"Longest river in the world? That's easy. Mississippi."
"That ain't what it says here in the answers, pal."

"Who discovered the Pacific? Cortés, of course."
"Wrong. The book says Balboa."
"The book's nuts! I'll be willing to bet anybody twenty bucks that Cortés discovered the Pa —— Say, wait a minute; I guess maybe it was Balboa. You know, by golly, the book's right, because Cortés was the guy who ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

All Joking Aside

How snug these scanty swimsuits fit;
How small their yardage seems!
If brevity's the soul of wit,
These girls are simply screams.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"If you're through scrubbing that hand—
I'll need it to brush my teeth."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Few Tough Decisions I've Had to Make Lately

"—— from my mother, dear. Should I tell her to come these next two weeks or when you're away in August?"

"—— matter of discipline, Swinnerton. Either get a new alarm clock or ——"

"Honey, wake up; it's five o'clock. Chuck's on the phone, and he wants to know if you still want to go fishing in this rain. What should I tell him?"

"—— at the bank, Swinnerton. Could you drop in today about these last three overdrafts or should I just sign a warrant ——"

"—— that blonde in the next apartment, dear. She wants to know if you'll help her find the fuse box or should she call the janitor?"

"—— getting the PTA slate lined up for the fall, Swinnerton. Will you accept the presidency or is there someone else you'd like to recommend?"

A. R. SWINNERTON

Present Tension

Should flowers, jewelry, perfume be
Reserved for anniversaries?
Ah, no! Perceptive husbands see
That any day is right for these
To add some color to a life
Of tending children, washing dishes,
A thoughtful gift that makes a wife
Suspicious.

P. J. BLACKWELL

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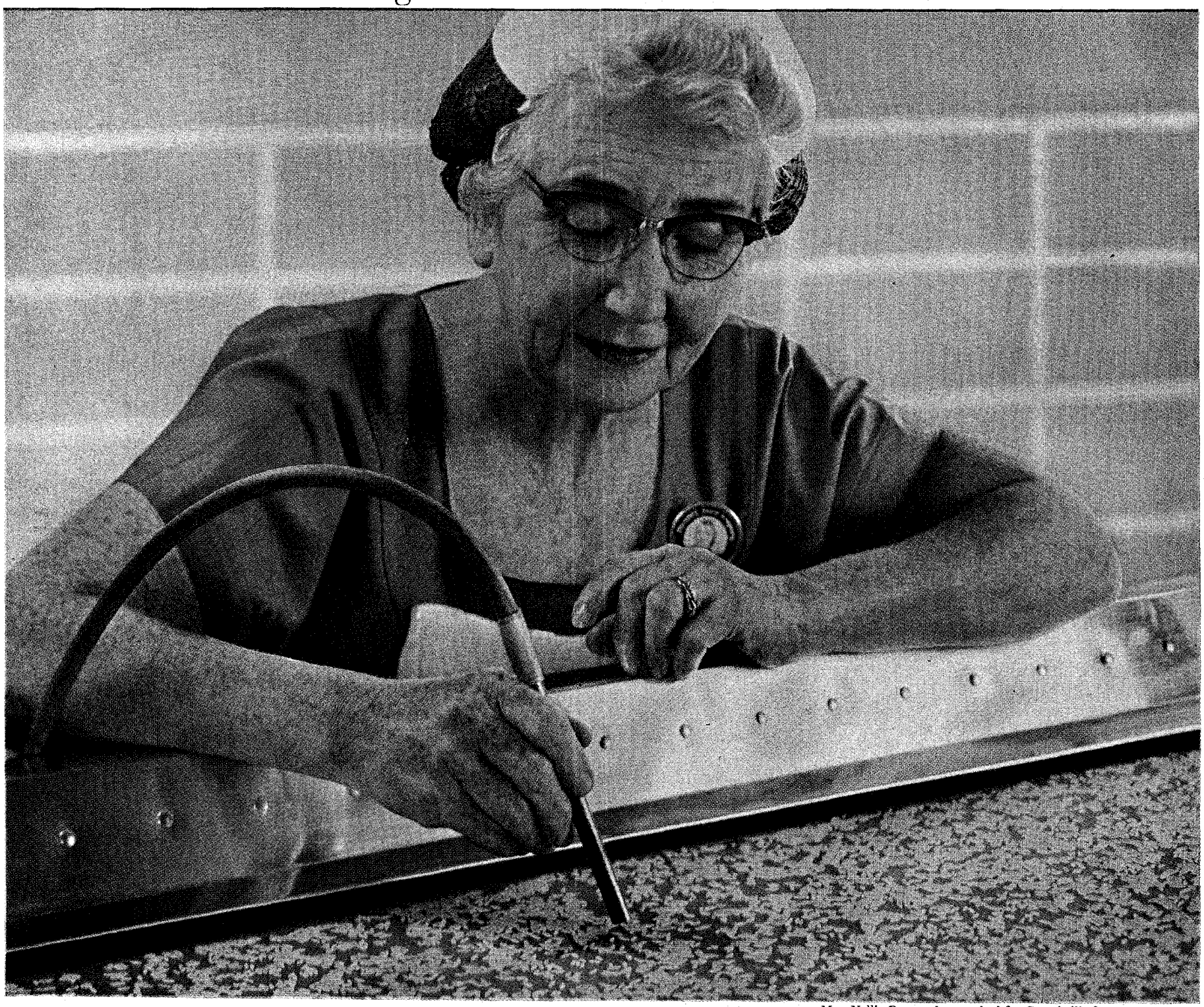
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Mrs. Nellie Reagan has worked for Campbell's for over 20 years

Hand-picking the rice at Campbell's

Being extra fussy helps us bring you the best

A visitor to our kitchens was quite surprised to see a lady sorting rice. "Wouldn't you think Campbell would use a *machine?*" she said.

Well, perhaps so. But, as far as we're concerned, science has yet to perfect anything to replace a woman's touch in the kitchen.

At Campbell's women trim vegetables. Measure out ingredients. "Bone" the chickens. And do many other things just as at home.

An old-fashioned conscience

But to get back to rice sorting. Before rice comes to our kitchens, it's checked and rechecked by the most modern of mechanical sorters. Yet the fussy folks at Campbell's still aren't satisfied. Nothing will do but that a sharp-eyed woman give it a final going over.

She plucks out any remaining imperfect grains with a tiny vacuum hose. Broken and discolored ones are "whooshed" away—leaving nothing but the best for our chefs to work with.

And, oh yes, the rice itself. Only two long-grained varieties meet Campbell's standards. Even though both are hard to get, only the highest grade—Extra Fancy—is fine enough to go into products for your table.

Campbell fussiness

Our idea here is not to make much of our rice or the care it gets. We simply want to give a typical example of the lengths we go to with *even the little things* that can affect the quality of Campbell, Swanson, V-8 and Franco-American products.

As our motto puts it: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Campbell's

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Pull 'em down... for counter-top cooking!
Fold 'em back... for extra counter space!

FRIGIDAIRE

FOLD-BACK COOKING UNITS

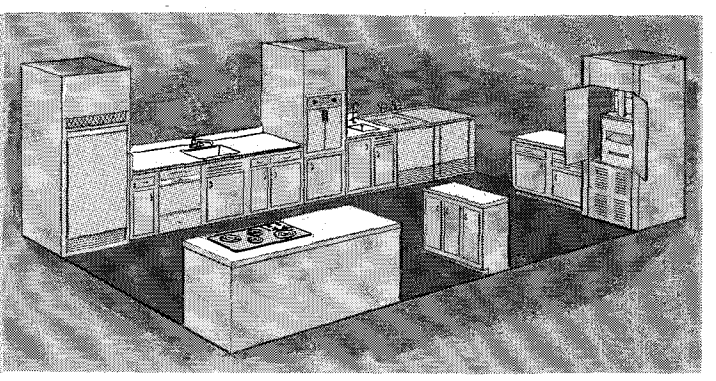
See, too, Frigidaire Built-In Cooking Tops. One-piece Cooking Top with non-spill rim fits standard base cabinets, and its shallow depth (only 5 inches) turns ordinary range space into roomy storage space. Smart, efficient—with a selection of all Frigidaire features including finger-tip control cluster that's easy-to-see, easy-to-reach, yet out of bounds for tiny hands.

Available in satin chrome or in your choice of the lovely colors listed below.

You see two cooking units in use, with two others completely out of the way. Less than six inches deep when closed, these Frigidaire Fold-Back Radiantube units give you worlds of additional counter and set-down space, and countless new opportunities for efficient kitchen design using as many units as you need—two, four, or more.

Frigidaire features? You can have them all, including an Automatic Speed-Heat Unit that gets hot in seconds, boils water in less than a minute. And a Heat-Minder Unit that maintains any heat you select and prevents burning. Removable porcelain drip bowls lift out in seconds, wipe clean as a china dish. All these Frigidaire features, plus smart, fold-back styling in satin chrome revolutionizes kitchen design. You *must* see them!

COLORFUL
COMPACT
FRIGIDAIRE
APPLIANCES
...styled for the years to come



Wall ovens, cooking tops, fold-back cooking units, dishwashers, disposers, full home air conditioning and heating—Frigidaire has them all. Plus Sheer-Look Refrigerators, Food Freezers, Ranges, and Laundry Pairs that simply slip into place and make your old kichen look new without remodeling. And in some models, you can choose from Snowcrest White, Mayfair Pink, Sherwood Green, Stratford Yellow, and Charcoal Gray. Let your imagination be your guide to a truly wonderful, magically convenient Frigidaire kitchen. For illustrated literature see your Frigidaire Dealer or write FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, *General Motors Corp.*, Dayton, Ohio.

'57 FRIGIDAIRE *Built-ins*

GM GENERAL MOTORS

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"You heard me the first time!" she said. "Lay off me, mister, or protect yourself in the clinches! I haven't begun to fight dirty!"

THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

One thing Miss Columbine had learned at her school for young ladies was how to take care of herself in a pinch. . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The life of Columbine Pepper Drugget took a violent turn: Someone was trying to trick her out of her inheritance, a luxury motel in Arizona called The Grove of Daphne. She learned of this when Sam Jones, the lawyer representing the Drugget estate, told her that the motel's accounts showed thievery; later, meals and room service were sabotaged, and there was an outbreak of food poisoning. She suspected Lucius Quentin, owner of a rival motel chain, of conspiring against her.

Columbine had accidentally picked up a mysterious suitcase containing a bag of gems, a gun and burglar tools. After the weird Prof. Artemus Thumb and his fearsome associate, the "Reverend" Mr. Martinus, tried to frighten her, she guessed that the bag belonged to one of them. Madame Roxy Thistlebun, a guest at The Grove of Daphne, who also knew the pair, warned Columbine against them.

One night an intruder broke into Columbine's motel, stole the contents of the suitcase, and tied up Columbine and Barbara Green, the hostess of the Grove, leaving them helpless.

V

On the bed lay a tangle of young women. Wrists tied, ankles bound, mouths stuffed with cloths to prevent calls for help, they kicked and wriggled, disclosing two pairs of very attractive legs as they struggled. Twisting and wrenching left them breathless, and presently they subsided.

Columbine was on the side of the bed next the night table, on which stood a lamp and the telephone. Its bell rang and rang again. Columbine turned her head and looked at it helplessly. And then, as a thought occurred to her, she twisted herself closer to the edge of the bed and managed to nudge the night table with her shoulder until it toppled and its contents crashed to the floor. If someone was on the other end of the wire, as the ringing bell promised, he would have heard the smash and come to investigate.

(Continued on Page 44)

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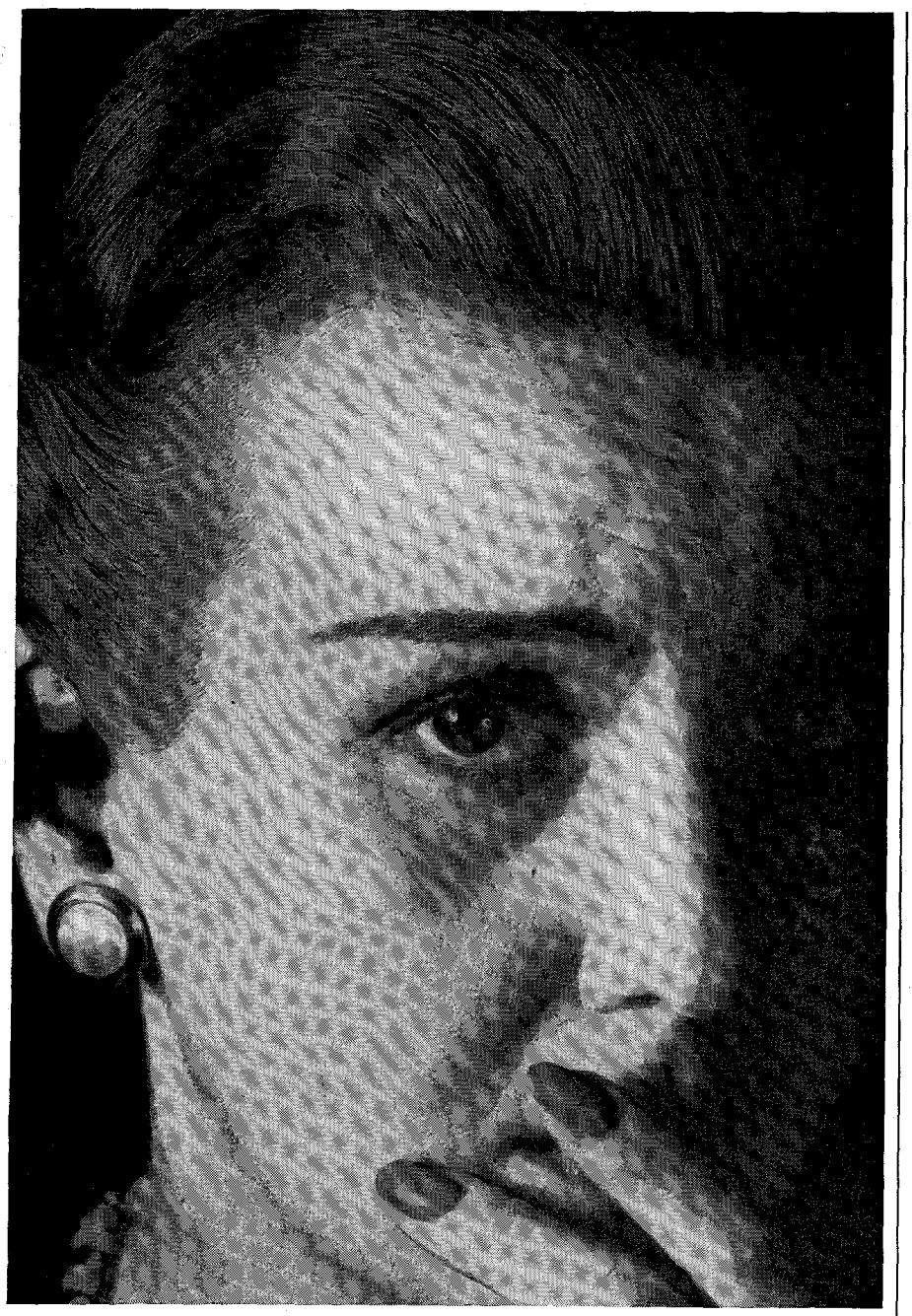

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Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

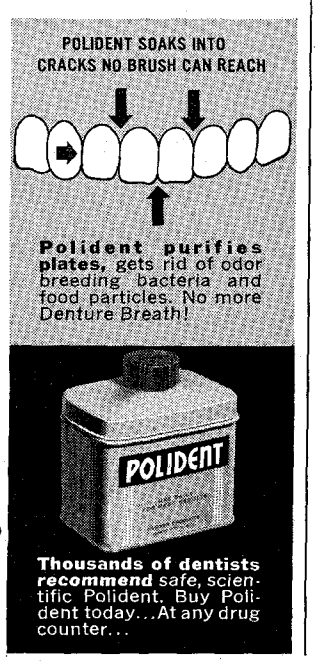
But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film—sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use... Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath". Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again... and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

POLIDENT®


POLIDENT SOAKS INTO CRACKS NO BRUSH CAN REACH
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today...At any drug counter...

Mako Shark (Continued from Page 24)

San Juan. In short, he must be a businessman.

"Tell me, Juan," said the other American man—the tall one who looked like a young Gary Cooper. "We going to bring back a boatload of lobsters today?"

Juan grinned into the rear-view mirror. "I try, Señor Hammond. I think we do."

He liked Douglas Hammond—the one who looked like Gary Cooper. Hammond was gay. He told funny stories and also exciting stories about his adventures in diving in California, where they had sea lions and killer whales and other strange creatures which Juan had never seen. Douglas Hammond and Natalie Welch were in love. They were going to marry. Juan knew this because he heard them talking in the car, and he hoped they would be very happy, but he doubted it. To be happy with an old stone-face like John Welch for a father-in-law might be very difficult.

"Oh, look, daddy!" the girl cried out suddenly. "It's gorgeous! Oh, look at the colors!"

"Yes," said John Welch in his low, rather husky voice. "Very pretty, Nat."

The station wagon had come out on a sand beach near a grove of manchineel trees where the Ackerman service kept its diving boat. Offshore the ocean was bright green and glittering, like some huge hotel swimming pool, and the sky was so blue it hurt to look at it. Juan parked under the trees and started unloading the gear, and Capitan, the yellow dog, ran quickly to the edge of the water and began barking at some fiddler crabs. Capitan was a very excitable animal, much given to ferocious and silly barking at creatures big and small.

"Capitan!" Juan called sternly. "Be still!"

Mr. Welch was standing by the diving boat, looking out to sea. "How far is this reef we're going to?"

"About six miles," Juan said.

"That's pretty far out. Is there any danger?"

"Oh, no," Juan said. "No danger, Señor Welch. This is lagoon—shelter water."

Douglas Hammond was standing behind Mr. Welch, and he winked at Juan, but Juan did not wink back because Mr. Welch might see it and think he was being impudent. He loaded the supplies into the boat: gasoline can, swim fins, lobster gloves, portable stove and sun umbrella. Then he asked the Americans to get in and pushed the boat away from the sand. He was grateful for the electric starter which Ackerman had provided. On the horizon toward Puerto Rico, the water was almost black. It was a mile deep out there.

"That dark water reminds me of Catalina," Douglas Hammond said. "You ever been to Catalina, Nat?"

Natalie Welch said she had not. In the boat, with the wind blowing her yellow hair, Juan thought she looked prettier than in the car. She had a good figure, a little thin for Juan's taste, but then, that was the way with all American girls. They starved themselves to look like boys. It was a custom of the country.

"I speared a big grouper off Catalina once," Douglas Hammond said. "Had the brute tied to my belt with a control line and he towed me into a kelp bed. Lucky I had a knife—I'd be there yet."

"Oh I'd love to go to Catalina," Natalie Welch said. "You know, I've never been to the West Coast at all." She hesitated, then said, "Maybe we could go there—on our honeymoon."

John Welch said, "Nat, I thought we had that settled. I thought we were going to talk to your mother first."

Juan saw the big man's eyes under the cheap straw hat he'd bought in Frederiksted for this trip; they were squinted a little, and there was something frightening in them. But Natalie Welch was not frightened. Her face was pink under her tan.

"Please!" she said sharply. "I'm twenty years old, daddy! I'm no child!"

Juan turned and inspected the outboard motor. His heart beat rapidly. He was twenty years old himself, and planning to marry. But this was not his affair. He remembered Ken Ackerman's advice: *No matter what happens, Juan, never let the tourists upset you. Keep calm. Hold onto your dignity. To be a success in business, a man must have great self-control.*

But the carefree feeling of the boat ride was spoiled. Natalie did not speak any more, and even Douglas Hammond, who was always so jolly and gay, was silent. Juan increased the speed of the motor and directed the boat to a place on the reef where he knew they would surely find lobsters. He set up the canvas chairs and the umbrella and filled the gasoline stove. Mr. John Welch sat down on one of the chairs and lit a cigar. Natalie stayed with Capitan in the boat to watch the diving.

"You go first, Juan," Douglas Hammond said. "This is new to me. I'll let you give me a little demonstration."

When he got into the water, Juan felt himself loosen up and begin to feel good again. He ducked his faceplate in the water and peered downward. It was about twenty feet deep. To the right, thrusting out of a coral cave, he saw the pinkish feelers of a big *langosta*. Most people called them lobsters, but they were not. They had no claws, and were merely large crayfish.

Juan let go of the boat, took a deep breath and flapped downward with his rubber swim fins. The water changed from clear white to deep yellow and there was a pressure on his ears. He gripped the coral carefully and peered into the dark cave. Close to his face, the big *langosta* was braced in alarm, its eyes glowing faintly red in the shadow. Juan seized the lobster's spiny face with his leather-palmed glove and yanked. The big crayfish did not budge. It had braced its legs in the recess and was hung, and it made the harsh grating "Eeeek" sound that meant it was angry. "They'll always come up with you," the *langosta* divers said, "if you stay down with them long enough." Juan's lungs were big and hot, and there were sparks in front of his eyes, and he needed air badly. Then, quite suddenly and easily, the lobster came out of his cave, bucking his tail in the open water, and Juan carried him to the surface and held him up in the sun. The *langosta* looked like a huge yellow-legged spider with a fat red body.

"Wonderful!" the girl cried. "Wonderful, Juan!"

"Good going," Douglas Hammond said. "Hope I can do as well."

Juan felt happy. It was going nicely after all. It was going to be a good trip. He stayed in the water to watch Hammond dive. Hammond seemed to take a very long time adjusting his faceplate, but finally he took a breath and Juan ducked his mask in the water and watched the American flap downward along the reef. Hammond swam well; although not quite so well as Juan had expected. He managed to get hold of a pair of feelers under a rock, and had a brief tug-of-war

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with a lobster before he gave up and surfaced, blowing hard.

"How was it, Doug?" Natalie Welch said. "See anything?"

"Had one by the snout!" Hammond panted. "Little beast! Didn't want to come up with me!"

On his third try, however, Hammond brought up a lobster and dropped it into the live box. He grinned at Natalie. "Nothing to it, Nat. Want to have a try?"

Natalie Welch did not want to try, but she was much impressed with Douglas Hammond. Old John Welch made no comment. He did not leave his chair to see the *langostas*, but sat quietly under the umbrella, smoking his cigar. He probably was bored, Juan thought. Maybe he was thinking about New York and planning new ways to make money.

By lunchtime they had brought up seven lobsters—four for Juan and three for Douglas Hammond—and the location was dived out. The tide had turned and was coming in, which was good. The

Telescope

By Katherine Edelman

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To the eye.
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Upon the edge
Of midnight lean—
Small worlds of light,
So closely massed—
Magnitude,
So wide, so vast;
That earth more humbly
Takes its place
Within the wonderland
Of space.

langostas were scavengers. They came out of their caves on the rising tide, to capture such titbits as might be floating in on the current. Douglas Hammond had become enthusiastic about the diving, with his increasing success, and suggested that they move the boat to a better position. Juan looked at the sun.

"I must prepare food soon."

"That's O.K.," Hammond said. "You go ahead and fix the food and I'll take the boat and see what I can find."

It was a thing Ackerman had told Juan never to do—to let a tourist take the boat alone—but it was inside the reef, in quiet water, and Hammond had proved himself a fine swimmer.

"No far, Señor Hammond," Juan said. "O.K.?"

Hammond grinned. "O.K., Juan. No far."

Hammond swam a little way off the reef, pushing the boat ahead of him, and diving periodically to explore the bottom. Juan lit the gasoline stove and placed a large kettle of sea water on it to cook three of the lobsters that he had removed from the live box. He was waiting for the water to come to a boil when he heard Hammond make a choking, startled sound in the lagoon. He whirled and saw the American swimming furiously toward the reef. In a moment Hammond touched the coral and scrambled out of the water.

"Sharks!" he panted. "Two of them! Big ones! Between me and the boat!"

Juan felt relief flood through him. When he'd heard the startled sound he'd thought, *Conger eel. A conger's got him.* He knew what it was—merely a couple of sand sharks. They looked big and dangerous, and they frightened tourists out of their wits, but they were as harmless as butterfish. They came out of curiosity, to look at the divers. Juan had never heard of one attacking.

"Don't worry, señor," he said. "Is sand shark. Is not dangerous."

The little yellow dog, Capitan, had been lying in the boat. Now he was perched on the gunwale, looking toward the reef and whining unhappily. Then the little dog looked down at something below him in the water and his back bristled and he began his frantic barking.

"Capitan!" Juan called out, almost laughing out loud in spite of himself. "No, Capitan! Spare them, dog! Be generous!"

The little dog looked briefly at Juan, could restrain himself no longer, and plunged furiously into the water. The small yellow body vanished, surfaced and began swimming toward the reef. None of them saw the first mako. There was a roil of water behind the dog, the dog gave a screaming yelp and tried to snap backward with its teeth, and the second mako shark hit him. The second was very big. They saw its body, like a huge gray torpedo, as it moved effortlessly and with great speed through the water. Then the sharks were gone and the dog was gone. There was nothing but a cloud of blood through which bits of bone and fur sifted gently toward the bottom.

Natalie Welch screamed and her father, who had risen from the canvas chair, pulled her against him. Juan stood very still and looked at the place where Capitan had been swimming so valiantly a moment before.

Then Douglas Hammond spoke in a strange, harsh voice, "Sand sharks, eh? Not dangerous, eh?"

Juan felt queer inside, very light and numb, and there was a thin singing sound somewhere in his brain. "No sand shark," he said. "Mako."

"Mako?" Hammond said loudly, almost shouting. "What's that?"

"Is bad," Juan said. "Is very bad."

Mr. Welch spoke in his husky voice. "Juan, I think you'd better signal the shore. Right away. Can you do that?"

Juan looked at the beach. He could see the manchineel grove, tiny and remote and deserted in the noonday sun. He did not say anything.

"Speak up!" Hammond said violently. "Talk, you little creep! Mr. Welch is asking you a question!"

Juan looked at Douglas Hammond. He was surprised. He was very frightened—too frightened even to feel sorrow yet for his ferocious and silly dog—but the change in Hammond amazed him. He looked down at the wet lip of water that was creeping gently along the sun-dried coral.

"Is impossible," he said. "Nobody there. Three hours, tide make us swim."

Nobody spoke for several moments. There was no sound but the peaceful lapping of water. Mr. Welch said, matter-of-factly, "We've got to get that boat back. . . . Doug, hand me those rubber gadgets on your feet."

Natalie Welch said quickly, "Oh, no, daddy. Doug will ——"

Then she stopped. Douglas Hammond was not looking at her and he was not looking at any of them. He was looking at the lagoon—at the clear, peaceful water where the two sharks had disappeared—and his face was grayish under his tan, and very serious. He wet his lips. Then, still not (*Continued on Page 42*)

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(see pages 40 & 41)

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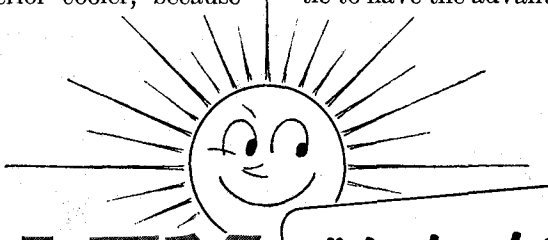

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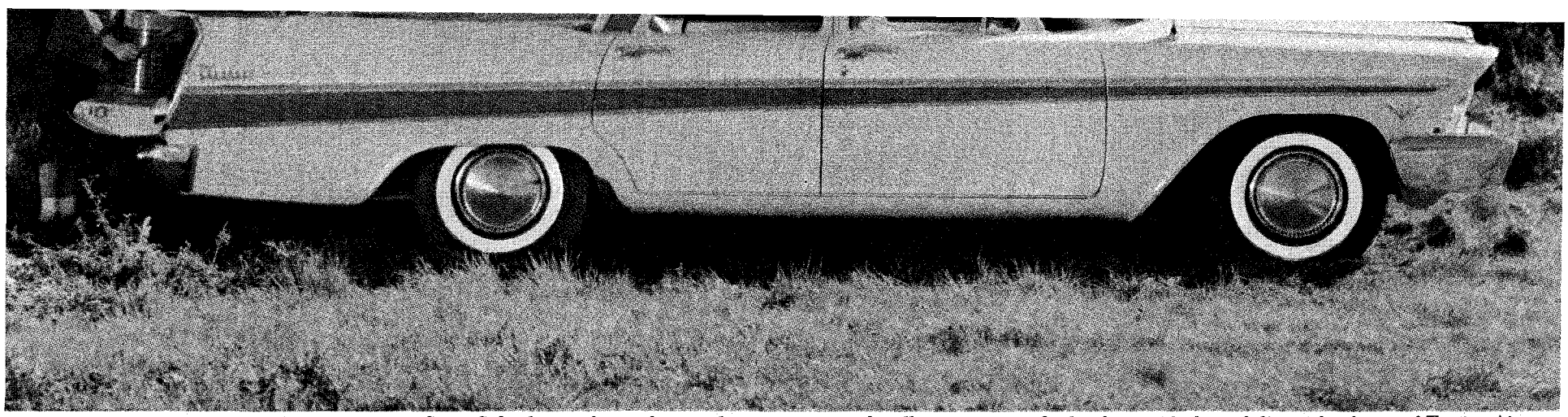

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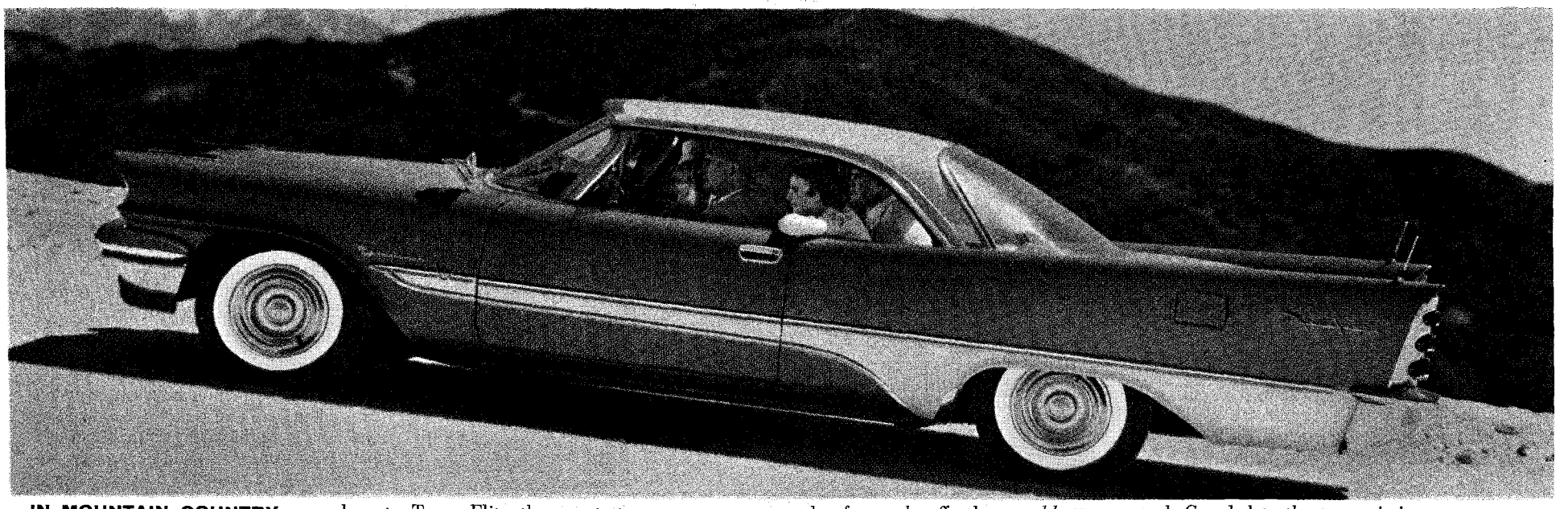

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(*Continued from Page 39*) looking at anybody, he sat down and began to remove the rubber fins.

Juan felt sick at his stomach. He had never thought about dying. Death had no meaning. It was a place, like California or New York, where people went till you forgot their face. Now he knew death was no place. It was a mako shark in a peaceful lagoon at midday. He stepped toward the place where Mr. Welch was fumbling with the fins, and his legs moved stiffly, as if they objected to taking him where he had to go. He crouched beside the big white-haired man.

"No," he said, feeling his mouth dry and the words hard to speak. "No, Señor Welch. Is not for you. Is for me."

Mr. Welch stared at him. He did not speak, but there was a sudden peculiar look in his eyes. Juan did not notice it. He was too frightened. His own rubber fins were in the boat. He took the fins of Douglas Hammond and put them on quickly. Then he took the underwater knife from his belt sheath and tested it with his finger. The haft was covered with dried fish scales and the sides of the blade were badly corroded, but there was a thin, sharp edge and point. Juan used an oilstone on the edge of the blade after each day of diving, when he was not too tired or lazy, or forgot.

He slid into the water carefully, holding the knife in his right hand, ducked the faceplate and peered around. The blood of the dog was gone now, but the place where it had been was alive with small, whirling reef fish. There was no sign of the two mako sharks. Juan looked for the boat. It floated about a hundred yards away, rocking gently in the ground swell. He pushed himself away from the reef and began swimming toward it, his faceplate under water, kicking very gently with his fins, being careful not to roil the surface. If he was very lucky and the sharks were still busy with the remains of the dog, he might sneak past them.

He had swum halfway to the boat and was lifting his face for a breath, when the girl screamed. He ducked his mask instantly and stared about him under water. The smaller of the two mako sharks was moving toward him, slowly and suspiciously, and he could see it very well in the glass-clear water. Its eyes looked dead, and its mouth curved downward like the mouth of Caramello Gomez's mother-in-law, and the teeth were yellow and rather small. The shark was about four feet long. Juan turned the knife, and its edge made a wink of light in the water, and the shark swerved away, like a huge minnow frightened by a movement of the bait.

Juan twisted his head sideways and gulped air, moving his rubber fins very fast, driving his body toward the boat, which was now fairly close. He saw the second mako turn in the purple shadows of the underwater horizon, a huge pale flash in the sun, and everything in his body sucked in tight. The second mako was more than ten feet long. Its shadow made a large darkness on the coral heads as it rushed toward him. He held his knife with both hands, very tightly. The shark hit him like a car in the street; there was a quick, terrible pinch across his chest, like the grip of white-hot pliers, and he thrust the knife upward with all his strength and felt it slip into the tough hide of the shark's belly and rip jaggedly as the rush of the big fish carried it over him, blotting out the sun. Then the shark was gone and the water was bright red, like fire, and Juan Fernandez was struggling up toward the air.

He heard shouting. He kicked frantically with his fins, his chest open and scalding, the water around him full of froth and blood. The boat was close. He saw it through a blood-colored mist. He grabbed for it, but it was not there, and he grabbed again, and his fingers struck wood.

He did not know how he got into the boat. He was lying on the bottom. A flap of his chest flesh, white from the sea water, lay on the duckboards beside his arm and he could see blood seeping in quick, bright rivulets, from the exposed rib bones. He felt blackness coming. He closed his eyes tightly to shut out the torn flesh, and crawled back toward the stern. He opened his eyes. The button was there. He leaned forward, feeling very tired, and pressed it....

He could hear the motor running, and he could see the reef coming toward him, and blurred figures waving in the blood-colored mist. Then the boat struck something very hard and flung him away from the motor, under a seat, and he felt the duckboards against his face, and then it was dark.

It was dark outside the hospital on St. Croix Island, but it was clean and bright around Juan Fernandez's bed. The doctor had sewed his chest. He felt no pain, only a big, steady warmth over the spot, because of the needle the doctor had pushed into his arm. He felt a little nauseated, and his head seemed to be full of warm cotton, but he felt good. Mr. John Welch and Natalie and Anita Torres were with him in the room. Mr. Welch had told Anita about the shark. How it had rushed with great speed, and Juan's knife had ripped its belly open, and the smaller shark had become confused and excited by so much blood and had attacked the big one like a cannibal. Anita Torres was in her best Sunday dress and she was still crying a little. Juan knew he ought to be sorry that Anita was crying, but he was not.

He said, in Spanish, feeling very heroic, even with the head full of cotton, "*Por favor,* my little one. Do not cry. *Es nada.* It is nothing."

John Welch was smiling. He was wearing a white linen suit, and carried a cane because he had hurt himself running on the reef, and he wore glasses. He had not worn glasses on the reef, and they made him look stern and important, as if he were already back in his office in New York.

The tall American, Douglas Hammond, was not present.

Mr. Welch said, "Mr. Hammond will not be coming to see you, Juan. There is a plane for Miami tonight, later in the evening. I understand he is taking it."

Juan did not say anything. He looked at Mr. Welch's eyes, and they did not make him uneasy now. They were smiling at him. "We had not known Mr. Hammond very long," Mr. Welch said. "Natalie met him on the cruise boat."

Then Natalie Welch did an unexpected thing. She left her chair and came quickly across the room to Juan's bed and kissed him on the mouth in front of Anita Torres and her father. She held her face close to his for a moment. "You taught me a lesson, Juan. A great lesson. Thank you."

When Mr. Welch rose and shook Juan's hand and wished him luck, and he and his daughter left the room, Juan looked at Anita Torres. She reminded him of Rita Moreno, the beautiful Hollywood movie star he had seen in the St. Croix Theater in a picture about the king of Siam. Now her eyes were very bright and she was breathing rapidly.

"What is this stupid talk of lessons?"

"I don't know," Juan said. "Truly."

"I hate her!" Anita Torres said. "Do you understand? I hate that skinny, ugly, stupid American girl! No shame! She has no shame at all, Juan!"

Juan did not speak. He merely looked sympathetically at the lovely Anita Torres from his bed. There were times when it was better to remain silent.

He stayed in the hospital three weeks. The bite of the shark became infected and required penicillin powder, and two of the fishing boys, Caramello Gomez and Furman Montoya, gave blood to hasten Juan's recovery. It was not bad. Mr. Welch had arranged to pay the hospital bill, and Anita Torres came each afternoon to talk—and there was a great excitement about the battle with the sharks.

But it did not last. After a few days, Anita ceased to hang breathlessly on his words as he explained, in detail, how he had conquered the monsters, and the nurses no longer stood outside in the hall and listened and giggled. Juan was glad when the hospital finally released him, and he went back to Frederiksted and reported to Ken Ackerman's boat dock. He felt very weak when he walked into the office and found Ackerman, red-faced and sweating as usual, behind his desk.

"Hello, Juan," Ackerman said. "How do you feel?"

"All right," Juan said.

Ackerman fumbled with his papers and stood up. "Come with me, Juan. I want to show you something."

It was very bright in the sun on the dock, and the fishing boys all crowded around as Juan and Ackerman walked to the end where the boat was tied. It was a new boat—one Juan had never seen before—and it was small, but built like a jewel. Juan had seen pictures of such boats in American magazines, but he had not been sure they really existed.

"It's a lobster boat," Ackerman said. "There's a box for freezing the catch, and an air lung so the diver can stay on the bottom as much as an hour at a time."

Suddenly Juan felt angry. Ackerman didn't have to boast about his new boat. So it was wonderful, fine, marvelous; let him go back to his office and sweat and feel important!

"Congratulations," Juan said. "I hope you have much success in the lobster business."

Then all the fishing boys crowded close and began shouting with laughter, and Ackerman took a piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to Juan to read. It was from New York, and was very short, and when Juan finished it, he began laughing himself. Only it was a crazy thing. All the time he was laughing, tears were also running down his cheeks. Suddenly he stopped. He compressed his lips tightly and made his eyes squint in the sun. Already he was forgetting the advice of Ken Ackerman. To be a success in business, a man could not leap about like a silly schoolgirl. He must remain calm. He must have dignity. And this was particularly true of a man who owned a new lobster boat with a freezing box and an air lung, and who expected, very soon, to be married to the most beautiful girl on St. Croix Island. THE END

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Al the barber declined banker Howard's offer to rent him a shop, and found one at half the price. When the town tittered at Howard's annoyance, Howard decided to drive Al out of business. Outfitting a barbershop in the space Al spurned, Howard invited an out-of-town barber to occupy it rent-free. Al soon lost business. Faced with bankruptcy, he sued banker Howard for damages.

"It isn't fair to let Howard take away most of my customers just so he can get even with me for not renting from him," Al argued. "The court should close his barbershop and end this unfair competition."

"My barber conducts a lawful business in a lawful manner," Howard replied. "Al's only trouble is that he can't stand competition."

If you were the judge, would you agree with Al?

• •

Al won. The court ruled that while normal competition is a healthy thing, it is a "wanton wrong" to compete because of a grudge. "To call such conduct competition is a perversion of terms," the court said. "It is simply the application of force without legal justification, which in its moral quality is no better than highway robbery." It awarded Al damages and closed the rival shop. *Based upon a 1909 Minnesota case.*

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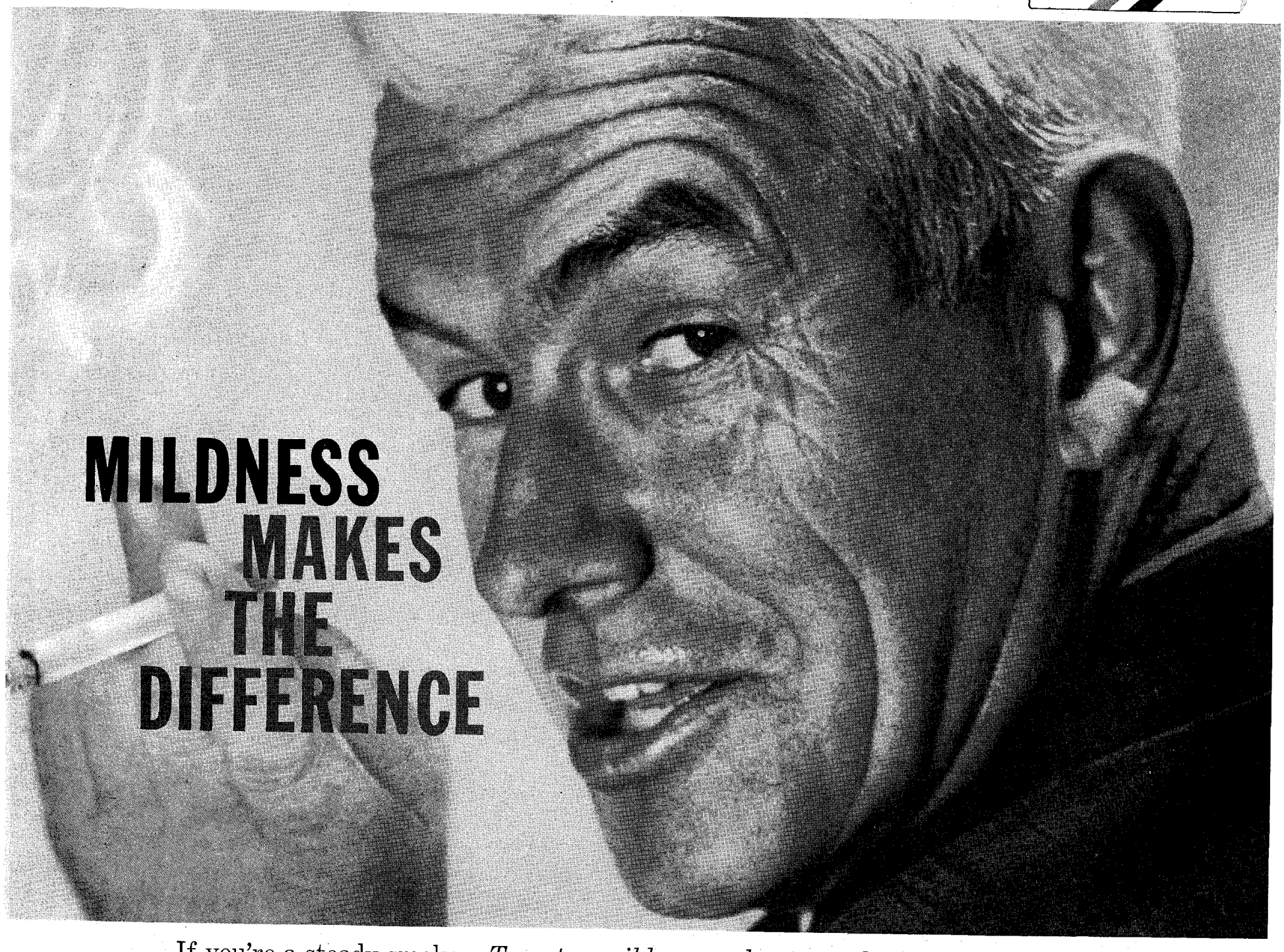

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The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 37)

Presently they heard the beat of hurried footsteps on the little porch, the door was thrust open, and Sam Jones stood staring at them.

Columbine suddenly remembered her legs and endeavored to turn her back. She felt the burning of her cheeks. It was the first time in her life that she was acutely conscious of those portions of her body which connected her with her feet.

Sam strode across the room and untied Columbine and then Barbara.

"Ve-ry nice!" he ejaculated. "Well worth the trip. But what causes this species of entertainment?"

Barbara answered in her metallic, monotonous voice. "Just a fraternity initiation," she said ironically. "Complicated by assault with a deadly weapon, piracy on the high seas, mayhem and a touch of barratry."

"It doesn't seem to have affected your vocabulary. Did you do it yourselves or did you have help?"

"It is not," Columbine said, settling her skirts over her knees, "a moment for flippancy." Her eyes flashed. "Some—ah—palooka or hood forced his way into this room and, at the point of a gun, subjected us to this indignity."

"But why?" Sam demanded. "With what object?"

"His purpose," Columbine said, "was to make away with jewels to the value, possibly, of forty thousand dollars, a set of burglar's tools, with a pistol and shoulder harness, with a withered human hand, a parchment on which the Lord's Prayer was written backward, a wax representation of a person pierced with a pin ——"

"Did he hit you on the head?" Sam asked with sudden solicitude.

"You asked for the cause," Columbine said. "I have stated it."

"Listen, ladies," he said, waggling his head. "I've been working hard, but not overworking. Usually spoken words have some meaning for me. I've seen no signs warning me of approaching brainstorm. Did I hear you mention a set of burglar's tools?"

"You did."

"Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels?"

"Forty thousand," Columbine answered.

"But the other gibberish—withered hand; Lord's Prayer; wax image."

"They were all there," Columbine said.

Sam Jones sighed. "That'll be enough," he said. "Enough for a first installment." He shook his head to clear it. "I'll be running along now. I'll come back tomorrow with an alienist. . . . Miss Drugget, was it really a girls' school you were incarcerated in?"

"It most certainly was not, as you seem to imply, a mental institution such as little Helen Wade described as a booby hatch or a nut seminary. I assure you, Mr. Jones, I am of sound mind."

"Right," said Sam, still in a stricken voice. "May we all sit down and sort of begin at the beginning—with a touch of lucidity." He gulped. "Burglar's tools!"

"Actually," Columbine said, "it was your fault. Through inadvertence and not intentionally, I admit. On the night when you met me at the train, you picked up the wrong suitcase at the foot of the sleeping-car's steps. It was outwardly identical with my own."

"Of course," he said. "Naturally. My fault."

"When I opened it in my room, it contained not my articles of wearing apparel, but the peculiar collection of objects I have enumerated."

"And then?"

"I was alarmed."

"So?"

"I concealed suitcase and contents until I should have time to—ah—chart a course."

"Which, naturally, you being endowed with the sort of brain you seem to have, did not include confiding in your lawyer or informing the police?"

"I have generally," she said tartly, "been compelled to solve my own problems. And besides, I was apprehensive."

"Of what?" Sam asked.

"It seemed to me," Columbine said, "that the real owner of the suitcase was a member of the criminal classes, and given to violence. It would displease him to think a stranger was in possession of what unquestionably was loot and a guilty secret. In which I was right."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"So," Columbine said, "Miss Green and I burned the suitcase out on the desert, and Miss Green assumed custody of its contents, in case my room should be searched. In case the crooks discovered I had their property."

"Which, apparently, they did."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Green-Eyed View

Our neighbors' zeal is
keener
For work than ours, by far,
And farther lawns look
greener
Because, alas, they are.

By Irene Warsaw

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"It would seem so. They had been appearing and attempting to impress me with ill-concealed threats."

"Do I understand there are two of these persons?"

"Oh, yes. A Professor Thumb, who is a demonologist in addition to being a thief; and a spurious clergyman named Martinus. They were on the Twentieth Century with us on the way to Chicago."

"And just now," Sam said, "you were gloating over your swag—you two nice little girls—when this man came along and relieved you of it. What man?"

"We don't know. He was dressed in dirty white like a kitchen roustabout. We never saw him before."

"This is the truth?" he demanded. "No pipe dreams?"

"None," Columbine assured him.

"Which brings us to what point? What do we do next?"

"Why," Columbine said, "we wash our hands."

"Of course," agreed Barbara. "We're out of it now."

"Just like that! No ethical responsibility as good citizens?"

"Pish and also tush," Barbara said. "We're out from under, and that's the way we stay."

"If," said Columbine thoughtfully, "we are let."

"There is that, of course," agreed Barbara. "Thoroughly nasty people."

"And," Columbine said, still thoughtfully, "if they didn't come to Phoenix on business."

"On business?" asked Sam, who was finding some difficulty in following.

"Well," Columbine said, "a man doesn't travel with a deadly weapon unless he means to use it, if necessary. He does not equip himself with a fine set of burglar's tools unless he means to burgle. He does not stick pins in a wax image unless he wishes someone to die."

"I hope you realize," Sam said severely, "that you have impeded justice? That you have allowed vital evidence to disappear? That, in short, you probably could be sent to the hoosegow as accessories after the fact?"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Barbara derisively.

"Was it because of this you sent for me in such a tizzy?"

Barbara and Columbine looked at each other, and Columbine said, "Oh, for goodness' sake! I quite forgot. What with all the excitement."

"Forgot what?"

"That inspectors were here," Columbine said, "and have practically put us out of business. From the Department of Health. They found so many violations that our kitchen is almost a complete debacle. We're apt, when their report goes in, to be put out of business."

"Genuine inspectors?" asked Sam.

"Quite genuine."

"Do these violations actually exist?" he wanted to know.

"The chef admits they do."

"When was the last inspection made?"

"Six weeks ago."

"What was the report?"

"Mr. Jones," Columbine said, "ever since The Grove of Daphne opened, it has been given an A rating by the Department of Health. These inspectors took away the A and hung up a C."

"In this short time your kitchen has deteriorated from near perfection to a point where the authorities may shut you up?"

"It has."

"Do you know how this came about?"

"In Miss Cordwainer's school," Columbine said, "when there was an epidemic of mischief, I never believed the cause was a poltergeist. Always I looked for a child with a grievance or some juvenile motive. Or for a purely malicious little girl. There are such ones. I doubt, Mr. Jones, if a mischievous supernatural being put a drug in the canapés. I question if a disembodied spirit substituted vile liquor for good, or messed up the serving of breakfasts, or messed up our kitchen."

"You infer?"

"One thing might be an accident, two might be due to coincidence, but three indicates a plan."

"I'm inclined to agree with you, Miss Drugget. But why? Disgruntled servants?"

"I would say, rather, suborned servants."

"For what purpose?"

"To bring The Grove of Daphne into disrepute. To lower its value. To discourage me to the point where I will be willing to sell."

"But who would ——"

"Up to and including now," she said, "only one person has indicated he would like to own this hotel. His name is Lucius Quentin."

"But he," objected Sam, "bears an excellent reputation. He is a successful and respected hotel operator."

"Once," Columbine said, "I detected a very nice and very smart little girl cheating in an examination. I confronted her with it. She confessed. She merely explained that it was the first time she ever had needed to."

"I wouldn't talk about Mr. Quentin publicly," he warned. "There's such a thing as slander."

"You are my lawyer," she said with suspicious meekness. "Meanwhile, what do you propose to do about the Department of Health?"

"If the violations exist, there's nothing I can do about it."

"But suppose," Barbara said curtly, "those inspectors had been slipped a piece of change to be captious?"

"Instead," said Sam Jones severely, "of throwing around baseless and irresponsible accusations, it would be wiser to clean up the kitchen."

"And," said Columbine sharply, "if you can't give more helpful advice, you might as well scoot back to your office."

He stood up, bowed stiffly and strode to the door. There he turned. "Two clients like you, Miss Drugget, and I would abandon the law for digging ditches."

"In which," she retorted, "you would be a great success. Unless you encountered some problem requiring a decision."

He slammed the door after him and could be heard hurrying along the walk to the exit.

Barbara grinned at Columbine. "I'd no idea you'd become so fond of him," she said dryly.

Madame Roxy Thistlebun barged into Columbine's office and plumped her noble posterior on a chair beside the desk. She wore slacks and a silk shirt with a florid Hawaiian pattern. Rings and bracelets glittered. She panted with the exertion of walking over from her cottage.

Columbine waited for Madame to recover her breath. She gave a final explosive puff and, as she settled herself, the chair creaked protestingly. At last she spoke.

"You got me bothered, chickadee!" she declared.

"How do I vex you, Madame?" Columbine asked.

"How old are you?" Madame demanded.

"Twenty-one," answered Columbine.

"When I was your age," Madame snarled, "I'd been married twice and won a breach-of-promise suit. And just because I outweigh a Hereford heifer, don't think I didn't used to be a looker. Legs? Say, Frankie Bailey had nothin' on me."

"Very interesting, I'm sure," Columbine said politely.

"And so," demanded Madame, "whatever's happened to you?"

"Why, nothing of a dramatic or—or scandalous nature."

"You ought," growled Madame, "to be ashamed of yourself. Did you ever have a beau?"

"Certainly not. Miss Cordwainer would not have permitted it."

"Did you ever set out under the silvery moon and get yourself kissed till you couldn't breathe?"

"I did not," Columbine said shortly.

"No nice-lookin' feller ever made a pass at you?"

"If you mean by that, did any man ever make improper approaches, definitely no."

"Twenty-one years gone down the drain!" Madame said commiseratingly. "What kind of fun did you ever have, eh? Bobbin' for apples on Halloween? How much longer you going to let this go on?"

"I am quite content," Columbine said firmly.

"Don't give me that! What's the word for what happens to your arm or leg if you never use them?"

"Atrophy," Columbine told her.

"That means they kind of wither and ain't worth a tinker's damn?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What I'm sayin' is for the good of your soul."

"What has my soul to do with it?"

"Souls," said Madame impressively, "kin atrophize jest like arms or legs. You make me so (Continued on Page 49)

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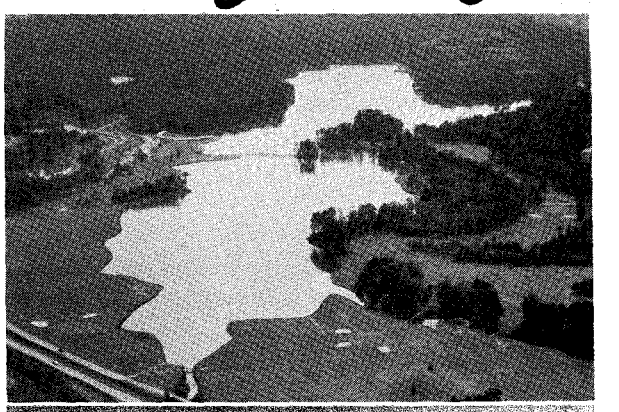

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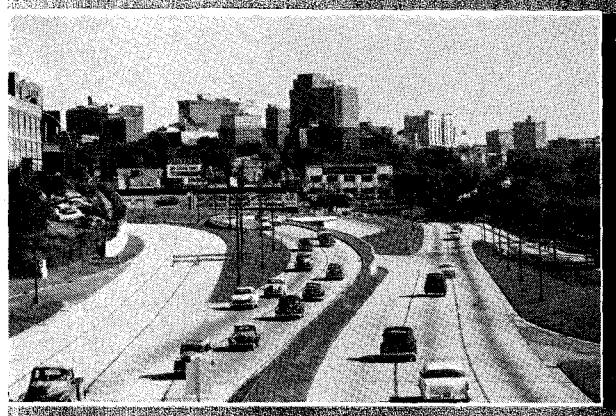

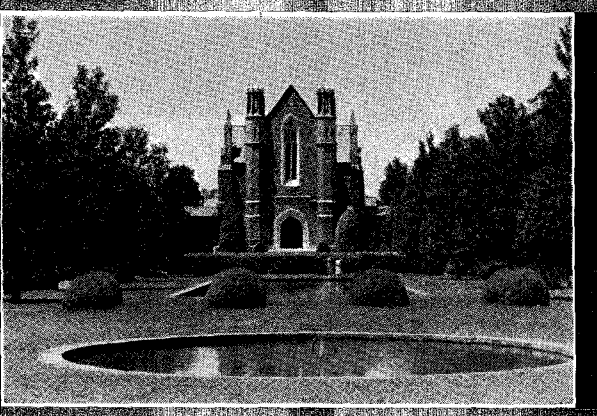

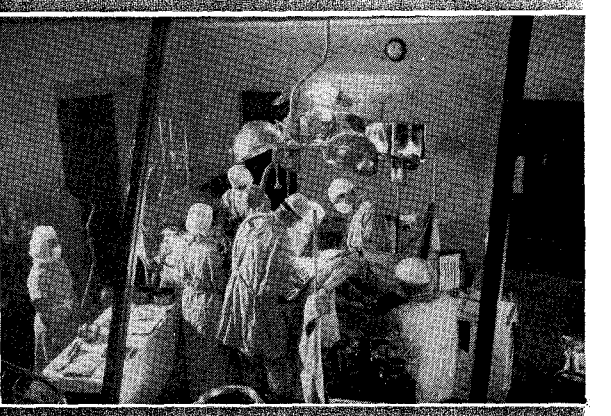

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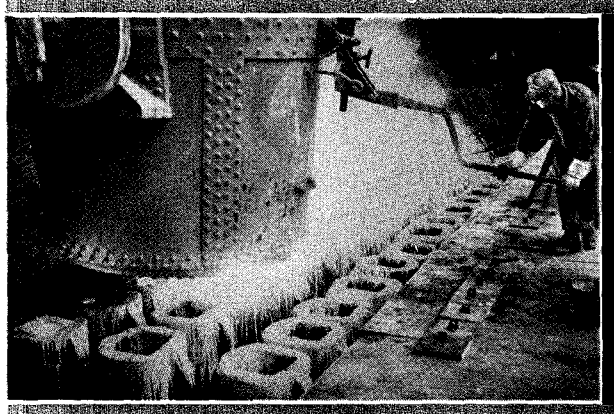

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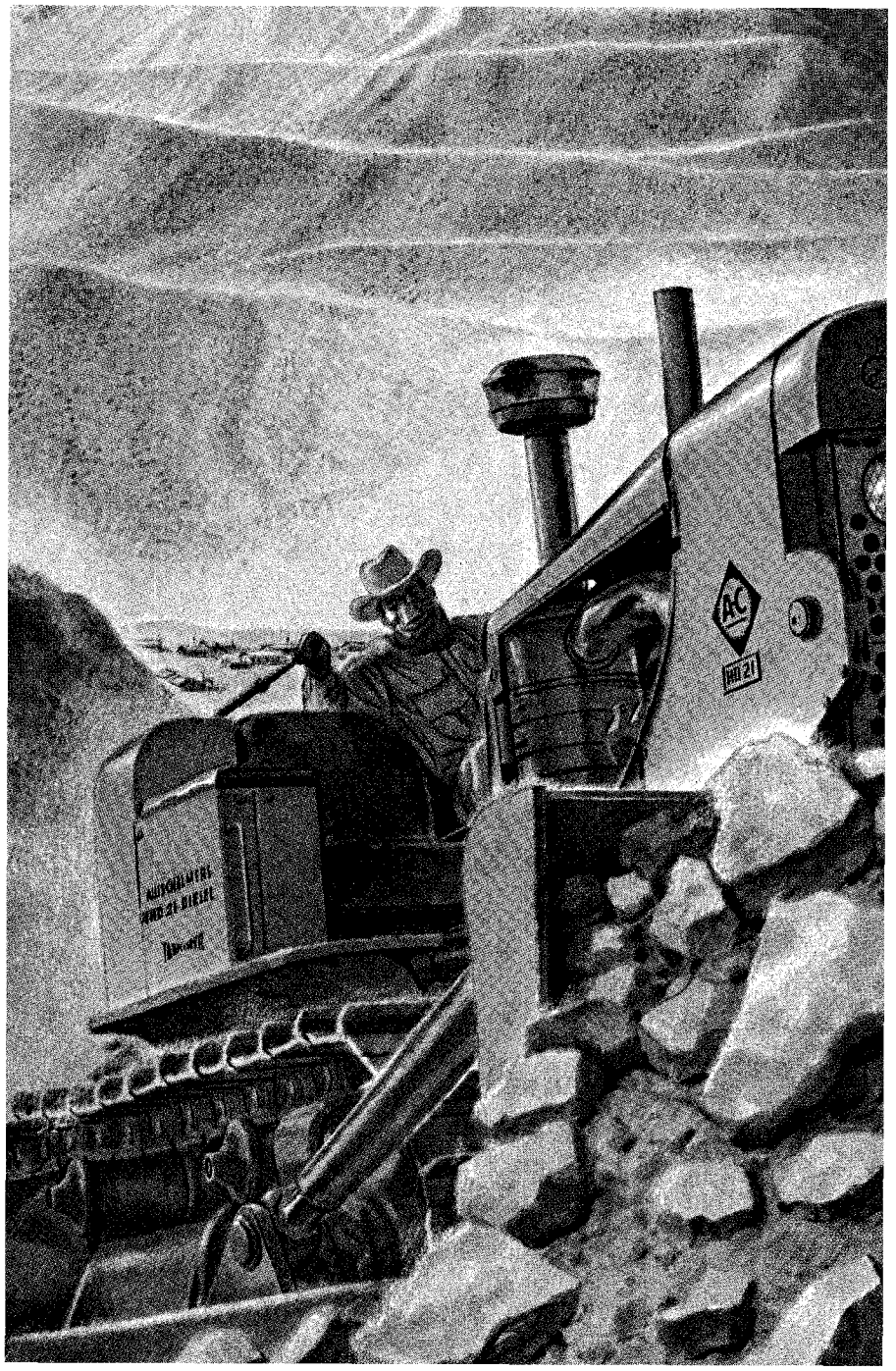

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Blazing new trails high in the Peruvian Andes

Mining specialists . . . men of construction . . . and a great fleet of giant Allis-Chalmers crawler tractors are changing a remote, mountain-top desert into a modern mining center.

Toquepala (*pronounced Toe-kay-páh-la*) is its name—a wilderness hidden deep in the ancient land of the Inca Indians, so bleak and devoid of rain it's truly a mountain-top desert. There, 11,500 feet above sea level, one of the biggest mining projects in history is now under way.

Among the first machines moved ashore at the start of this venture were big Allis-Chalmers tractor-bulldozers, and today they're part of the team that is breaking through the barriers to Toquepala. To span the 100 miles from the mine to the nearest seaport, these giant tractors are pushing aside sand and rock to help build a network of roads and a railroad . . . and they're biting into mountainous terrain to level a site for a new town of 10,000 people.

Thus, the might of modern construction machinery is helping to unlock the treasures of Toquepala, considered inaccessible just a few years ago. And when the ore is ready for processing, 14 huge Allis-Chalmers mills will start grinding up this 400-million-ton mountain of copper ore at the rate of 30,000 tons a day . . . free the valuable mineral from the waste and prepare it for concentration, smelting and refining. Then, Toquepala will be one of the world's great copper mining centers, and long-range needs for this vital metal will be supplemented by a new source of supply.

From trail blazing to processing, this mammoth project typifies Allis-Chalmers service to the mining industry—through an unusually wide range of construction, power and processing equipment. It also typifies Engineering in Action . . . bringing better living to more people wherever it goes. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

Toquepala is a project of the Southern Peru Copper Corporation, which is stripping more than 120 million tons of overburden to reach the actual ore deposit at the mine. Major construction work for the roads, railroad and town site is being handled by two famous American contractors, Utah Construction Company and Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc.

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Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

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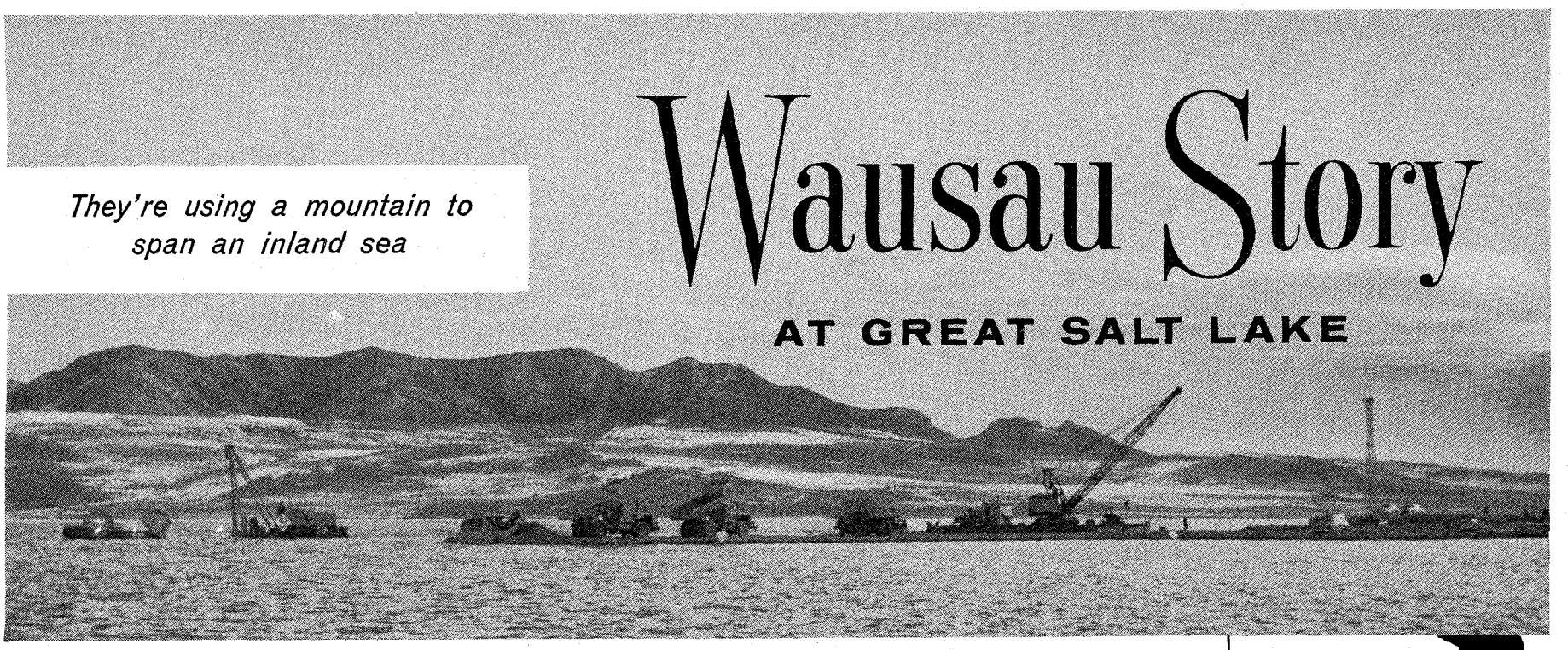
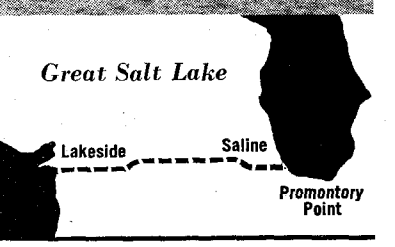
They're using a mountain to span an inland sea

Wausau Story AT GREAT SALT LAKE



You'll find a "bit of Wausau" out where 47 million cubic yards of earth are being moved to replace Southern Pacific Company's famed wooden railroad trestle.



West of Ogden, Utah—25 miles as the gulls fly—the Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc. is building a 13-mile deepwater fill for Southern Pacific.

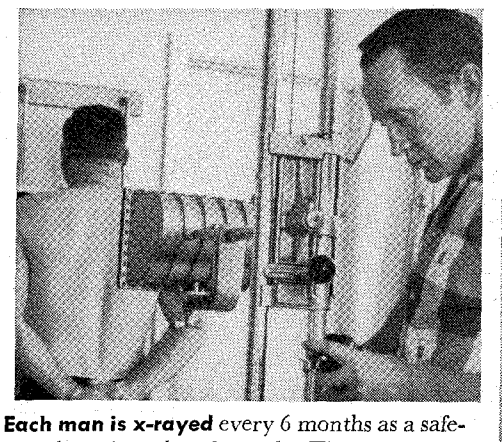
This $49 million job involves dredging out 15 million cubic yards of muck from the lake bottom to form a foundation trench...blasting and scooping out enough rock and gravel to level a mountain... transporting this material by truck, track, conveyor belt and barge...and laying it down across the lake.

"Our work is done by men and machines," says Mr. Harry W. Morrison, Morrison-Knudsen President. "But without the men, the machines would never move. Their safety must be the first consideration on all M-K work."

That's why there's a "bit of Wausau" at Salt Lake. The helpful and considerate spirit of that Wisconsin community—an unwritten but vital part of every Employers Mutuals policy—is evident in Employers Mutuals' work with M-K Safety Men. Employers Mutuals are specialists in insuring every kind of contracting risk. They help make both large and small construction jobs come out safely and profitably. And they have the Wausau Way of working. As Mr. Morrison puts it ..."Safety Men in construction need nerves of steel—but *tender hearts.*"

Harry W. Morrison, President of Morrison-Knudsen, Inc., says: "No men are to be more respected than those engaged in the unending crusade for safety." His often-repeated belief that *safety must ALWAYS come first* is the foundation for the comprehensive program Employers Mutuals and Morrison-Knudsen Safety Men work on together.

The President's Monthly Safety Award was recently won by the Salt Lake Fill Project for working 101,547 man-hours in a month without a lost-time injury. Mr. Morrison congratulates Safety Engineer Carl Wiuff, shown here with Ivan Urban. Employers Mutuals is proud to have a part in this carefully planned and administered safety and health program.



Each man is x-rayed every 6 months as a safeguard against dust hazards. The x-rays are taken, read and interpreted under supervision of Employers Mutuals' radiologists and internists. This is just one of the many considerate safety and health services in the over-all Morrison-Knudsen program.

Out to sea go Employers Mutuals' Ivan Urban and Morrison-Knudsen's Carl Wiuff, both Safety Engineers. Inspection tours of the entire project are a regular part of their joint "unending crusade for safety."

Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

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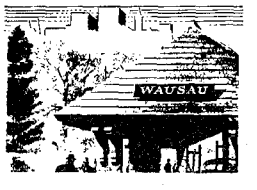

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 44*) tarnation, continental mad I could screech. Look at ye! There hain't a more beautiful gal from here to there. Whatever it needs, you got. You could have had a string of husbands or lovers."

"I have no ambition, Madame, to lead a so-called glamorous life."

"Everything's got a puppose," Madame said. "What's the puppose of beauty like you got? It's to attract men. It's to make 'em covet ye and love ye. If you're a nice gal and all inhibited, it'll draw to ye some fine, handsome feller to marry ye and make ye happy in a dull, humdrum kind of a way. But from what I hear, that can be doggone pleasant and agreeable. Bein' married and havin' a family and livin' happy ever after is a heap sight better 'n nothin'. But you, chickadee, ain't even makin' an effort in that direction."

"What would you have me do, Madame?" Columbine asked with genuine curiosity.

"Reach out and grab," growled Madame. "It won't come to you if you hide in the root cellar. Now take me. I reckon I'm a wicked ol' woman, but I ain't missed any bets. And, come to think of it, I never hurt anybody to speak of, and I give dollar for dollar. If you haven't gumption to reach out and grab, at least you can stand in a show window where you can be seen and give the boys a chance to reach for you."

"But I wouldn't know how to do that, Madame."

"One way to start in," Madame said, "is to go to parties and dances and kind of make yourself available. How do manufacturers sell soap? Why, they advertise it. Goin' out in society's a gal's way of advertising herself. So fly to it. Don't you want to lead a normal life, like I've done?"

"Has yours been a normal life?" Columbine asked.

"Maybe," Madame said, and her eyes glowed as she remembered, "I've had some extry-fancy trimmings. They was all normal, but kind of blowed up to king size."

"I wouldn't know how. I wouldn't know how to commence."

Madame considered. "You got to get launched. By golly, I got it. You got to have one of them debuts. You got to be one of them debutantes. Sure's hell's a foot deep, chickadee, that solves it. I ain't a nobody, by gosh. I'll sponsor you in society. I'll give you the rootin'est, tootin'est debut ever was knocked off in the state of Arizona. Set tight, baby, and leave it to me. I aim to stage the most doggone grandiloquent rinicaboo ever held west of the Mississippi." She bounded out of her chair. It was like a convulsion of nature. "It'll take plannin'!" she said excitedly, and trotted ponderously out of the office.

Columbine sat entranced, spellbound, goggle-eyed. Then she reacted in a characteristic manner.

"Grandiloquent," she repeated, "that seems scarcely the exact word to describe a social occasion." And then, "But if it is organized by Madame Thistlebun perhaps it is the *mot juste*."

She sat with eyes blank, mulling over in her mind what Madame Thistlebun had said, and winnowing it, and striving to separate the common sense from the fantastic. Hers was an excellent mind, if circumscribed in scope, and it was capable of recognizing wisdom even when presented in eccentric terms. She took stock of herself, not sparing herself as she analyzed. She compared herself to other young women of her age, insofar as she was able to make such comparison, and concluded that she was gravely deficient. She was not equipped to cope with this new life into which she had been plunged from what had been, in effect, a cloister. She was ignorant of the most ordinary customs of human intercourse in a social way.

"I can't even dance," she said, appalled.

Inability to dance implanted itself as a sort of symbol of abysmal ignorance. It was a place to start. It epitomized her total lack of *savoir-faire*, of *savoir-vivre*. She wondered if a book of etiquette would help. But she was astute enough to realize that what she required could not be learned from books. Etiquette was an artificial thing, possibly useful in a minor way. But what she needed so sorely was basic. There was not, she realized, any shortcut to experience. She invented an aphorism: Experience doesn't live in a vacuum. All right. There was nothing for it but to expose herself; to invite things to happen to her; to become an actor instead of a purblind spectator.

"As Junie Hull used to say," Columbine exclaimed, "what have I got to lose?"

She went out into the patio, where, close to the swimming pool, she saw the gaunt figure of Susan Flint. Her sharp nose was pointed upward and she sniffed. When one human being sees another human being sniffing, he follows example. Columbine pointed her very nice nose at the sky and inhaled. An odor, not unpleasant, rode the still, dry air. It was more an adumbration than an odor. If there were more of it, Columbine thought it might be unpleasant.

"What is it, Miss Flint?" she asked.

"Skunk," Miss Flint answered tersely. "This time of year they come in. Get under houses and barns, lookin' for comfort for winter. Cute!" she said reflectively. "I used to admire to watch them frolickin'. Nice people, if you don't try to get familiar." She chuckled. "Calls to mind Splay-Foot Sam, one of pappy's cowboys."

"What about Splay-Foot Sam?" Columbine prompted.

"Wa-al, this Sam was an experimental cuss. And more credulous than was good for him. Used to be plenty skunks around the ranch house and corral this time of year. The boys used to argue about 'em. Ol' Clem Mustard claimed to have a heap of wisdom about skunks. One night he bragged how he could handle 'em. He said if you got near a skunk and grabbed it by the tail and held it up in the air, it was plumb powerless."

"Is that true?" Columbine asked.

"Splay-Foot Sam, being of an inquiring mind, put it to the test. Him and a skunk met face to face rounding the bunkhouse, and Sam, being right spry, reached down and got him a holt of the skunk's tail and hoisted it up."

"And what happened?"

"When Sam described it he says the skunk was kind of surprised for a minute and jest hung there thinkin' it over. Then the critter turned its head and looked square up into Sam's face, sort of calculatin'. Sam, he figured he'd made a zoological discovery."

"Yes?" Columbine said.

"But seems like the skunk was just mullin' it over. He come to a conclusion." Miss Flint halted her narration and there was silence.

"But then?"

"Mr. Skunk," said Miss Flint dryly, "he let go with both barrels."

"Oh, oh!" Columbine gasped.

"'Twasn't faint," Miss Flint said. "When Sam was a quarter of a mile off, ye become aware of him. So we buried him back of the corral with nothing sticking out but his head, and for a week we took turns anointing him with perfumery." Her face was wholly expressionless. "When we dug him up, he was a changed critter. Yes, ma'am. From then on, Sam was content to take life as it was, and never again sought to better it by experimenting."

Across the pool, Barbara Green and Madame Thistlebun could be seen in close consultation. They parted and Barbara walked with intention toward Columbine and Miss Flint.

"Just who," she asked, fixing Columbine with saturnine eye, "tossed soap into her geyser? Or into her gusher."

"You mean," asked Miss Flint, "that Texas woman by way of Forty-second Street and Reno?"

"Yes," Barbara said. "She's had an impulse."

"A Texas-style impulse?" asked Miss Flint.

"With scope and expanse."

"Don't hamper her," warned Miss Flint, "or something'll have to give. What's the nature of her tantrum?"

"She aims," said Barbara, "to give a coming-out party for Miss Drugget."

"Here?" asked Miss Flint.

"Not here. She said it would be *de trop*, pronouncing the *p*, to have it in Miss Drugget's own hotel. Besides, The Grove of Daphne can't accommodate enough people!"

"Try the Cow Palace in San Francisco," Miss Flint said.

"It must be elite and exclusive," Barbara said.

"That means leaving out blanket Indians," said Miss Flint.

"And a prime requisite is plenty eligible young men for Miss Drugget to choose from. I suggested a blanket invitation to the Junior Chamber of Commerce."

"And the Junior League," said Miss Flint. "How many oil wells has she got?"

"I hear a new one comes in every morning at nine o'clock sharp."

"Then it had better be a sit-down dinner with convertibles for favors," Miss Flint said.

"Of course," said Columbine, "you two are being humorous."

"Humorous!" Barbara arched her brows. "When a Texas gal gets the yen to spend money, there's nothing funny about it. This debut of yours, Miss Drugget, will make Belshazzar's Feast look like a Sunday-school picnic."

"I won't have it!" snapped Columbine.

"That," said Barbara, "is what you think. Brace yourself, my dear. Her imagination hasn't started to grind yet. But it's stirring. It's stirring. When I left her she was toying with your entrance. The germ of her idea was to drop you from a solid-gold helicopter in costume. Something simple, like Lady Godiva ——"

"You have both," said Columbine severely, "popped your pumpkins."

"As who used to say?" Barbara asked.

To this, Columbine did not reply. She scowled. She compressed her lips. "You will," she said imperiously, "put a stop to this nonsense forthwith."

"Yes, ma'am," Barbara said meekly. "Get in touch with King Canute and ask him how he came out with the tide."

At this moment Simpkins appeared in the door of the lounge, waving wildly and calling, "Miss Drugget, a gentleman to see you!"

She turned away from Barbara and Miss Flint and strode toward her office. Very much flustered she was. She did recognize that there might have been a modicum of exaggeration in what Barbara had said about a debut, but she suspected there was enough truth in it to warrant perturbation. She seated herself at her desk and strove for composure. Then she lifted her telephone and directed that her caller be admitted.

Simpkins opened the door and announced, "Mr. Lucius Quentin," with some dignity, and Mr. Quentin, handsome, smiling, debonair, stepped over the threshold. He was dressed in an immaculate white suit, and carried an expensive Panama hat in a meticulously manicured hand.

"So gracious of you to see me, Miss Drugget," he said ingratiatingly. He elevated arched brows. "May I be permitted to say that you are very lovely this morning?"

She did not ask him to sit down, but looked up at him with level eyes. "I never refused to accept an apple from one of the little girls, even when I knew it was given with ulterior motive."

"I seem," he said smoothly, "to have got off on the wrong foot with you. Much to my regret. If you have formed a bad impression of me, I came hoping to correct it."

"It can be corrected very easily."

"What can I do?"

"You own, I understand, a number of motor hotels."

"Yes."

"Then," she said, "devote yourself to operating them exclusively, and refrain from meddling with mine."

He looked behind him to make sure the door was closed and their conversation could not be overheard.

"My dear young lady," he said softly, "I have special reasons for wishing to add this hotel to my chain. I am rated as a competent businessman. If I see an advantage, I try to obtain it."

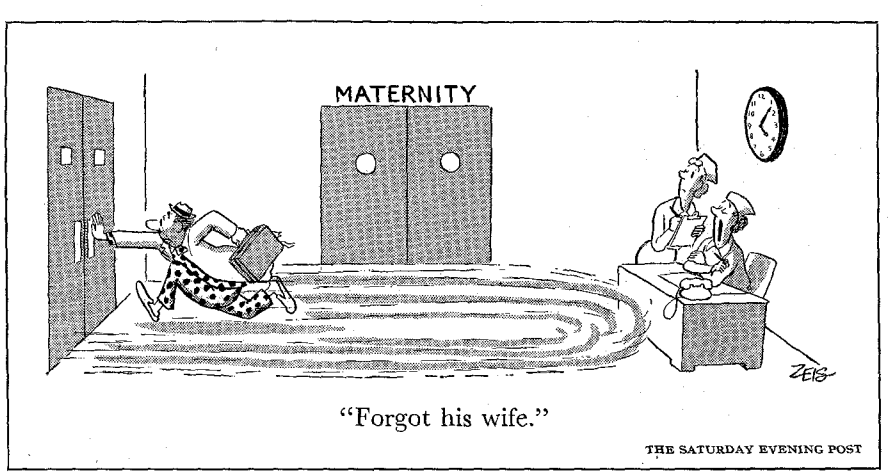
"I am not a businesswoman," Columbine replied. "But I am not blind to certain business principles. One of which is that it is preferable to make a profit rather than to suffer a loss. Also, that one should be alert to take advantage of opportunity."

"Exactly my point," Quentin said.

"There arises between us," she said gravely, "the matter of method."

"I fail to understand you."

"If," she said, "you are a pupil in school, high marks are desirable. It is better to (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Forgot his wife."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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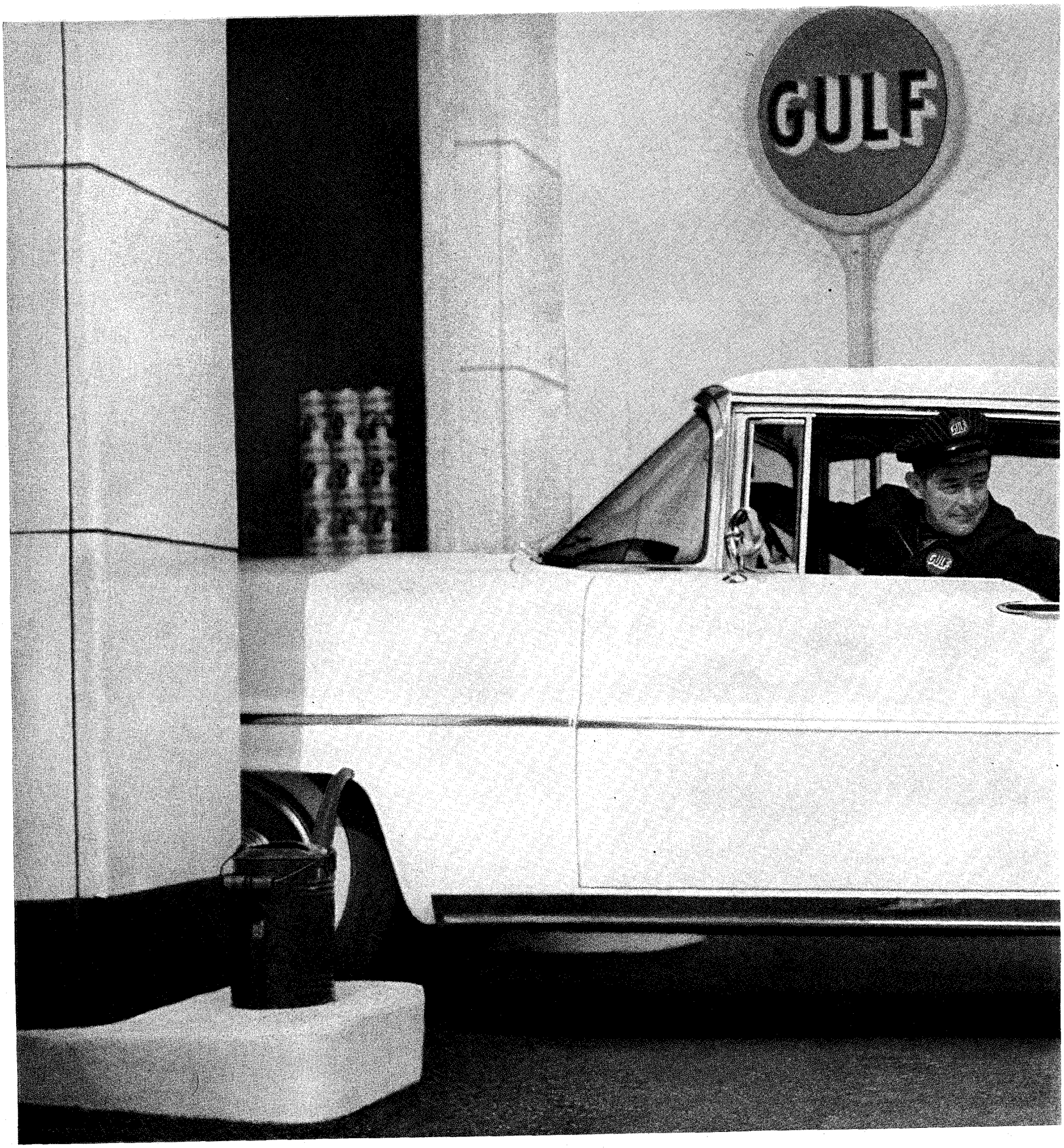

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Super-refined by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor Process. Gives you the most complete engine protection you can buy.

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(*Continued from Page 49*) obtain them by study than by cheating at examinations. I am inexperienced, but I imagine this would apply to a business transaction as well as to a test in mathematics."

"Naturally," he said shortly.

"You wish to own The Grove of Daphne?"

"I have said so."

"Then why," she asked, "have you not come to me with an honest offer, rather than to endeavor to reduce the value of the property by skulduggery?"

"You refused to see your own interest," Quentin said. "You refused quite brusquely." He looked around once more to be sure there were no eavesdroppers. "Various events have occurred to annoy you. Perhaps to threaten the prosperity of your hotel. I cannot prevent you from wondering if there is present a simple cause and effect."

"I do not wonder," she said. "I am certain."

"In which case," he said, "you will also be certain that there will be additions to the list of annoyances, until a point is reached where the value of your property to a purchaser is gravely debased. You mentioned an apple a moment ago. Very good. Your hotel is a nice red apple. Wouldn't it be wiser to sell that apple while it is firm and ripe rather than to wait for worms to get in it or rot to attack its core?"

"Possibly yes," she said. "If the rot and worms came from natural causes. Not if they were introduced on purpose."

"The results would be the same. Possible bankruptcy."

"No," she said sharply. "In the first instance, of natural causes, you would regret your bad luck, but in the second case, of deliberate sabotage, you would, as little Mae Newman once said, be too mad to spit."

"What would being mad get you?" he asked.

"It isn't what it would get me," she said sharply, and her lips were compressed and her fine chin set with determination. "It's what it will get you."

He smiled exasperatingly. "And just what could it get me?" he asked.

"It might," she said, "get you a cauliflower ear."

"What!"

"Exactly," she said, and arose to her feet. "Just one more scaly caper from you, Mr. Quentin, and there'll be counterpunching, and thumb in the eye, and below the belt. You will, as Martha Jones, age six, expressed it one day, find yourself in a Pier Six brawl."

"What?" he said again, nonplused by her manner, but mostly by her familiarity with the terminology of the squared circle.

"You heard me the first time," she said. "Lay off me, mister, or protect yourself in the clinches. As Paul Jones said to the Englishman, I haven't commenced to fight dirty."

He stared at her, his mouth slack. To him, somehow, it was not funny. This little girl, however incredible it might sound, meant business.

"Now," she said grimly, "scram. Take a powder. You never will get this hotel, even if I have to touch a match to it. Beat it, mister, while you can go under your own power."

White to the lips, she actually took a step as if to come out from behind her desk.

It may not have been a complete rout for Mr. Quentin, but he did not linger. He went away from there. He did not tarry to say good-by. He did not even close the door behind him.

Columbine sat down again suddenly, eyes wide, cheeks ashen, mouth distorted. Then she crumpled forward, face buried in her arms, and sobbed hysterically.

"I—I never—spoke so—horribly to anybody in—all my life!" she cried brokenly. "Whatever became—of all Miss Cordwainer's—damned decorum?"

Barbara Green was finding Columbine to be an apt pupil. The most intricate piece of machinery Columbine ever had handled was a typewriter, but now she found a certain affinity between herself and the motorcar which she was being taught to drive. They were on a little-used road out in the desert—and little-used roads in the vicinity of Phoenix are not easy to find. She was not satisfied merely to know that if you moved this lever, you got a certain result, and if you pushed this button, you got another reaction. She wanted to know why. She wanted to know what was inside the cylinders and how the carburetor worked. She asked to be instructed in the purpose of the differential. Most of these questions Barbara could not answer.

"Why do you care?" she demanded. "All you need to know to drive a car is that you have to put in gas and oil, and that you brake with the right foot and accelerate with the right foot and steer with the steering wheel."

"I want to know," Columbine said stubbornly.

"The people who manufactured the car fixed it so you don't need to know," Barbara said. "Look," she argued. "You had breakfast this morning. You knew how to chew it and swallow it. And that's all you need to know. Nature takes care of the processes of digestion. Same with a car."

"But," Columbine said, "I understand all about digestion."

She dropped that subject and gave her attention to handling the car, stopping it, starting it, reversing it, signaling with her hands. She enjoyed it. She enjoyed the car because it was so precise and efficient.

Presently she drew over to the side of the dirt road and braked to a stop. "I want to talk," she said.

"You can do that while driving."

"I prefer," Columbine said, "not to divide my attention."

"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Half a mind is worse than no brains at all," Columbine retorted. "About The Grove of Daphne. We are enjoying full occupancy at the moment, at maximum rates."

"So we are," agreed Barbara.

"That," Columbine said, "is not enough. We must take in more money."

"You're full up at top rates. How can you earn any more?"

"By devising other ways of bringing in dollars."

"Such as?"

"There is considerable space in the hotel that earns no money. Like that big game room and a large part of the lobby."

"How can you make them earn?" Barbara asked.

"Modern hotel practice," Columbine said, "is to eliminate—especially on the street floor—everything that is not absolutely necessary for hotel purposes and turn it into shops."

Barbara listened.

"I figured this morning that we could partition off at least six shops. We've a fine location. The city is moving this way and surrounding us. Say those shops would rent for a minimum of two hundred dollars a month. That would be an additional twelve hundred a month in income."

"How much will it cost?" Barbara asked.

"That," Columbine said, "we shall ascertain."

It was as if she wrapped that subject neatly and filed it away in a handy drawer in her mind.

"Will you take the driver's seat now?" she asked. "I do not feel that I am competent yet to drive in traffic."

"Where are we going?" Barbara asked.

"We are," Columbine said, "about to inspect the hotels owned and operated by Mr. Lucius Quentin. As one of my little girls used to put it, we will case the joints."

"What for?"

"Because," Columbine declared, "Mr. Quentin's conduct calls for reprisals."

Barbara digested that. "You don't mean to say," she exclaimed, "that you're thinking of swinging on Lucius Quentin!"

"I'm giving it due consideration."

"But he's too big and you're too little. He's got millions invested and you ——"

"One wee mosquito in a dark bedroom," Columbine said, "can make a giant darn uncomfortable."

They drove downtown, to that area east of downtown which teemed with motor courts, motels and more pretentious places of entertainment, such as Quentin's Desert Dunes. This was a large L-shaped building as seen from the street. In the angle of the L was parking space for many cars, broken by palms and beds of brilliant flowers. The office was at the left. There was an archway in the center, cutting through to a patio with a swimming pool, surrounded by cottages. It gave the impression of newness, neatness, meticulous care.

"Hi, Mr. Shultz! How did that plant vitamin work on your garden?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now what?" Barbara asked as she parked the car.

"We'll stroll around."

"Mr. Quentin won't like it."

"Then Mr. Quentin can lump it," Columbine said hardily.

But Mr. Quentin was not visible as they inspected the spacious office and lounge, the bar, the dining rooms. They crossed the court and went through the archway into a patio surrounded by detached cottages. Profuse beds of flowers blazed in the brilliant sunlight. Columbine inspected as closely as if she were intending to purchase the place. It was impossible, of course, to enter the cottages, but she did walk all around a couple of them, examining them from front and rear.

When they had spied out the land to their satisfaction, they returned to the parking space and were about to re-enter their car when Columbine stopped and nodded her head and said, "Let's make like prospective guests."

She led the way to the office and walked up to the desk. The clerk saw two attractive young women and became attentive.

"Have you any vacancies?" Columbine asked.

There is always an advantage to having a couple of unattached and charming girls as guests in a resort hotel. The clerk himself was a susceptible young man.

"No vacancies right now, but we'll have a nice cottage at checking-out time."

Columbine inquired as to price and then turned her violet eyes full upon the young man.

"It's a lovely hotel," she said. "Is it new?"

"Opened only six months ago," he said.

"Are there amusements?" Columbine asked.

"We try to keep our guests happy. Finest orchestra in the state. Dancing every night. Games. Bridge tournaments. Everything you could want."

"It's big, isn't it? You don't realize from the street. We walked through the arch and it was simply astonishing."

"It's big," the clerk said, "but not so big as it's going to be. Just wait another year!"

Columbine's curiosity seemed to expire. "Thank you," she said. "If we decide to take the cottage, we'll telephone."

She was silent and distrait as they walked to their car. Barbara started the motor and drove to the street.

"Turn left, please," Columbine said, and, when they had driven to the next corner, she asked Barbara to turn and go in the opposite direction. They drove a couple of hundred yards, and Columbine said, "Now back again."

Barbara repeated the maneuver patiently, an ironical expression on her pert face.

"Now we can go home," Columbine said, and settled back in her seat.

"People don't have to have reasons," Barbara said in her monotonous high-pitched voice.

"I always have a reason," Columbine answered.

"Also the Constitution guarantees to every girl with violet eyes and good-looking legs the right to be eccentric."

Columbine's reply did not seem germane to the issue. It was an irrelevant question.

"You know Achilles' heel?"

"Intimately," said Barbara.

"Wouldn't it, as Jane Toomey, aged nine, was fond of saying, be duck soup?"

"Wouldn't what!" Barbara asked.

"If Mr. Quentin had one," Columbine said, and again relapsed into what could only be described as a brown study.

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There was silence for a couple of minutes. Then Barbara nudged her companion.

"There," she said, "walks your spiritual adviser."

Columbine looked to her right. There, strolling leisurely along the walk, was a pudgy man in clerical garments. His wrists were upon his abdomen and the fingers of his two hands formed a sort of cowcatcher ahead of him. His expression was rapt. One would have guessed that his thoughts were fixed upon holy things. It was Pastor Peter Martinus.

"So," Barbara said, "he didn't take a powder!"

"I didn't think he would," Columbine said. "He impressed me as a very stubborn man." Columbine craned her neck to look behind. "Drive slowly," she said.

Martinus, eyes piously upon the sidewalk, continued his deliberate stroll. Presently, arrived at the entrance to a third-rate, rather dingy motel, he turned in at the driveway. Barbara stopped the car. Martinus continued his sedate walk to the third cottage from the street. He mounted the two steps, tried the door, found it unlocked and entered.

"Wait," Columbine said imperatively.

Barbara drew the car up to the curb. Columbine opened the door and hopped out.

"Hey!" Barbara protested. "What gives?"

Columbine made no reply, but walked quickly to the driveway of the motel and turned in.

"Whoops!" Barbara called, "don't be a Barnum's What Is It!"

But Columbine persisted as if driven by some compulsion. It made no sense. She had no plan. But something compelled her to snoop. She kept on until she came to the second cottage, and then she cut around behind it and approached the third cottage from the rear. There she stopped and listened. She heard voices inside and peered through a side window. Martinus, clerical coat removed, was spread on a sofa, arms under his head. Prof. Artemus Thumb sat at a small table, and spread before him was the set of burglar's tools which had been in Columbine's possession. He was polishing them lovingly.

Columbine saw him look up from his work and heard him speak in a wheedling voice to his companion. "We're alone, Martinus. Isn't this the appointed time for you to step inside the magic circle with me? I'll draw the circle on the floor and we will be safe. I'll summon Lucifuge and we'll make our deal with him to give us this treasure which is near."

Martinus spoke indulgently from the sofa, "What kind of a dicker can we make?"

"He'll demand your soul after twenty years. But I'll trick him, Martinus. I'll summon him with the Key of Solomon, and he cannot disobey the powerful words: *Aglon Tetagram Vaycheon Stimulamathon Erohares.* I know the magic words to the end. Or we can conjure with the black pullet."

"I put more faith in those cunning little *objets d'art* that you're cleaning. Have you a description of the safe?"

Professor Thumb became more calm; his excitement subsided and he was the practical cracksman. "I can open that box," he declared, "with a can opener."

The window of the second cabin was thrown up and a woman's head was thrust out. The voice of a virago demanded stridently to know what Columbine was doing there. It called her a Peeping Lena. Columbine paused not upon the order of her going. She turned and ran pell-mell for her car and flung herself into the seat beside Barbara. She did not need to be told that Professor Thumb and Pastor Peter Martinus were on their little porch, craning their necks after her.

The motor was running. In a second they were in motion.

"Did you," Barbara asked grimly, "spill the beans?"

"Possibly," Columbine said, "they failed to recognize me."

Barbara snorted.

They drove back to The Grove of Daphne. Barbara went to her desk in the lounge; Columbine entered her office. Her desk was occupied. Madame Roxy Thistlebun sat in her chair.

Whatever had occupied her desk top had been thrust aside, and spread there before her eyes were more jewels than she ever had seen in a window on Fifth Avenue. Jewels singly and jewels in sets. There was a necklace, and bracelets, and earrings, of diamonds; there was another set of rubies and another of emeralds. There were pearls. There were brooches, and rings and pendants.

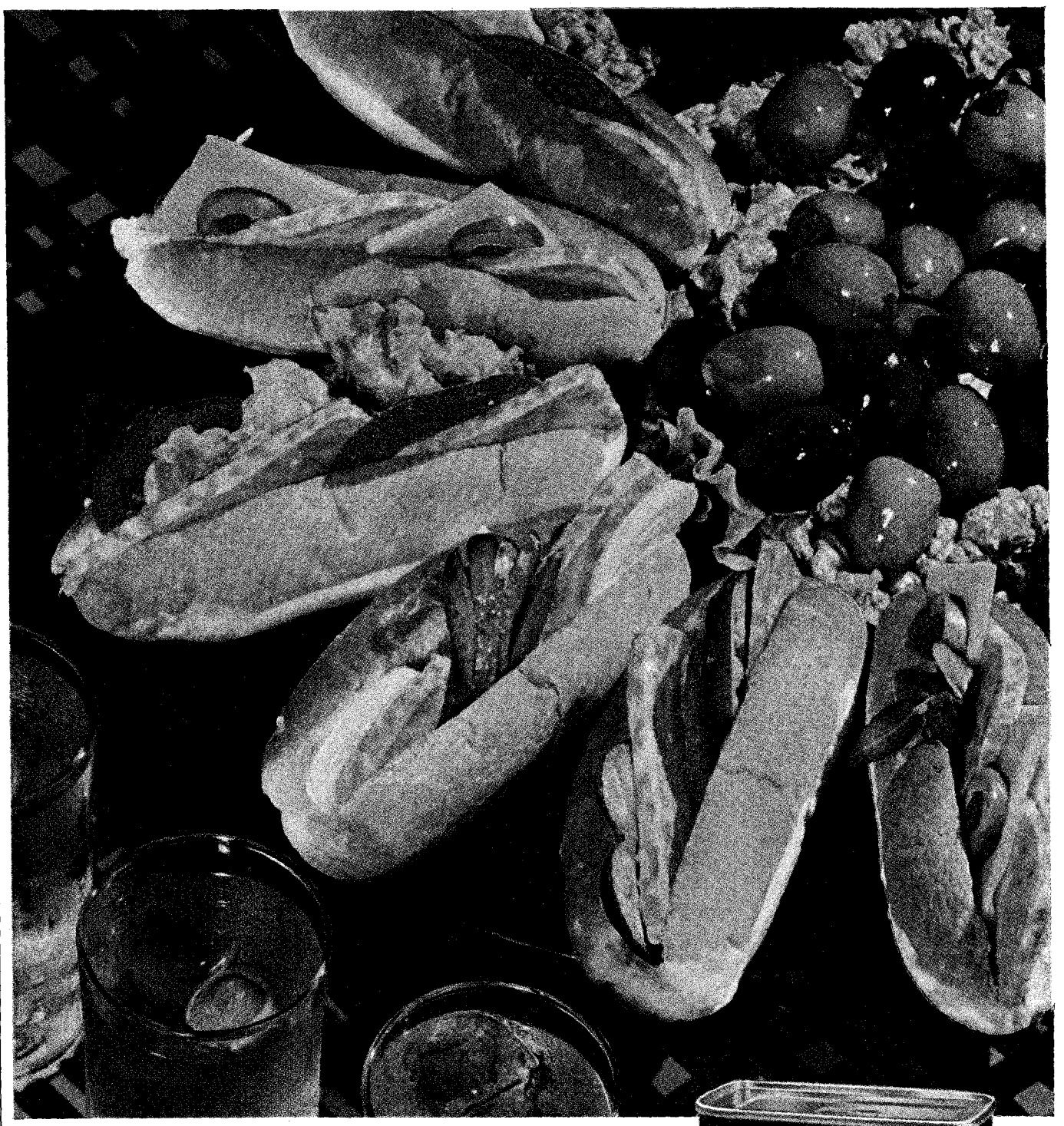
Madame looke
just going over thi
my mind what I'd wa
she said. "I'll lend you
your eye."

Columbine's face was set.
she said harshly, "you'd better c
a magic circle and recite an incanta

"Says what?"

"Says," Columbine replied, "you better put a whammy on Lucifuge to make his magic backfire."

TO BE CONTINUED



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SPAM
INGREDIENTS: Chopped pork shoulder meat with ham meat added and salt, water, sugar, sodium nitrite and flavoring
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...s "Never!"

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Madame,"
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...on U.S. 80, the Jefferson Davis Highway—a little white house with a kitchen, a living room, now used as a secretary's reception room, a bedroom filled with the indispensables of propaganda, stacks of literature and a copying machine and a postage meter. On Engelhardt's desk is a small Confederate flag.

In 1954 Engelhardt had tried to form a Council in his own county, but nobody was interested. "But after the Autherine Lucy deal I was just swamped," he says. "We organized Councils in forty-four counties in three months." That May, Governor Folsom ran for Democratic national committeeman; a segregationist backed by the Citizens' Councils beat him. The Councils set about electing a slate of delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

But during this spring of growth and triumph the Council ran into serious trouble. A rift developed between Engelhardt and Asa Carter, another Council leader. Ace Carter, as he is usually called, was a young radio broadcaster in Birmingham who had been silenced in 1955 upon protest of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, after he had made an anti-Semitic broadcast. Soon Carter began organizing Citizens' Councils in Northern Alabama. Engelhardt invited him down to Montgomery when he formed the state association. Engelhardt says, "He got sore because he was not put on the board." Carter says Engelhardt was subverting the Councils to his own political ends.

Ace Carter was not Engelhardt's sort. He was not a banker, planter, businessman, lawyer or leading citizen. Engelhardt considers Carter an extremist. Carter is impatient and scornful of Engelhardt's nonviolence and respectability. Engelhardt accused Carter of anti-Semitism because to join Carter's Councils one had to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ—"We can't fight everybody," Engelhardt said. Carter says belief in Christ's divinity is required not to exclude Jews, but "because we believe that this is basically a battle between Christianity and atheistic Communism."

After Carter campaigned against rock-and-roll music, his followers attacked Nat "King" Cole on a Birmingham stage. Engelhardt charged Carter's group with Fascism. Councils in other states condemned the Cole attack. Thenceforward Engelhardt was the recognized Council leader in Alabama—but of Ace Carter, more later. Engelhardt has said, "We could have done without Cole coming to Alabama. But that's no way to settle anything—yell 'Kill the nigger' and beat everybody up."

Today, Engelhardt says, there are 104 local Councils in Alabama, with 80,000 members. Engelhardt edits a monthly newspaper, goes around the state making speeches, and mails out literature once a week. Last November he warned local Councils against apathy. No Negroes had sought admission to white schools lately, and Council members thought they had won. He also said the Councils' funds were nearly gone. Each local Council is supposed to send one dollar per member to the state association, but not all do. Engelhardt has to run the association on about $30,000 a year. Engelhardt acknowledges that during the fall of 1956 his membership declined. What of the Councils' future? He said, "I believe we're going to move over to the ballot box more and more. Try to elect people that believe in good government. I mean that stand firm on this question, that won't waver the slightest little bit."

Last November the Supreme Court outlawed bus segregation, and on the night the court mailed its order from Washington, Engelhardt was worrying about what might happen. Somebody telephoned: he'd heard "the niggers are going to put goons on the buses." (Engelhardt said, "If you believed every rumor you hear, you'd go crazy.") A man came in to propose that the whites organize a bus boycott as the Negroes had. Engelhardt said privately, "I don't know what to do. I'm cussin' the niggers mostly. We're going to have violence, I'm afraid. Everybody you meet on the street to pass the time of day says, 'Hell, we ought to blow the damn buses up.'" (His fears were justified. Soon buses were fired upon and the homes and churches of Negro leaders dynamited.) Had he talked to the Negro leaders? "There's no communication between us and them. They say they're not going to give in and we're not, so there's nothing to talk about."

Outside, it was dark. He got up and poured himself a drink, then went to a little lunchroom for a sandwich. The Montgomery Citizens' Council was putting on a rally tonight—its first in months. Engelhardt never goes out at night unless he can get someone to stay with his wife and children. Driving downtown, he said, "We live out in the country, you see, and I've had a lot of phone calls during this thing. At the time of the Lucy case a lot of people around here carried guns. I still don't leave my wife and children alone."

About 350 attended the rally in the Montgomery city hall. It was a rather elderly crowd, the men in sweaters or cheap business suits, the women in flowered dresses and plain coats. As Engelhardt entered, a stout woman who looked like a clubwoman clutched his hand and, laughing giddily, said, "Here's the old war horse," meaning herself; then, suddenly serious, asked about the bus situation: "What are we going to do? We'll do something, won't we?" "We sure will," Engelhardt said, and pressed on, shaking hands and waving. Soon he and a score of others filed onto the bare stage and took seats. Following the invocation, which prayed for the success of "this work" because it was "for the good of all races," a young master of ceremonies introduced the mayor, the police commissioner, the Council board of directors and Engelhardt, who stepped to the microphone and said, "Good evening, white folks."

Speaking in a flat, quiet voice without gestures, he said the Supreme Court's bus order had left Washington. "If the people of Montgomery, Alabama, give in, which I'm sure they'll not, I'm sure you realize that is a crack in the door. There's no telling what methods the Nigras will use to try to integrate every phase of our life. There's several ways to stop it. Public opinion is one. Just rise up and say 'No.'" The crowd applauded. "We don't have to have any buses; we'll walk from now on." They applauded louder. He introduced Congressman George Grant and sat down. He had spoken less than five minutes.

Congressman Grant spoke for an hour on desegregation, Communism, miscegenation, "punitive" civil-rights legislation; he skirted the bus decision. Ushers took up a collection in tin pie plates. The meeting broke up, and Engelhardt and a couple of friends went across the street to a lunchroom for coffee.

They had been disappointed in the crowd. One said, "I'm betting that 1957 is going to be our tightest year. They're lackadaisical." Another said, "Well, when you hear the same thing over and over, you get enough of it. You really do." Walking to his car, Engelhardt seemed tense. "There's ten rough years ahead. But if we can hold out ten years we'll have it made, because we'll have a lot of people outside the South on our side."

The road from Montgomery up to Birmingham runs 100 miles north through rolling red-clay hills clad in scrub pine and hardwood. This is the upcountry; Negroes are scarcer here. Engelhardt had said, "Some of those mountain counties—just let one nigger try to go to school. It'd be horrible. Those people mean business about it. They haven't been thrown with 'em like we have down here, don't know how to handle 'em."

Alabama is a peculiar state. In it are Montgomery, the Cradle of the Confederacy, a quiet city only beginning to awaken from a long slumber; Birmingham, a jostling, smoky steel metropolis; and endless hill country. Alabama has produced notorious race-baiting politicians; it has also produced Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, liberals who could not conceivably be produced by, say, South Carolina. Whereas South Carolina is a state not far from feudalism, with a settled master-slave relationship, Alabama is a state in ferment. Of all the Deep South states, Alabama is the least predictable, the most explosive.

The road swoops over a mountain and drops down into the wet streets of smoky, foggy Birmingham. An N.A.A.C.P. leader has said, "In Birmingham you've got powerful industrial forces who are in favor of the *status quo*. It's a migrant town, full of poor whites who come out of the hills to work a while, then go back. You've got Negroes competing for jobs. You've got a tradition of violence. Birmingham is the worst city for race relations in the South."

To stir this caldron came Ace Carter. His headquarters is in an abandoned movie far out on Bessemer Road, in a shopping district surrounded by the small homes of workingmen. In the lobby are an empty popcorn machine, a coffee urn, a candy showcase piled with Carter's dusty literature, and a sign, BE-BOP PROMOTES COMMUNISM. Carter's private office is up a flight of dark and narrow stairs next to the projection booth. It is a small, shabby room, the linoleum littered with cigarette butts and soft-drink bottles; it smells musty. Against one wall is a dirty sofa, the stuffing coming out of the upholstery. The room is lit by a single naked electric bulb, warmed by a small gas heater. The wiring and plumbing are exposed, the plaster cracked. Behind Carter, from a nail on the wall hangs a loaded cartridge belt and an old long-barreled .38-caliber revolver. "It'll shoot like a rifle," Carter says. He is a good-looking man of thirty-one, black-haired, heavy-set, hairy, with the sloping shoulders of a fighter. He is wearing a silky white shirt, slacks, a Western-style string tie with a clasp at the throat, black cowboy boots. He speaks quietly; his diction is good, his manner reasonable and persuasive. There is about him a certain indifference, or withdrawnness.

He was born September 4, 1925, on a 100-acre farm near Oxford, Alabama. "My father's people came from South Carolina just before the war"—that is, the Civil War. "My great-grandfather's brother was one of Mosby's men. He was hung near Pulaski, Virginia, by Sheridan's order." Carter graduated from high school in 1943, when seventeen, went into the Navy, and later studied journalism at the University of Colorado. He worked as a radio news broadcaster in Mississippi, Colorado and Alabama. His last job was as commentator in Birmingham for the American States' Rights Association, a businessmen's group with views similar to the Citizens' Councils'. He left the association and the radio station after his anti-Semitic broadcast and began organizing Citizens' Councils. He says he made $100 a week at it, plus fifty dollars expenses—less than he made broadcasting.

In propaganda leaflets Carter has urged people to inquire of local Jewish businessmen—he named them—why they favored school desegregation. He has attacked the N.A.A.C.P., progressive education, be-bop music, rock-and-roll music, the Supreme Court, Senator Engelhardt, Birmingham's police commissioner, the Birmingham News, Governor Folsom, the Alabama Council on Human Relations, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Truman, the Y.W.C.A., the Southern Regional Council, (*Continued on Page 56*)

Can You Name This Star?

This sun-bonneted young charmer grew up to become one of the nation's most famous nurses—on radio. She played the trained-nurse role for sixteen years under the name of Judy Price. Lately, she has portrayed a widow on television. In another television series, she is assisted by her four daughters. Arizona-born, she is the wife of a California judge in private life. Can you name her?

Elsa Kay

Answer:

Rosemary DeCamp

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View from Roan Mountain, North Carolina, in the Great Smokies

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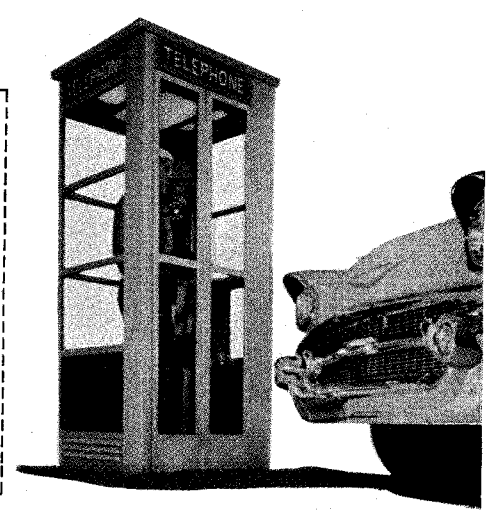

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(*Continued from Page 54*) an auto manufacturer—for supporting the Southern Regional Council and sponsoring Ed Sullivan's television show, on which Negroes appear—a cigarette manufacturer, for supporting the Urban League, a cheese processor, for its "interracial" television shows.

Carter staked out a position on the extreme edge of the Council movement. He openly advocated boycott and economic pressure at a time when most Council leaders forswore them. While they were pointing with pride to their conservative business leadership and appealing to the middle-class whites, Carter tried to identify his "people's movement" with working men and women. Carter considers himself a red-neck. "The mountain people—the real red-neck—is our strength." He loves to talk about how the aristocratic Robert E. Lee "retired on silver and lace" after the Civil War, "but Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, the only red-neck in the army, went back to the mountains to figure out how to keep on fighting, and organized the Ku Klux Klan." He speaks of organizing "an underground resistance" himself. He considers himself an "actionist." What would happen if Negroes actually tried to enter white schools? "I think somebody'd get killed."

When John Kasper was haranguing the mob in the courthouse square in Clinton, Tennessee, last August, Ace Carter went up to join him. Now, Kasper, a slender zealot of twenty-six, had scarcely been heard of before he turned up in Clinton. Born in New Jersey, college-educated, Kasper had run a small bookstore and publishing venture in Greenwich Village and Washington, D.C., specializing in the works of Ezra Pound and violently anti-Semitic literature. He apparently had associated with Negroes in Greenwich Village. He had met Ezra Pound. In June of 1956 he announced the formation of a Washington Citizens' Council, saying that Jews were ineligible for membership. Ace Carter was associated with him in this venture. They had met, Ace Carter says, only that April: Kasper had been in Alabama, helping an anti-Semitic retired admiral, John G. Crommelin, run for the United States Senate, and "Crommelin brought him around to the office," Ace Carter remembers. Carter also was active in Crommelin's behalf. Crommelin once told a Citizens' Council meeting that desegregation was being promoted by "Felix Frankfurter, a Jew; Arthur Spanger, a Zionist Jew; and Senator Herbert Lehman, a Marxist Jew.... We've got to keep this last frontier of the real Anglo-Saxon race, and if I am wrong, my name's Finkelstein."

In August, Kasper invaded Charlottesville, Virginia, to oppose school desegregation. So did Ace Carter. Kasper was arrested and left town. Almost immediately Kasper turned up in Clinton, Tennessee. Citizens there apparently were prepared to accept desegregation until Kasper arrived. Kasper aroused them. Ace Carter addressed a crowd at the courthouse. Kasper was sentenced to a year in jail; he has appealed. In September, Kasper came to Alabama and spoke at a Council meeting with Ace Carter. Kasper welcomed Klansmen who turned up at the meeting. He said, "We want trouble and we want it everywhere we can get it." He said that the Council's aim was "seizing local control of local affairs—and I mean seizing it. We will have our martyr and some will have to die before this is over because the Federal Government means death to all of us." He called for "marching bands" or "roving forces of fearless patriots" to converge on any place threatened by desegregation.

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> FLOYD R. MILLER

Kasper's press was bad. The Atlanta Constitution said: "Mussolini was a clown when he began. So was Hitler." In one sense, Kasper is the only Council leader who has accomplished anything concrete: He thwarted, at least for a time, a direct Federal Court order to desegregate a school. But most Council leaders deplore Kasper's activities and some, including Engelhardt, consider him a double-agent, planted by the N.A.A.C.P. to use extremist tactics which discredit the Council movement. Curiously, even Ace Carter today seems lukewarm toward Kasper. But other Council leaders lump them together as an embarrassment, undermining the respectability of the whole Council movement.

Awhile back, asked about the Ku Klux Klan, Ace Carter hesitated; then, bending over his desk and fiddling with a pencil, said slowly, "Well, it's fairly strong. As I understand it, there's a new one, very secretive. The Ku Klux Klan of the Confederacy." He passed an issue of Jet, a Negro magazine, across his desk. It said that on November 15, 1956, thirty-five hooded men were sworn into the new Klan before a bonfire of human skulls and were told they must "fight the enemies of Jesus Christ to the bitter end and

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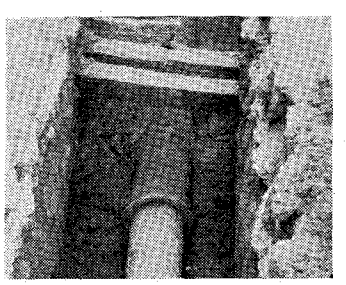

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after." Was it true? Carter smiled knowingly. "So I've heard." Where did it happen? "Here in Birmingham. They vowed to die for the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon race." Was the new Klan gaining strength? "I've heard that it is." Was he a member? "I couldn't say if I was."

He had to leave to go to a meeting. He got up, strapped on his revolver and went downstairs. In the theater lobby two or three husky young men were getting ready for the meeting, making coffee, erecting a Confederate flag on the stage, testing the public-address system by playing Dixie loudly. On a chair lay a stack of Common Sense, an anti-Semitic newspaper published in New Jersey by Conde McGinley. One night a few weeks later the Ku Klux Klan of the Confederacy met in the theater and during an argument over "one-man rule"—presumably that of Ace Carter—three men were shot and one was left for dead. Police charged Ace Carter and three others with assault with intent to murder. He denied the shooting and denied being present at the meeting. On May twenty-third one of his codefendants was acquitted. At this writing, his indictment is still pending. A conviction seems unlikely.

Today the fountainhead of the entire Citizens' Council movement is Greenwood, Mississippi, for Robert Patterson has moved his office there. Greenwood is a cotton town of 20,000 on the banks of the swift, yellow Yazoo River. The offices of cotton factors line the downtown streets; tufts of cotton blow about the sidewalks. The streets are brick, the buildings low and flat and open to the flat Delta sky. On the courthouse lawn stands a Confederate statue, an inscription reading: "A testimonial of our affection and reverence for the Confederate soldier, the memory of whose brave deeds and heroic life, and the principles for which he sacrificed so much, we bequeath to our children through all future generations," and Robert Patterson, the head of the Citizens' Councils, strolling away from the sun-drenched monument, comments, "Now, do you think those children are going to lie down here and let the Yankees mongrelize us without protest?" And he goes back to his office, a store on street level, the headquarters of the Association of Citizens' Councils of Mississippi.

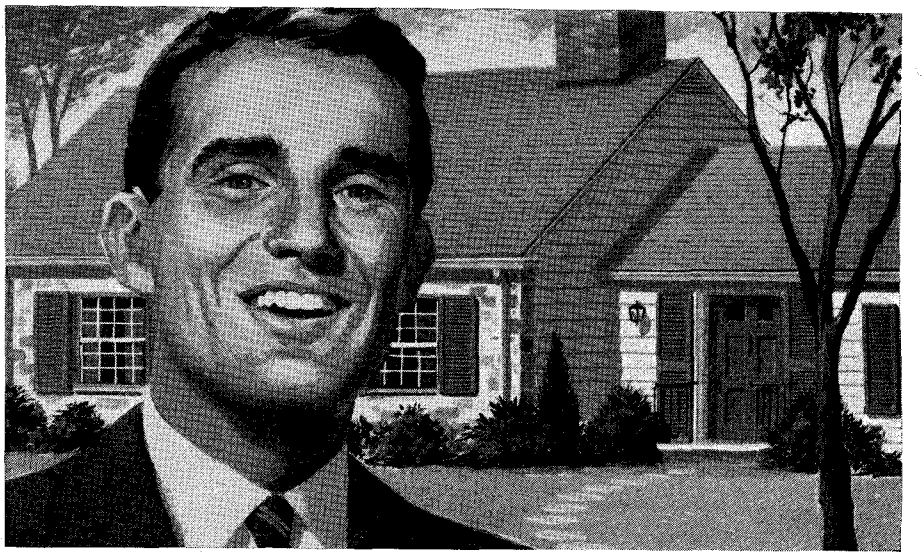
It is a single long room, sacks of mail piled in a corner, three typists at work, a small area at the rear partitioned off for Patterson's desk. On the wall beside him are a chart of the races of mankind, Citizens' Council stickers, a list of speakers, maps of Mississippi and the South.

Patterson is a big young man, thirty-five years old, with fiery red hair and freckled hands. His face is oddly soft and childish. He speaks loudly and gestures frequently with his big hands. He wears a black suit, white shirt, bow tie, argyle socks, and on one finger a large silver ring. He says his "great-granddaddy" was a Confederate general. He is proud of family documents dating back to prerevolutionary times. Born in Clarksdale, another Delta town, educated at Mississippi State College, he entered the Army a private and came out a major. He was with the 82nd Airborne Division in the Battle of the Bulge, and in Berlin was division provost marshal. He came home in 1945, married, and worked awhile on a dairy farm in Tennessee. He came back to Mississippi in 1951 and went into the farming business with two brothers who had been his college fraternity brothers. They own about 1500 acres, they rent another 1500, and their company, in which Patterson owns an interest, owns another 320 acres. "They're looking after my interests while I'm agitating," Patterson says. In the early days of the Citizens' Councils, Patterson was usually described as a planter, though he does not even own his home. Now that the Councils are successful, he describes himself modestly as a "farmer" or even a "tenant." All over the South, as the Councils struggled for respectability, they tended at first to upgrade their leaders' stations in life.

The Citizens' Councils are stronger in Mississippi than in any other state. Mississippi has more Negroes proportionately than any other state. "To me," Patterson said awhile back, sitting at his desk, "this whole business is simple arithmetic. If there's no Nigras, integration's beautiful. A fine thing. Everybody's for integration—for the other fellow. Resistance to integration is directly proportionate to the Nigra population." He picked up a chart showing the Negro and white populations of all the states. "Here's what makes the South so mad. The greatest civil-rights advocates, Hubert Humphrey and Wayne Morse; looky here —— Minnesota has fourteen thousand Nigras. So Hubert Humphrey is very much in favor of integration—he

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, what subtle new taste thrill do I get slugged with tonight?"



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don't have any Nigras to integrate with. Oregon, eleven thousand. We got three times that many in Sunflower County. I think the Southern people have been very patient with our good Northern brethren. They've got the answer and we've got the problem. Instead of offering jobs and homes and schools to these Nigras, all they offer is advice. If the North really wants to be objective, let all the Northern states bring themselves up to the national average; let each state import enough Nigras to bring its Nigra population up to ten per cent, the national average. Minnesota needs 284,000 Nigras to bring it up to the national average. Why doesn't Hubert Humphrey go to his people and say, 'I want you to work to provide 284,000 accommodations—schools, houses and churches—for 284,000 more Nigras that I'm goin' to bring in here'? We realize Senator Humphrey wants to help us or he wouldn't be making all this racket. We're in a better position to tell him how to help us than anyone else is. And we're not going to tell them how to handle those Nigras. We're not going to advocate civil-rights legislation. We're just going to share the problem, since they are so willing to share the solution"—and he laughed a little with relish. "Hubert Humphrey says we should integrate because of Russia and the cold war and the opinion of the Asiatics. So I'm to destroy my children here in Sunflower County in order to impress the Asiatics. That has a hollow ring to me. We have been very patient with the North. We're not going to secede from the Union. We're not going to argue. And we're not about to integrate either."

If all other states did import enough Negroes to bring their Negro populations up to 10 per cent, thus leaving Mississippi with only 10 per cent, would Mississippi then desegregate? "Well," Patterson said, smiling, "we'd think about it. We'd do it if we thought it was right. We'd let you integrate if you'd let us segregate." If the Negro population of Sunflower County dropped to a single Negro, would it desegregate? He grinned. "If we thought it was right," and then, "Listen, I'm not going to speak for the South and say we'll ever integrate. I'm not that silly."

Today Patterson says there are 300 Councils in Mississippi with 80,000 members. He keeps their financial affairs a closely guarded secret. (As of May 1, 1956, they had on hand only $28,000; in May they took in only $4000 and spent $7000. If they have 80,000 members, they apparently are not collecting dues successfully.) There is evidence that Council membership and activity have been declining lately. But, then, Negroes have made no new efforts to enter white schools.

Patterson is obsessed with the segregation problem. He thinks and talks of little else. He loves to talk, loves the abstract, loves intellectual argument, even shabby intellectual argument. He admires the late Sen. Theodore Bilbo greatly. Everything reminds him of race. Constantly he cites figures on illegitimacy and crime to prove that Negroes are inferior to whites. To prove physical difference he cites the comparative arm lengths of Rocky Marciano and Jersey Joe Walcott. He argues the "Bible favors segregation." He is sincere. Talking to a Northerner, he is argumentative, defensive yet smug about victory. He mails his literature in plain envelopes to the North—"you talk about thought control; it takes real courage to be a segregationist in Chicago. Would you get up in public and make a speech against school integration there?" He ordinarily refuses interviews with any but Mississippi reporters. "The others try to make everybody in the South look like ignoramuses and hoodlums and hate mongers and bigots. And we're not any of that. We're just plain patriotic Americans. They won't listen to our point of view. All the media are closed. They think we eat Nigras for breakfast down here. All we want to do is just run Mississippi."

Awhile back, driving a Northern visitor around the Negro section of Greenwood, Patterson pointed to some Negroes sitting outside a little store in the sun, and said, "They don't look at you with hate in their eyes. They just don't pay any attention. And they ain't got blood running off their heads from white folks beatin' on 'em." He drove out along the levee beside the Yazoo River, the street lined with ancient live-oak trees. Passing the site of an old fort, where the rebels scuttled a captured Yankee steamer during the Civil War, he fell to talking about Reconstruction, when Radical Republicans forced black rule on Mississippi. It seemed like yesterday to him. "My wife's grandmother remembers the horror of Reconstruction, when they had a nigger sheriff at Friar's Point." A car came along bearing, instead of a license plate, a sign: MISSISSIPPI, THE MOST LIED ABOUT STATE IN THE UNION. Passing the woods and swamps and flat, endless fields, Patterson said, "If you Yankees don't quit stirring this thing, you're going to have every one of 'em up there in the North. And we can keep 'em cheaper than you can because you have to put 'em in the penitentiary and feed 'em and can't get no work out of 'em." He laughed. "These poor Yankees are going to be mad when they find out what they've done to themselves."

Settled comfortably in his seat, he was driving sixty with one hand lightly on the wheel. "I like a small town," he said. "Rural living breeds independence. When the city man's dog barks at night, he calls the police, but when the country man's dog barks at night, he reaches for his shotgun." Approaching Indianola, Patterson pointed to a swampy place and said, "That's Indian Bayou—there's still a lot of Indians in Mississippi"—and this, too, reminded him of race: "The Indians don't want the niggers in their school. They're proud of their race. I'm proud of my race too. I don't know whether you are or not, but I'm mighty proud." He drove through the little town, waving to a Negro working on a sewer gang, pointing out a store run by a Jew and saying, "We've got a lot of Jews in the Citizens' Council; they feel just like we do." He stopped at the cotton compress to see his friend, D. H. Hawkins, a cofounder of the first Citizens' Council, a stocky man, and as they talked, Hawkins handed the latest issue of the White Sentinel to Patterson, who, embarrassed by the presence of a Northern visitor, stuffed it under some papers. The White Sentinel is a notoriously anti-Semitic paper published in St. Louis by John W. Hamilton, a former follower of Gerald L. K. Smith. Early this year Hamilton was imprisoned for a morals offense involving a fifteen-year-old boy.

Driving away from Hawkins' compress, Patterson talked reluctantly about the White Sentinel. "Hawkins takes it. He's a fanatic on the subject. We have no connection with the White Sentinel. We do not reprint from it—to my knowledge. But don't picture me as denouncing the White Sentinel. It's just a news service. It's had some good information in it. We ain't against the White Sentinel. We're not for it. A lot of our members take the White Sentinel. Now what did you write down? Let me restate it. I wish Hawkins hadn't thrown the darn thing out on the desk."

He drove back toward Greenwood, silent for awhile. But soon he was driving faster and talking once more about world history and race. "It's a deep subject," he said. And then, "Someday the truth is going to get out on all this business. Then we can go back to doing what comes naturally"—that is, to farming. "I have no political ambition." He is pleased with what is going on in other states. "You're going to get a backlash—segregation's going to spread up through New Jersey and other states." Councils or similar organizations have been formed in Chicago, Detroit, Flint. Segregation sentiment is rising in Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas—a defensive bulwark for Mississippi. "They ask us how far we're willing to go. And we say honestly we don't know. But we ain't going to integrate. And we ain't going to run away either. I can't run. My roots are here. I like it here."

"Yes, I picked up the mail! Every last crummy bit of it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Patterson shares leadership of the Mississippi Councils with W. J. Simmons, of Jackson. Simmons edits the monthly newspaper, The Citizens' Council. He is a quiet-spoken, well-dressed, good-looking, intelligent man of forty; he looks like a young city businessman. A rich banker's son, he graduated from Mississippi College in 1937 with honors, traveled in Europe and South America, and in 1939 went to France to study French literature at the Sorbonne. But the war broke out.

Today, Mississippi legend has it that Simmons became a British officer, an impression enhanced by his erect bearing, clipped mustache and tweedy suits. Another legend has it that Simmons was "a Nazi," perhaps because a W. J. Simmons was a follower of Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist, before World War II.

Simmons has ascribed the legends to the malice of opponents. Actually, Simmons was a civilian employee of the British Army until Pearl Harbor, when he came home and volunteered for the United States Navy. Soon discharged for medical reasons, he worked in Washington for the State Department. After the war, with friends in Louisiana, he operated an airline, then a gas pipeline, but when control of the pipeline passed to a large corporation, the fun was spoiled. Simmons came home to Jackson. "My parents were getting on in years, my brother had moved away, Jackson was home." He bought an interest in a business. But "about that time the Supreme Court decision hit."

Like Patterson, he had written letters to the newspapers protesting desegregation, and readers had asked him what they might do. "I didn't know what to do. I was no organizer. I was just a plain citizen." He read about Patterson's first Citizens' Council. Early in 1955 Patterson came to Jackson. Simmons had "fought shy" of any organization, he says, because he remembered the Silver Shirts and other ill-reputed American Fascist groups of the 1930's. But Patterson convinced him the Council was respectable. Simmons abandoned his new business for the cause.

Simmons lives in a fine new home with beamed ceilings outside Jackson. He has a lake on his property and enjoys working on the grounds. He drinks little or nothing and lives quietly. His wife sings in a glee club. They have two children. Simmons is able and self-contained. He speaks English well and French fluently. Unlike some Council leaders, he is not rabid or absurd in discussing segregation. He does not seem obsessed by race. He works in a three-room suite in a modern office building in downtown Jackson. His newspaper has a circulation of 60,000. It sells best in Mississippi, but it also sells in Los Angeles and Oakland, California, and Chicago, Detroit and New York. In early editions it caricatured the N.A.A.C.P. as a thug, today as an egghead. It is better edited than most such papers. Simmons has put the Councils on television. He is full of ideas and plans for propaganda. Simmons exercises great influence on high Council policy; more, probably, than Patterson—though he would deny it. He feels that in the Council movement he has at last found himself. "It has been a tremendously stimulating experience. After all these years of frustration and feeling you cannot do anything, the feeling of fulfillment is considerable. Of course, the stress and strain of it is considerable too. You wouldn't do this for money."

Editors' Note—The fourth article in this series will appear next week.

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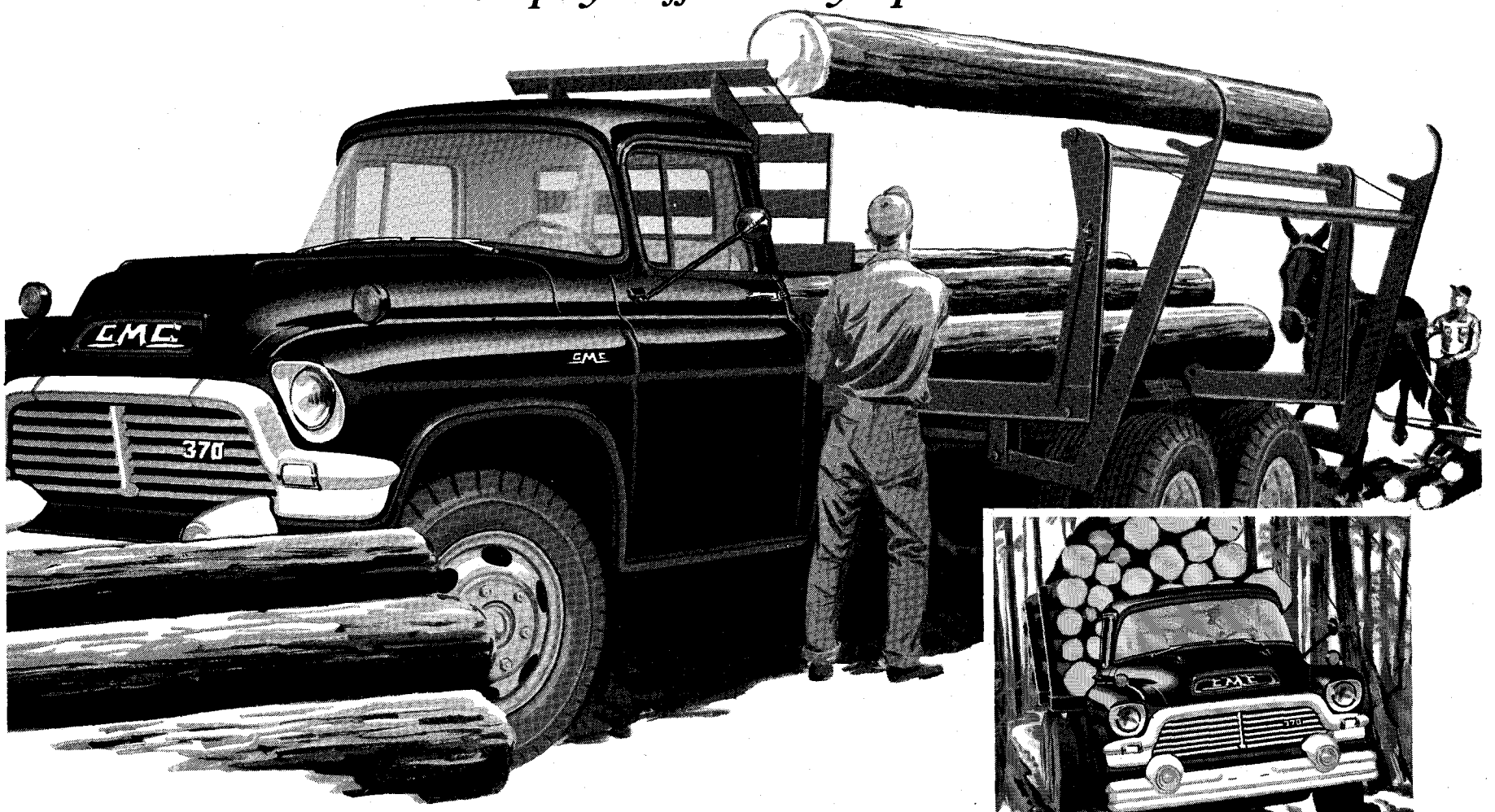

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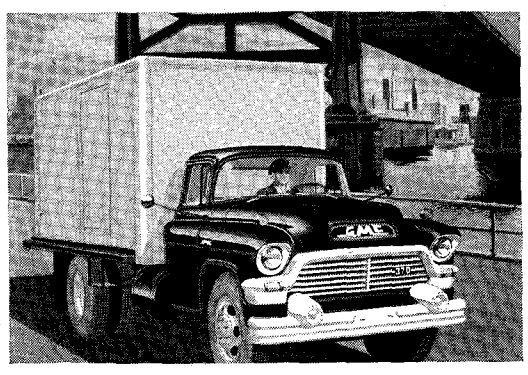

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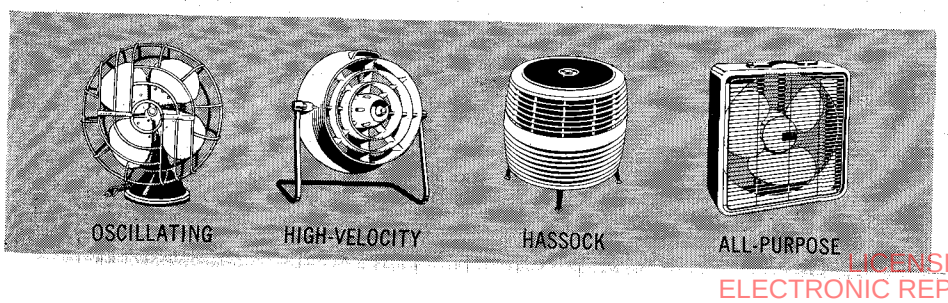

Meet the Ambassadors

(Continued from Page 17)

larger embassies. Unlike Great Britain, France and other major powers, which adequately compensate their diplomats, we pay our people poorly. For instance, Britain's top ambassador, assigned to Washington, draws $99,000 a year, while our own most highly paid ambassador, in Paris, receives a mere $22,110 in allowances, in addition to his standard Class I salary of $27,500—making a grand total of $49,610.

However, a brief check of our foreign posts shows that no more than three—London, Paris and Rome—require private means. In Paris, it takes fourteen servants to run the ambassador's official residence on Avenue d'Iéna, the monthly bill for flowers alone comes to nearly $1000, and one major reception—such as the annual Fourth of July party for Americans—may cost well over $5000. Considering that our envoy must dine and wine not only French officials but a steady stream of traveling congressmen and other visitors from home, one understands why he may find himself up to $75,000 out of pocket at year's end.

True, like so many goods with snob appeal, ambassadorships are now mass-produced. In 1914, we kept ambassadors in only thirteen world capitals; mere ministers looked after our interests in lesser countries. Today, we have no fewer than seventy-six Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, with ministers remaining in three posts. Still, there is enough glitter to the proposition to tickle a man's fancy—gold braid and clinking glasses, fresh ink on treaties, nineteen-gun salutes, gala nights at the opera. "It seems that everybody and his wife wants to be an ambassador, especially the wife," our former envoy to Iran, Henry F. Grady, once stated somewhat tartly in the columns of this magazine. The fact that one campaign contributor not long ago refused an embassy because his wife had never liked living abroad merely accentuates the cynicism of the system.

All would be well if one could go along with the opinion of one European statesman that the United States, as the West's leading power, "could send any fool out as an ambassador, and he would be respected." Unfortunately, things are not so simple. Perhaps the fine art of diplomacy is not quite what it used to be—perhaps you can no longer influence another country's policy by bribing the king's mistress or poisoning the prime minister at a banquet. Perhaps our own diplomatic problems are not what they were in the days when Benjamin Franklin represented the United States in Paris. Code clerks and teleprinters keep up a steady dialogue with Washington, and chiefs of mission can fly home for consultation on short notice. But they are not, as the smart saying goes, "glorified messenger boys."

Whether he drops in at the Foreign Office or shares a joke with the chief of the opposition party, our ambassador is on his own. His job of representing the President and Government of the United States, protecting his own nationals abroad and finding out as much as possible about the country to which he is assigned requires wisdom, tact and circumspection. Let him say the wrong thing at cocktails and there'll be hell to pay at dinnertime. Much of his most important work, in fact, is carried on at deadly boring parties and receptions. "It is totally irrelevant," according to our former ambassador to Italy, Clare Boothe Luce, "whether he pursues his game in or out of striped pants."

To those of us who live and work abroad, ambassadors are real people. They are the natural leaders of the American colony abroad. And, frequently, their attitudes and idiosyncrasies color our own relationships with the people around us. Some of the more flamboyant figures of the past live on as legends: Joseph E. Davies, ambassador to Moscow from 1936 to 1938, who brought along his own supply of frozen cream and entertained the people's commissars on his own yacht. The worldly Alexander Kirk, career ambassador and heir to a soap fortune, who would show visitors through his apartment in one of Rome's great palaces with the ingenuous comment, "Soap did this, my good fellow, soap!" Perle ("Call Me Madam") Mesta's gay receptions carried her fame beyond the narrow borders of Luxembourg, to which she was accredited as minister, and which she had some trouble finding on her road map when she arrived by car. And Findley Howard, prewar envoy to Asunción, Paraguay, will be remembered for the *sang-froid* with which he walked across the capital in the midst of a revolution, having told friends who warned him, "They never shoot at the American minister!"

We've had some odd ones, to be sure, There was the minister to a warm country who could be found, during the morning hours, enjoying a drink on his bear rug, wearing no clothes. There was an ambassador who had given keys to his official residence to so many young lady friends that his successor had to have the lock changed. One envoy to a coffee-growing country had to be recalled when he most indiscreetly raised his voice in favor of cheap coffee. One man sent copies of official cables concerning foreign trade to his old business associates back home. Another one who thought himself a future President of the United States held out the promise of a Cabinet job to one of his staff members if he would assist him in advancing his political ambitions. And there is the occasional autocrat who, humored by a flock of yes-men, holds court like a rococo princeling.

Still, as a group, political ambassadors have not done badly. What stands them in good stead, in taking over one of our larger posts, is the executive ability they often bring to their new jobs from their big-corporation past. Our major embassies, from Moscow's Spasso House to the Queen Mother's palace on Rome's Via Veneto, now provide outlets not only for the State Department but for a whole assortment of Government agencies. In fact, some posts now have so many sections and activities—political and economic, consular, military, labor, health, agriculture, shipping, treasury, technical and defense aid, administration, public affairs, and so forth—that they resemble teeming beehives where anyone not used to staff work can get stung. Our Paris embassy employs about 2000 people, roughly one half of them Americans. And harassed diplomats here speak with feeling of Ellis Briggs, ambassador in Prague from 1949 to 1952, who is said to have been overjoyed when the Czechs brusquely ordered him to pare his staff down to a dozen officers.

One thing that makes outsiders dangerous is, curiously enough, their want of mediocrity. A group of people in the State Department not long ago amused themselves by "grading" our foreign envoys according to performance and ability. "We found," one of them said, "that the professionals showed a marked tendency to bunch together in the middle. Most of the amateurs were either very good or very bad." Often as not, the

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amateur is up against his own appalling lack of preparation. Some of the new appointees were given the most sketchy briefings in Washington before departing. Many of our ambassadors are ignorant of the language spoken around them. Unable to establish a fruitful, give-and-take relationship with the broad middle stratum of a foreign population, the outsider may sometimes tend to mix with the "wrong people"—if you have always been a corporation executive, you'll feel at home among your fellow executives. It's human, but it may not always be in the best interest of the United States.

The average political appointee will quickly realize that he is relatively safe as long as he works closely with his staff, made up entirely of professionals. Still, he has not absorbed, in years of diplomatic training, the virtue of discretion, and our national passion for shooting off our mouths when silence would be golden may catch up with him. Even so polished and experienced a political appointee as New York investment banker Douglas Dillon, until recently ambassador to France, slipped badly after last year's Suez crisis when he proclaimed that it was Soviet threats rather than pressure from the West that had stopped the Anglo-French attack on Egypt. Our whole diplomacy was at the time geared to the thesis that our moral indignation, rather than the Russians, had won out and Dillon's blooper may have done some harm to our prestige in Arab countries. But the ambassador was sure that what he said was true, and evidently did not hold with the old definition of the diplomat as "an honest fellow sent abroad to lie for the good of his country."

By far the most controversial envoy we have had in recent years was Clare Boothe Luce, ambassador to Italy from 1953 to 1957. Received with frank amusement by a people which has some rather Latin notions about women, the former playwright, journalist and congresswoman rose gamely to the challenge and conquered, in the end, with an impressive blend of charm and gumption. Those of us who saw her in action were sometimes startled by her disregard for diplomatic rules. For example, in placing American "offshore" orders for NATO arms with local firms, the lady would insist on doing business only with those Italian manufacturers who had taken a strong stand against Communist unions—a policy which, her professional advisers pointed out, might easily backfire in a country where the extreme Left still controlled a good third of the votes.

In fact, there were some rather heated arguments between the headstrong and astute ambassador and members of her staff. "But you can't buck a chief," one of her troubled embassy officials said to me at the time, "who'll pick up the phone and call the Secretary of State and say, 'Look, Foster, this is the way I'm going to handle it!' " To everybody's great relief, the gamble worked, and Mrs. Luce's lack of orthodoxy no doubt contributed to the reduction of Red strength in Italy.

How far should a good envoy climb out on a limb? Here, the outsider will use his own yardstick, and sometimes get away with it. The talented, imaginative Chester Bowles, a former advertising executive and governor of Connecticut, evolved his own technique of making friends when he served as ambassador to India from 1951 to 1953. Staking success or failure of his mission on a campaign of speech making in which he called for generous American support for India's rudimentary economy, he soon became immensely popular throughout the country. This popularity received a further boost when the ambassador sent his own children to an Indian school. Luckily, Bowles commanded a good deal of political support in Washington. By using it to press for aid appropriations, particularly in the field of technical assistance, he could fulfill most of the hopes he had raised. And while his critics say that, had he failed, the disappointed Indians might have turned away from us and started leaning toward Moscow, the point here seems to be that this free-wheeling envoy knew how far to go.

Conversely, Henry Byroade, ambassador to Egypt until recently, gambled on making friends, and failed. A gifted West Point graduate, he had entered the State Department on an upstairs level and become Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East before he went to Cairo in January, 1955. Once there, Byroade saw a great deal of Colonel Nasser. He steadfastly supported him in his reports to Washington and finally became so heavily committed to the policy of backing the Egyptian leader—and of financing his pet project, the Aswan Dam—that, after Nasser's swoop on Suez, he found himself transplanted to South Africa.

One of the worst things that can happen to ambassadors, from the department's point of view, is "going native." Making his home in a foreign country, getting to know and like its people, enjoying all the social and material privileges of its upper class, a man might fall

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What some stuffed shirts need is a couple of cuffs.

CY N. PEACE

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in love with it. Soon he will use what influence he has at home to push "his" country's point of view, and thereby lose his usefulness as an ambassador.

"When it becomes his country, right or wrong," one of our top professionals observed, "it is time for a change. Trained diplomats should think of Washington as the high switch tower where all political decisions are made. The fellow in the field who wants to see 'his' country get out ahead may not realize that his private lobbying conflicts with our global strategy. For instance, in a clash between a European power and its colony, it may be our long-term policy to back the colony in spite of our friendship with the mother country. If our man there does not like it, too bad for him!"

Asked what, in his opinion, made a successful envoy, this veteran shot back, "Why be successful? The amateur will tend to make himself conspicuous. His ego is involved. He dreads being a failure. He has a few years in which to 'make good,' and he would like to be remembered as 'the most successful ambassador there ever was.' To my mind, this is not the object of the exercise. Believe me, it can be heartbreaking to be inactive. At times we sit and cry when things don't move the way we want them to. But action may not always be in line with the long-term objectives of the United States."

Perhaps it was this irresistible compulsion to "make good" that led well-meaning Stanton Griffis, assigned to Warsaw in 1947, to institute a personal policy designed to turn the Polish Government into a kind of go-between in the Cold War—an effort which abruptly ended when Griffis was jerked out of Poland by a nonplused State Department.

One dazzling demonstration of what the diplomat is not supposed to do was given by the late John Peurifoy, a handsome, effervescent Southerner who served as our ambassador in Greece from 1950 to 1953. Though technically a career man—he had started as an elevator boy in Washington and worked his way up to Assistant Secretary of State for Administration—Peurifoy had no diplomatic training—a liability he deftly turned into an asset.

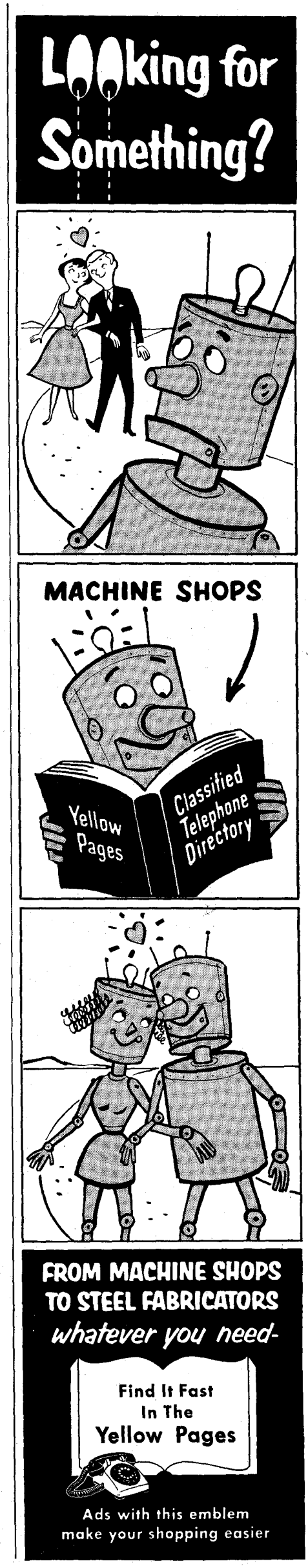
Greece had just been delivered from a bloody civil war when he arrived, and he found that strategic country preyed on by a whole flock of squabbling politicians, while a still potent Communist fifth column was waiting in the wings. Heedless of diplomatic niceties and taboos, Peurifoy threw the full weight of American influence into the battle for a new election law designed to wipe out splinter parties. The law sailed through and there emerged—from what the purist might have called a blatant case of interference—the broadly based, solidly anti-Communist Greek government of Field Marshal Papagos.

Would the United States, in this case, have been better served by a stickler for protocol? Jack Peurifoy was, in a way, one of the most "American" of our postwar envoys—making up for his lack of polish with large amounts of personality and a fine flair for doing, if not saying, the right thing. At court, he was likely to greet Her Majesty, Queen Frederika, with a resounding "Hello, Queen!" And, traveling through the Greek back country, he could be seen debating earnestly with village elders over a cup of thick black coffee or merrily participating in a peasant dance. Transferred from Greece to Venezuela, he promptly got mixed up in a successful counterrevolution there. There's no telling where his own momentum would have carried him had not a fatal motor accident in Thailand abruptly ended his career.

Perhaps there comes a time, in every battle, when the commander on the spot must take a chance or risk losing the war. Our problems in this troubled postwar world have been peculiar ones, calling for highly unconventional solutions. For one thing, our diplomats often enough found themselves in the forefront of the struggle against Communism, and had to turn their embassies into embattled outposts around which our friends could rally. For another, our economic-aid programs, enabling friendly nations to keep one jump ahead of bankruptcy, gave some of our allies a strong sense of dependence on the United States. Time and again, American ambassadors have been embarrassed by the unexpected visit of a new prime minister who wanted to submit his cabinet list for approval.

It is the amateur ambassador who can afford taking a risk where the professional must think of his career. Our Foreign Service, to be sure, has taken a bad beating in the recent past. This once-exclusive club, which numbered about 1000 hand-picked members before World War II, has since expanded—largely as a result of its amalgamation with the State Department's home team—to more than 5000. Time-honored standards of professional perfection had to be compromised. The late arrivals were admitted without the stiff exams which guaranteed an all-round familiarity with world affairs. Many of them lack both the talent and the inclination to live abroad.

On top of that, the anguish and humiliations of the McCarthy inquisition have left the service with a feeling of malaise. There is a general assumption that the public, still largely unaware of what our Foreign Service does, thinks of its members as so many "cooky pushers," endowed with lavish "whisky funds," whose major occupation is having a good time.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In point of fact, these men and women are dedicated citizens, prepared to serve their country in the jungles of some newly baked Far Eastern kingdom or in the bleak and windy reaches of the North. The group of well-trained and well-grounded officers who formed the State Department's foreign arm before amalgamation still constitutes a kind of shock battalion. Its members are, in many cases, specialists in this or that language or region. Starting as vice consuls and hoping to end as ambassadors, they spend most of their active years abroad. They do work hard. Their leisure, at a foreign post, is never theirs, as there is some command-performance party to attend almost every night. Their families are not expected to complain. Their children, growing up in foreign places, shunted around from school to school, are in danger of turning into freaks. The compensation, for all this, is woefully inadequate. Most Foreign Service officers, at one time or another, have had to borrow money from the Federal Government to make ends meet.

It is from this elite that the United States has always drawn its top, all-weather diplomats. And it is possibly no accident that even now some of the most exposed positions of our diplomatic front are held by trained, professional sharpshooters. What would a novice fresh from the executive suite be able to achieve in Belgrade, where Tito must be kept from drifting back to Russia? How useful would he be in Tokyo, Warsaw or Buenos Aires, where almost anything might happen overnight? And, finally, who but a life-long student of the Soviet system would do us any good in Moscow, where, in the current phase of the cold war, an envoy's job is almost purely analytical?

Seen in this light, the recent reassignment of most of our foreign posts assumes a new significance. If Foreign Service men had hoped that the administration, at this crucial juncture, would fall back on the veterans of the old guard to man the ramparts, their hopes were dashed. The trend, if anything, is toward inexperienced outsiders. Moreover, the custom of confirming a good envoy in his job at the start of a second presidential term seems to be superseded by a tendency to pull him out just when he is getting good, and when he may be in the midst of a complex transaction.

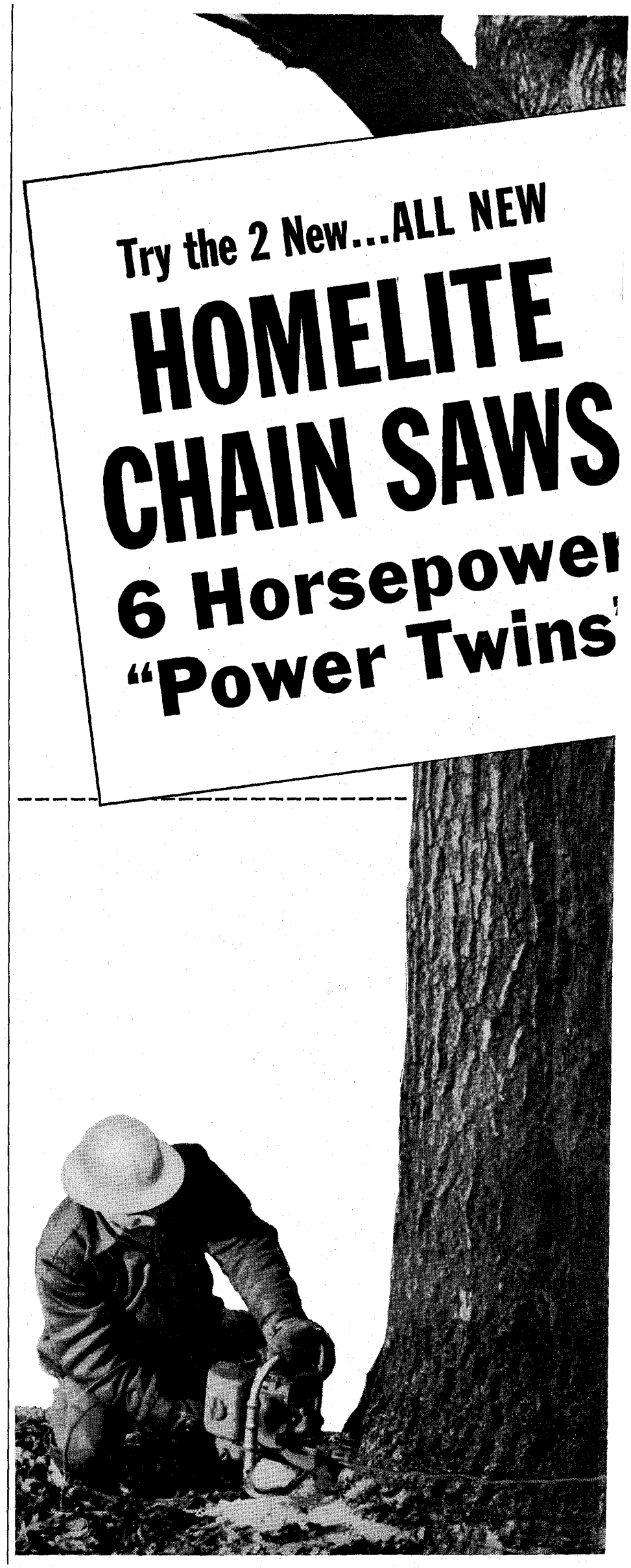
Not even the most brittle striped-pants diplomat suggests the scrapping of so hallowed a tradition as the spoils system, but many qualified observers feel the country would be better served if all but about 5 per cent of the top posts were given to professionals, and if the 5 per cent were picked for their ability rather than their ability to pay. If certain embassies are too expensive for the ordinary mortal, these critics ask, why not raise the allowances for these particular posts?

Too much is now at stake. Before our eyes, the world is going through another transformation whose final outcome cannot be foreseen. Already, the clear black and white of the familiar postwar scene has given way to a more complicated panorama where nothing can be stated simply. No longer can the diplomat devote his full attention to the battle against Communism. A broad wave of neutrality is sweeping the so-called free world. And as we struggle to hold our own in the midst of crumbling alliances and unknown forces, we can no longer get our way simply by wielding the big stick of dollar aid.

There is little room now for improvisation. The daily grind of carrying out American policy abroad calls neither for hard-hitting men of action nor for the genial good fellow bent on winning a personal popularity contest. Diplomacy, like surgery, is a profession. And our friends abroad are wondering when we will take the art of dealing with the world more seriously. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, if there are no further questions, somebody cut the deck and I'll deal."



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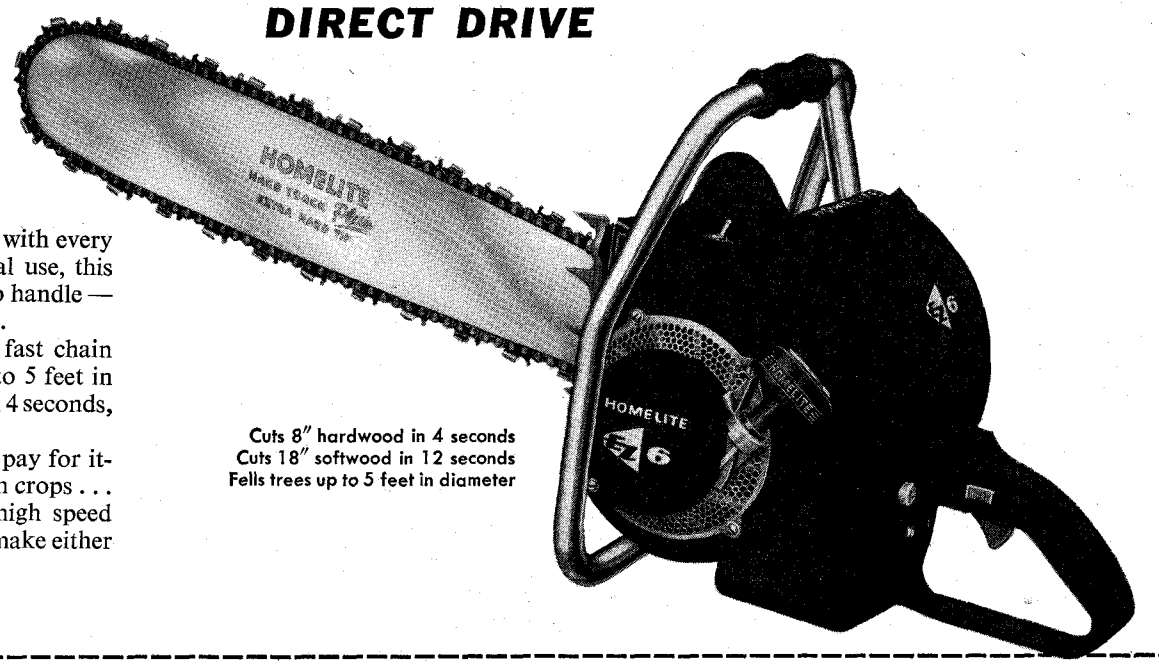

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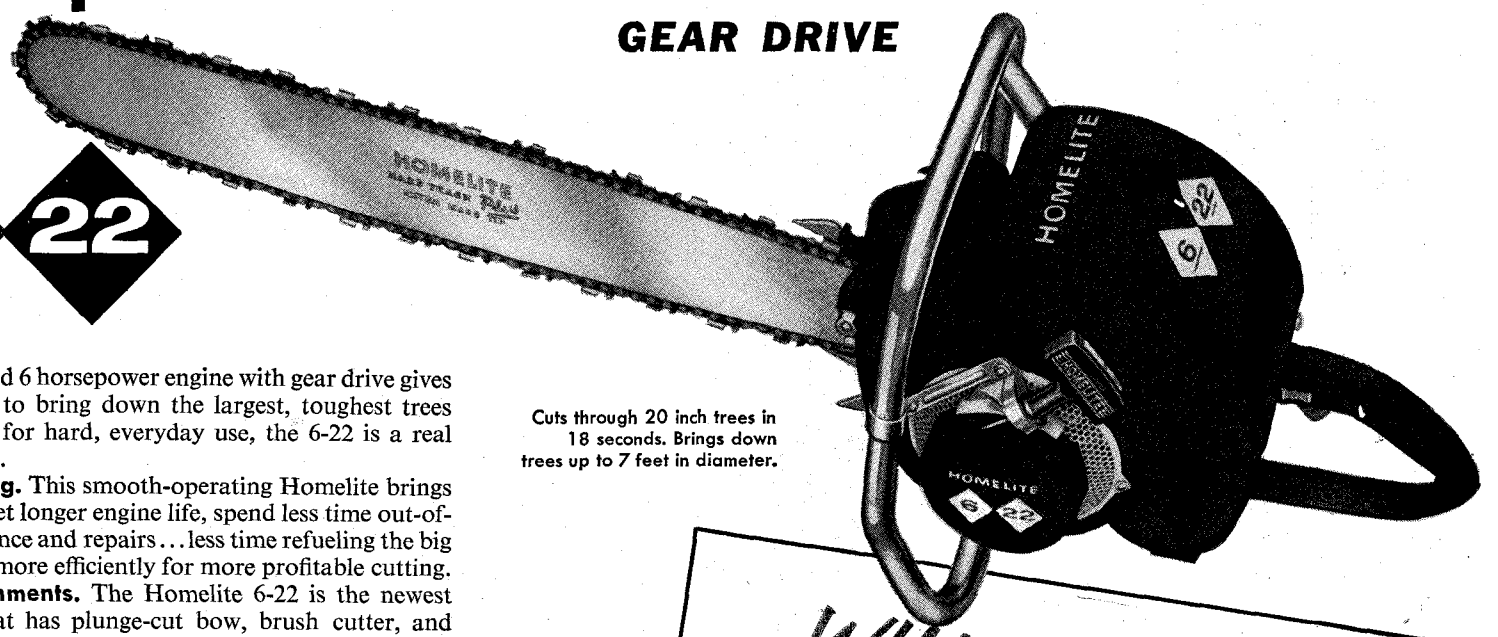

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They Battle the Ancient Scourge

(Continued from Page 33)

Moreover, the Mexican program, affecting 20,300,000 residents of that country's malaria zone and the largest of its kind in the history of man's war on disease, is only part of a co-operative campaign to abolish malaria completely from the Western Hemisphere and the rest of the world within five to ten years.

President Eisenhower, in his recent speech to Congress on foreign aid, called malaria "the world's foremost health problem" and urged increased United States support of the world-wide eradication program. Our contributions, through the International Co-operation Administration, were $12,000,000 in 1956 and $8,700,000 in the fiscal year ending July 1, 1957. The President wants this stepped up to $23,000,000 for fiscal 1958, with additional large grants during the succeeding four years. Expenditures of all countries are expected to total some $519,000,000 over the five-year period of intensified campaigning, and the United States would foot about a fifth of this bill, according to present plans.

The global strategy of this great mosquito hunt is in the hands of the World Health Organization, and in the Americas the co-ordination of the campaigns is the responsibility of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, the regional office of WHO for this hemisphere.

To achieve their goal, the malaria fighters must find, number, map and then spray the walls of every dwelling place—every frame, brick, stucco or adobe house, every mud hut and lean-to—in every malarious area.

The Mexican campaign's advance agents had already found and marked with "C.N.E.P. No. 36" the three-room adobe home of the Aguirre family in Los Tlalchichilpa by the time we arrived there on horseback last September. This is a country village of forty houses, situated five miles beyond the end of the road in the green hills of Guerrero, in Southern Mexico. Manuel Aguirre, a slender youngster of sixteen, had just got on his feet after one of the intermittent attacks of fever and chills when the mounted spraying crew rode up into his yard that morning. In their khaki shirts and trousers, paratrooper boots and yellow plastic helmets, they looked like soldiers or policemen. But Manuel knew they had come on a peaceful mission, with spray guns for weapons and DDT as ammunition. When he hailed them with a friendly, "*Buenos dias!*" he really meant it. Yesterday torrential rains had hammered on the tile roof as he lay shaking in his bed, miserable and cold in spite of the blankets his mother piled on him. Today the sky was clear and the arrival of the malaria-eradication crew suddenly made the future seem much brighter.

As the spray men unloaded their equipment from the packhorses, the Aguirres quickly pushed their furniture into the center of each room. A setting hen in her basket under the kitchen table was lifted to a safe place outdoors near the fence. Then Señora Aguirre shooed away the rest of the chickens and the dog, picked up the baby and stepped into the yard to join Manuel and her husband, Marcelino.

Meanwhile, a dozen neighbors had gathered in a semicircle to watch the men work. Also among the observers, in addition to my wife and me, were an American entomologist and malaria expert, Dr. Donald J. Pletsch, assigned by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau as principal consultant to the Mexican campaign, and Col. Abel Santacruz Malagón, a Mexican army officer in charge of malaria-eradication logistics in the Guerrero zone. A powerful, handsome man looking much younger than his age, the colonel had fought through this country under Carranza forty years ago and knew every hill and stream and the name of every tree and wildflower.

The spray men, having mixed their DDT powder with water from a nearby river and pumped up their pressure cans, moved into the house. With smooth even strokes of the long nozzles they covered the plastered walls from ceiling to floor with a potent coating of insecticide. Then they sprayed the under sides of beds and tables. The process would be repeated once or twice a year for three years.

"Any malaria-carrying mosquito lighting on these sprayed surfaces—and they habitually land on the nearest wall after biting and tanking up on human blood—will die before she can transmit the disease to others," Doctor Pletsch explained. "The reason house spraying is so effective is that nearly all malaria mosquitoes bite at night, when their victims are indoors asleep."

"The spraying is very good," commented neighbor Dario Bonilla. "In this district there is malaria every year. As soon as the rainy season begins someone gets sick, and before the season ends it is very bad."

"Who gets it most often?" I asked. "Men or women? Children? Babies?"

"Almost everybody," he said. "By the time the rains end and the weather has turned cool, everyone is sick. Many have very high fever—104 and 105—and some die. October is the worst month."

Unfortunately, neither the heat nor the rain had yet abated. The spray men were drenched with perspiration, and so were we, after the long hot ride out from Arcelia. Yesterday, working in another village whose cobblestone streets were flooded from doorstep to doorstep, the crew had sloshed knee-deep through the water, ducking their heads against the steady, driving downpour, struggling to keep their shoulder spray tanks disentangled from their billowing ponchos. Tomorrow, having finished the spraying here in Los Tlalchichilpa, they would move on to the next cluster of homes west along the river, and a week from now they might be far into the hills.

But they would keep at it until every house was protected. For they know their enemy is a formidable one, striking at least 2,000,000 Mexicans a year and killing 24,000 of them. Malaria is the third greatest cause of mortality there, standing next to intestinal diseases and pneumonia. And although the disease was cleaned up in the United States during the 1940's, its existence anywhere, especially in a nearby country, poses some threat. A soldier returning from Korea was responsible for thirty-six cases in a California girls' camp a few years ago; yet his only contact with the camp was via the mosquitoes. Our interest in the eradication program is by no means a wholly selfish one, however. Malaria has been a heavy brake upon industrial and agricultural progress wherever it occurs, and eradicating it should do much to speed up the economic development of all Latin-American countries.

Rugged as the Mexican malaria fighters' job is, they could have asked for no more beautiful country to work in than Guerrero. The mountains are high, the views magnificent. The roadside, when we were there, was bright with orange-red marigolds and lovely magenta ones known locally as "San Miguels." There were scarlet hibiscus and sunny bushes of cup of gold.

Our own visit to Guerrero was one of the first stops on a month's tour which we made to observe and report on the work of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies. Established in 1902, the PASB is the oldest international health organization in existence. From its headquarters in Washington and its six zone offices in Latin America go teams of doctors, nurses and sanitary engineers, recruited from the United States and other Western Hemisphere countries. They labor shoulder to shoulder with health personnel of the various national governments, tackling problems ranging from infant starvation and poor water supplies to malaria, yaws, leprosy and the northward spread of jungle yellow fever.

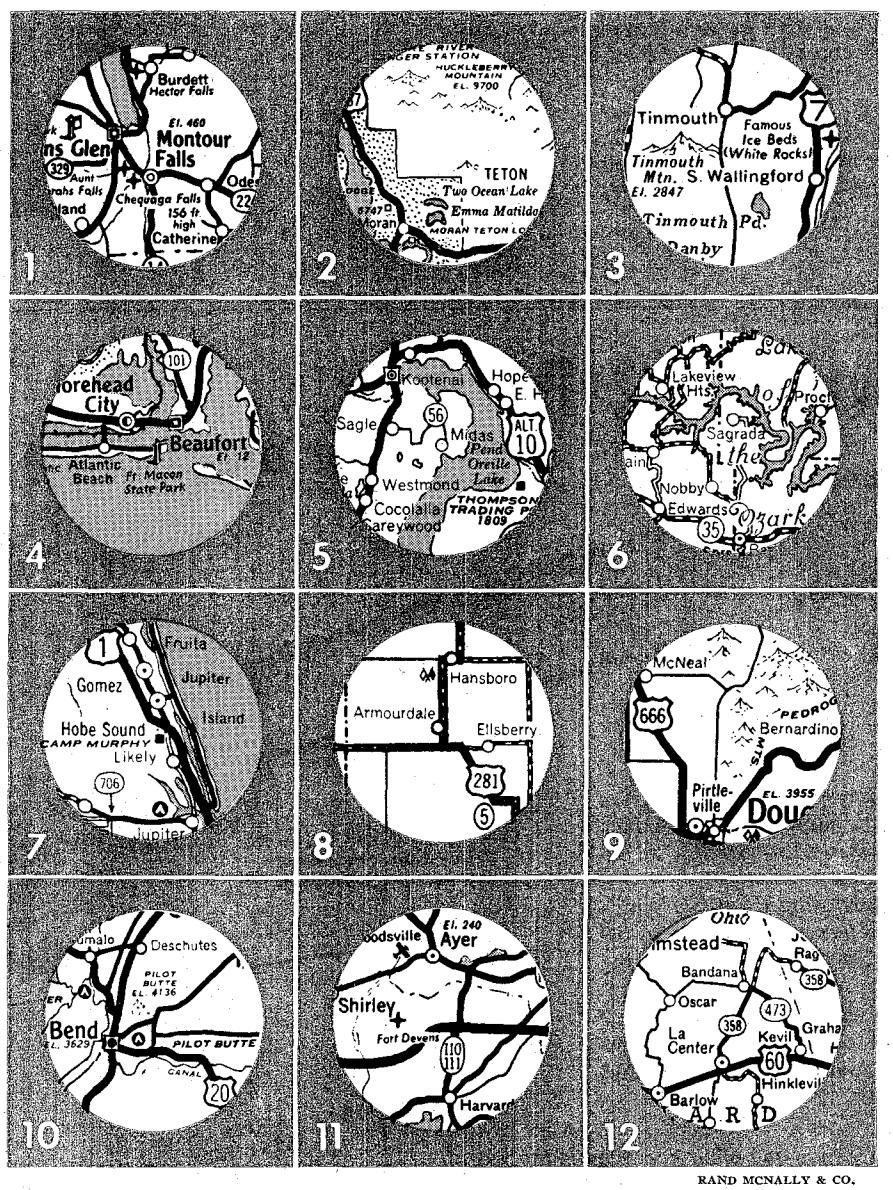
The PASB is supported by government appropriations from twenty-one American republics and the European nations with possessions in this hemisphere—Britain, France and the Netherlands. As the largest member nation, the United States contributes 66 per cent of the funds. While the organization has in itself no political implications, its activities are reassuring to democratic countries which believe that discontent, revolution and communism have less foothold where the health and welfare of the people show steady improvement. It is to this improvement that the PASB doctors and other health workers are dedicated.

With a staff of only 513 and financial resources of less than $5,000,000 a year, the PASB obviously cannot solve all the Western Hemisphere's complicated medical problems alone. But its public-health teams, circulating throughout Latin America, are awakening the people to new needs and stimulating projects which the local governments, in on the movement from the beginning, can then pursue on their own.

The malaria-eradication program has no more vocal or insistent proponent than the director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, Dr. Fred L. Soper, who has a world-wide reputation as a campaigner against insect-borne diseases. A husky, six-foot Kansan, Doctor Soper at sixty-three is rounding out thirty-seven years of international health work, most of them with the Rockefeller Foundation. In Brazil he directed successful battles against both yellow fever and malaria. Later, during World War II, he went to Egypt to check a devastating wave of malaria which had struck the Nile Valley.

The global toll of malaria is estimated at 200,000,000 cases a year and 2,000,000 deaths.

"And it has been said that where malaria fails to kill, it enslaves," Doctor Soper remarked. "Survivors of malaria may suffer (*Continued on Page 68*)



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Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 69*)

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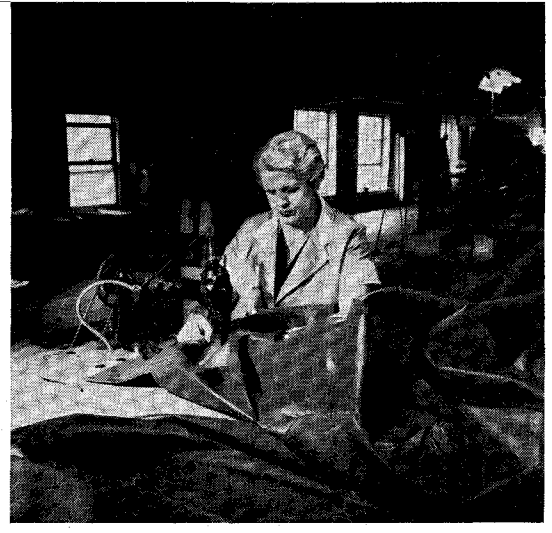
"BATTENING" DOWN THE HATCH of a GM-made Army vehicle, two drivers use custom-made synthetic cover made by Ratsey & Lapthorn to protect vehicle's interior from weather.



ALL SEWED UP are these gun motor carriage covers being sewn by Martha Shields at Ratsey & Lapthorn. Company bought one of first sewing machines ever made many years ago.

MAKING A RATTAIL—end of rope that runs along foot and luff of sail — Master Sailmaker James Tripaldi uses centuries-old tools with strange names like fid, palm, heaver, pricker.

How the sailmaker who helped Nelson at Trafalgar helps General Motors

YOU'D never think of the ancient art of sailmaking in connection with modern business. Nor, for that matter, would you think there could be a connection between British Admiral Nelson's victory at Trafalgar in 1805 and a production line turning out modern Army tanks.

But Ernest Ratsey will tell you there is a connection—and a direct one.

For he is president of Ratsey & Lapthorn in City Island, New York, sailmakers since 1790. He's the great-great-grandson of George R. Ratsey — the man who, in England, founded the company that made the fore-topsail for Admiral Nelson's flagship *Victory*.

From Windjammers to Modern Tanks

RATSEY & LAPTHORN have only 115 employes, yet they're the biggest sailmakers in the country — perhaps in the world. And — as General Motors' Cadillac Division was glad to learn about six years ago — they can also design, develop and produce custom covers for Army tanks.

At that time Cadillac was tooling up the Army's new Cleveland tank plant—having a tough time finding a company to supply tight-fitting covers for tank guns and turrets.

But Ratsey & Lapthorn heard of Cadillac's new plant, reasoned they'd be looking for canvas covers. So Colin E. Ratsey—Ernest's son and the sixth-generation Ratsey in the business — called on Cadillac. Told about the special covers his company made for GM Divisions like AC Spark Plug, GMC Truck & Coach, Delco Appliance — and 17 other companies — during World War II.

Cadillac was interested. Told Colin to take a look at the cover problem. He flew to New York that night. Flew back to Cleveland next morning with one of the firm's master sailmakers.

New Orders from Old Skills

SAILMAKER Fred Bahr jumped aboard a tank, rode it down the production line, made his measurements on the way. Flew back to New York with Colin. In 12 hours, they were back in Cleveland with a sample cover. Perfect fit.

Colin got a contract, Cadillac got its covers. And Cadillac has been getting covers—without a single reject—from Ratsey & Lapthorn ever since.

Not only covers—cover designs, too. For when Ratsey & Lapthorn turn out a cover design, the cover is sure to fit — perhaps because they know their canvas and synthetic fabrics as a skilled potter knows his clay, or a silversmith his metal.

Steady Sailing for a Small Business

WIDE recognition of their designing skill is nothing new to the old sailmaking firm, it's traditional. In fact, in 1832 the British Board of Admiralty ordered that sails for Britain's men-of-war "shall in future be cut in a similar manner as sails made by George R. Ratsey of Cowes."

Today, gun motor carriage cover orders from Cadillac, orders from other firms and Government Arsenals, help Ratsey & Lapthorn keep their old sail loft humming year round — even in winter when most sailors forget the sea and sails. But canvas is a thing of the past for sails and gun motor carriage covers. A few years ago, the company switched to the new synthetic fabrics

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*

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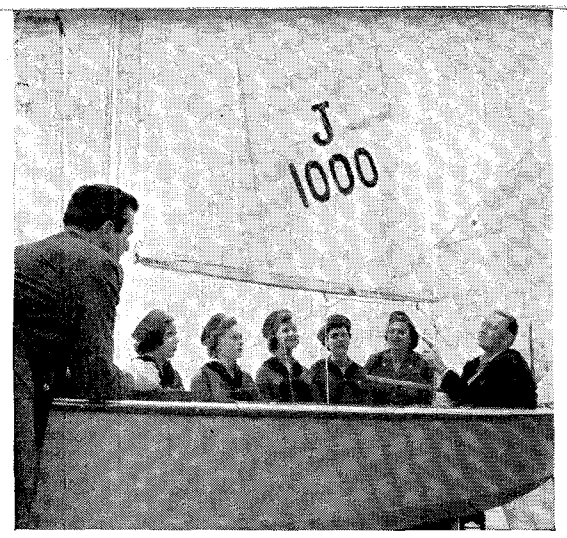
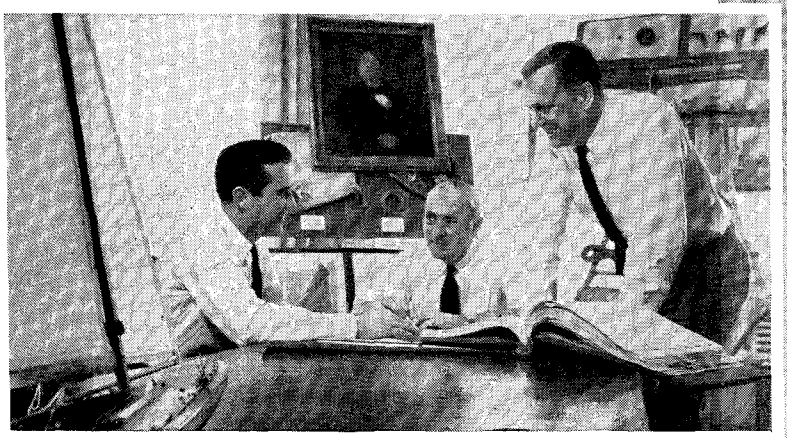


BOUND FOR THE BOUNDING MAIN are Mariner Girl Scouts who have been given four suits of sails by Ratsey & Lapthorn. Boat is a Blue Jay designed by Sparkman & Stephens, built by McKean Boat Co. It is the thousandth boat of its class built in this country.



FAMILY TRADITION of sailmaking is carried on by Colin E. Ratsey (left), firm's treasurer and great-great-great-grandson of founder George R. Ratsey (portrait). Colin's father, Ernest Ratsey, is firm's president and his cousin, Terence Hanna (right), production manager.

for sails—vinyl-coated synthetics for combat vehicle covers.

This new business has meant steady jobs for the skilled sailmakers — and their apprentices — 12 months a year. And, because most of the workers in the sail loft live nearby, it's meant greater prosperity for City Island merchants, too.

What has happened in City Island, New York, is typical of what has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. New business has flowed into these communities — and as a result, these communities in every state in the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar GM takes in from the sale of its products.

Small Business and General Motors:
A Continuing Quest for Productive Competence

Most of the 26,000 business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. Of these small businesses, 39% are relatively new GM suppliers—having worked with GM 5 years or less.

SAIL HO! Every Spring day is washday at Ratsey & Lapthorn, 167-year-old sailmaking firm that's also turned its talents to making tank covers for General Motors.

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(*Continued from Page 64*) lifelong debilitating effects. There is always an inhibition of both mental and physical effort."

The usual bout of malaria produces a very high fever for a day and then slaps the patient with a teeth-chattering chill. He may feel all right for several days, only to have the fever hit him again, and this may go on for weeks. There may be complications, and in many cases the spleen is markedly swollen.

Dr. Jorge Boshell, a PASB physician, and his assistant, Dr. George Bevier, told me of seeing two men sitting in a canoe on the Pasión River, near the Mexico-Guatemala border, last summer. "Even from a distance we could see that they had tremendously enlarged spleens," Doctor Bevier said. "They were plenty sick, and as we paddled over toward them they begged us for medicine, which had been hard to obtain in that isolated area."

"They live a miserable existence," Doctor Boshell observed. "Yet when you cut the cycle somewhere, by an eradication program, everything improves. I knew Venezuela before and after the malaria-eradication campaign there, and today it is like another place—as different as though you were on the moon. There used to be places where they showed me a child as a curiosity, saying, 'Look, a kid! We raised one that malaria didn't kill.' And it was common, when you asked a woman of about twenty-five how many children she had, for her to reply, 'I have one,' and when you'd then ask her how many she had given birth to, she would say six or seven. The others had died of malaria. Today the situation is entirely different. The children are living and are growing up healthy. And many areas once agriculturally unproductive because of malaria are now growing good crops."

Now the weapon with which the mosquito fighters made such deep inroads against malaria in Venezuela, the United States and other countries was DDT. But by 1951 the mosquitoes in some areas, including Louisiana, Mississippi, Greece and Indonesia, began to show an alarming resistance not only to DDT but to other compounds of the same chemical family. Certain species even seemed to avoid sprayed walls or to hop off before they absorbed a lethal dose of chemical. As repeated spraying killed off the more susceptible members of a mosquito population, the resistant strains increased in number. It was obvious that the campaign strategy would have to be changed, with more intensive spraying to finish off the job before the weapons became wholly impotent.

It was at this time that Doctor Soper and others began to urge more strongly than ever that the emphasis be shifted from mere control to 100 per cent eradication, a plan he had been advocating for some years. The control methods of the past, where conscientiously applied, had kept malaria down to a reasonable level, but had never put the fire completely out.

And so the eradication idea was pushed, the key strategy being to spray every house so thoroughly that no infected or about-to-be-infected mosquito can escape. Where necessary, some chemical other than DDT is used. It should be noted that the attack is being focused on infected mosquitoes, or those which have entered the houses. To go after all the mosquitoes would be utterly impractical in a country as wet as Mexico is in the rainy season. This became evident as we drove west along the coast road out of Acapulco one morning through miles of flooded coconut and banana plantations. Here was the breeding place of millions of mosquitoes, and it was obvious that spraying such enormous expanses of water would be much more costly than the house-to-house technique.

Success of the house spraying rests on two facts in the life cycle of the malaria parasite, a tiny amoebalike protozoan that lives in the human red blood corpuscle. First, an infected patient harbors the parasite only one to three years. Second, the mosquito, after sucking up the parasites from one patient must incubate them for three weeks before it can infect the next person. The mosquito's chances of keeping away from a DDT'd wall all that time in a well-sprayed village are practically nil. Hence, with the transmission chain thus broken, malaria in a community will die out in one to three years.

In spite of its logic, eradication was a hard word for many conservative medical men to swallow. In Mexico, for example, they considered it a fantastically impossible goal, and an expensive one. But the advantages were effectively argued there by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau's zone representative, Dr. Guillermo Samamé, and the program was soon approved.

It was formally launched last September by the President of Mexico with a parade down Mexico City's broad Avenue Reforma. The total cost will come to $24,600,000, of which the Mexican Government will pay $16,000,000. The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) is contributing $8,400,000 in vehicles, spraying equipment and insecticides; and PASB and WHO are allocating $200,000.

Meanwhile, the PASB has set up a Coordination Office of the Malaria Eradication Program for the entire hemisphere. It is headed by a veteran Argentinian malariologist, Dr. Carlos A. Alvarado, who had surveyed the Americas a few years before and reported that eradication was a feasible goal.

The PASB also sent Doctor Pletsch to help the Mexican administrators plan their campaign. Doctor Pletsch, as a WHO consultant, had just wound up a successful malaria-eradication effort in Taiwan (Formosa) and was brimming over with practical ideas.

In Mexico it is easy to overlook not only a house but a whole town. The malaria zone covers three quarters of the republic and includes some of the most inaccessible parts of the country. And yet, with expert training, the field-reconnaissance teams made 72,000 maps in the four months before the spraying was started.

The mappers, who usually travel in pairs, started out with census maps as rough guides, but in their travels they discovered many communities the census people knew nothing about. They also found villages on the map which had since disappeared. This is often explained, said Doctor Pletsch, by the wearing out of the soil. An entire community may farm a patch of mountainside until it no longer yields a satisfactory crop. Then the people will move to a new spot, clear off the trees, burn the brush and start over again.

After overcoming the difficulties in reaching many of these places, the reconnaissance men had then to plan a means of access for the less maneuverable spraying teams and their equipment. The field maps, therefore, indicate not only the position of every house but the location of trails, roads and their condition, and any more or less navigable streams in areas where there are no roads.

The map and information sheet for the village of San José Casas Viejas, to take an example, show it to be forty-eight kilometers from the nearest town, Zirándaro. It can be reached only by horse trail, in a ride of seven hours from this town. The village, consisting of forty-nine palm-thatched huts scattered irregularly around the sides of three hills, has no telephones, no radio sets, no post office, no school or medical facilities and no accommodations for feeding and lodging the malaria-spraying crews. The people do speak Spanish, however, and their attitude toward the C.N.E.P. campaign is noted as "favorable," a tribute to the missionary efforts of the mappers.

These field men have had only an elementary or, rarely, a high-school education. But they have had three months of training and, what is fully as important, they have been recruited from the general area in which they are working. Many of the villages are occupied by Indians who speak no Spanish. At least one member of the malaria crew assigned to such communities had to know the proper Indian dialect, of which there are many. As Doctor Pletsch pointed out, "It was much easier, therefore, to train an intelligent local Indian boy to make a map and use a spray gun than it was to teach an experienced health worker to speak Indian." Often the crewmen were working in the homes of relatives and friends. "They have been good educators and persuaders," Doctor Pletsch remarked.

The persuading has not always been easy. Take the matter of marking the houses with the C.N.E.P. numbers—a part of the mapping crew's job. Many farmers remember the campaign against hoof-and-mouth disease in cattle, when an identifying mark on the house was followed by a visit from the inspectors, who killed infected animals. The farmers were paid for the destroyed cattle, but they couldn't eat the money, as they bitterly recalled. House marking has also been used to keep track of people for income-tax purposes. So the scattered resistance to the men with the stenciling brushes was quite understandable.

All possible advantages of the program had to be presented by the field crews beforehand, the government felt, for at best there are occasional bad results from the spraying. Perhaps there isn't space to pile the furniture in the center of the room during the operation, and tables and chairs set outside get soaked in a sudden shower. Or someone loses a dog or cat which strays too soon into a dieldrin-treated room and licks something. Dieldrin is toxic to animals and humans, yet it must be used in some areas isolated by flood waters during the rainy season. For DDT spray must be repeated every six months, while dieldrin can be applied once, during the dry season, and it will be effective for a full year, on nonabsorbing surfaces. Adobe walls may have to be sprayed more often.

Fortunately the spraying brings some unexpected dividends for the skeptical inhabitants. The incidental demise of scorpions, roaches and bedbugs leaves the people very grateful, indeed, although in one place—which shall go unnamed—we were told that the bedbugs became resistant to DDT and for a while were worse than before.

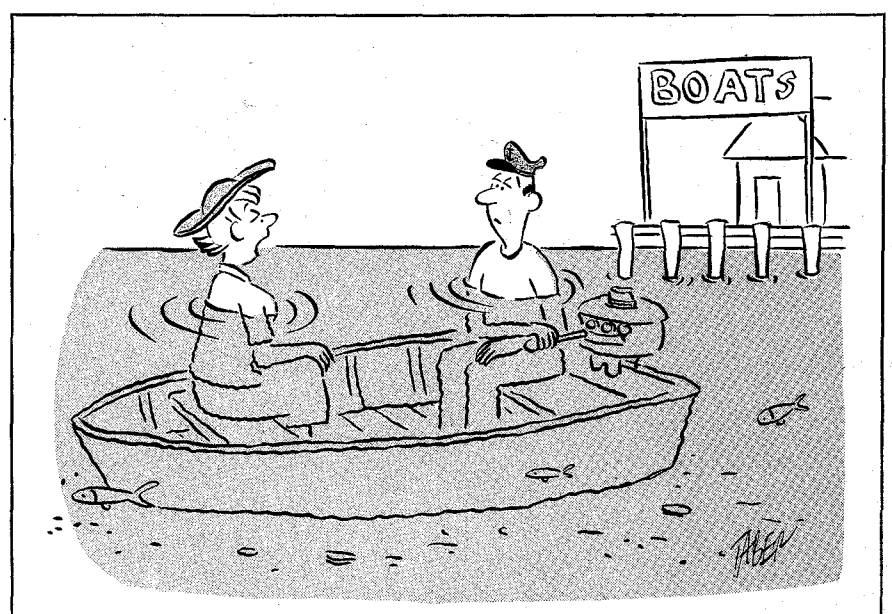
The work of mapping and spraying appeals to the young Mexicans, and there is no dearth of applicants for the jobs. "There is an element of exploration and adventure," explained Doctor Pletsch, as we bounced along over the narrow mountain road one morning from Iguala west to Teloloapan, a charming and industrious little Indian village north of Acapulco. "And the work is not entirely without danger. Two expert malariologists were killed last spring when their jeep went off the edge of one of the roads in Sonora."

"But that road was not like this one," commented the colonel. "It washed away. This one will never wash away. It is carved out of solid rock."

It was indeed. We slewed around on its hard, uneven surface, dodging fallen boulders as big as washtubs and shouldering our way past sharp, outcropping ledges. For much of its distance the road was single width, and when we met a bus or a coke truck, both of which, in Mexico, go wherever there is the slightest pretext of road, somebody had to back up.

"These buses have to bend in the middle on these roads," cracked Pletsch. "They can see their own taillight coming around behind them."

A few days later, and some 700 miles farther east, we found ourselves rocketing along the flat, straight Mérida-Campeche highway with a malaria fighter who patrols quite different but equally difficult terrain. Dr. Carlos Ruz Avila, a young graduate of the University of Mexico's school of medicine, has charge of eradication work in the states of Yucatan, Campeche and Quintana Roo, which contain some of the most primitive and inaccessible country in all of Mexico and Central America. On the main road, Doctor Ruz had no trouble maintaining seventy miles an hour in his yellow government jeep, expertly slamming on the brakes when sleek brown, long-horned cattle ambled across in front of us. But most of his territory is a vast green jungle, once dotted with the villages and templed cities of the great Mayan civilization, now settled and cultivated only around the edges. The interior is trackless, save for the narrow paths of the woodcutters and the *chicleros*, who roam the forests



"Maybe you're out of gas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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searching for the raw material for chewing gum.

It was obvious that Doctor Ruz's spraying crews had already covered the villages along our route. For in the towns of Xtepen and Umán and Muna we saw the C.N.E.P. numbers on the white windowless walls of the small oval houses. We also noticed that with their steep, thatched roofs these homes of the present-day Mayans were identical in architecture to the little houses pictured in the 1000-year-old murals in the temples at Chichén Itzá.

We caught up with one of the spraying crews in the town of Bolonchen. Roger Pinkus, a genial sisal plantation owner who had come along as our interpreter, said the town name means "nine wells," which is something of a misnomer today. The large paved village plaza contains nine circular stone structures, but they are only simulated wells. Water is drawn, during the rainy season, from two plain square holes in the plaza, and during the dry season the "Town of Nine Wells" must haul its water from another village.

"The most difficult places to reach," Doctor Ruz told us, "are the temporary homes of the *chicleros*. They live in palm-leaf lean-tos and are always on the move. We consult the chicle companies in such centers as Dzibalchén, a little farther down this road, to get information about where their men are apt to be. But our crews may still have to travel as much as a hundred kilometers along a forest path from one *chiclero* camp to another."

Although the Mexican mosquito hunters are breaking all records for sheer mileage covered, other teams are battling malaria with equal persistence throughout Latin America and the Caribbean. Usually they deploy in the familiar house-to-house attack. On the island of Trinidad, however, we witnessed an entirely different strategy, necessitated by the unorthodox habits of two very small malaria-carrying mosquitoes. These are anophelines of the species *Kertazia bellator* and *Kertazia homunculus*, which do their biting outdoors in the daytime and refuse to enter houses.

Since the house-spraying technique is useless here, the eradication teams, under the direction of Dr. Frank Richard Kellett, malariologist of the Trinidad Medical Services, have had to go after these mosquitoes in their breeding places. Here the little insects are even more unorthodox and choosy. For they breed only in water trapped at the base of the big yuccalike bromeliad plants, a parasite that perches on the high branches of the immortelle trees.

In a sense, the good people of Trinidad brought this unusual source of malaria on themselves, for the immortelle trees were planted, some forty or fifty to the acre, as shade for the small cocoa trees, a principal source of income. The bromeliads, originally a desert plant whose spores or seeds were brought to this tropical island by winds or birds, took a special liking to the immortelles and some trees are literally loaded with them. These strange "tank plants," as they are sometimes called, are large, tough and long-lived—twelve or fifteen years—and many hold a gallon or so of water in the hollows of the long spiky leaf clusters. "This area," remarked Doctor Kellett, as we stood in the middle of a thick cocoa plantation gazing up at the bromeliads, "is like a vast overhead lake, with millions of mosquitoes breeding in the waters."

Doctor Kellett's group decided the way to get rid of these high-bred mosquitoes was to dry up the overhead lake. This they are doing by means of big power sprayers mounted on trucks—the kind of equipment used against gypsy moths in United States orchards. A copper-sulfate spray kills the bromeliads, which then wither and fall off.

Not all Trinidad mosquitoes live in treetop puddles. But even the more conventional swamp breeders were dealt with in an unusual way here, a few years ago. Many rivers along the north coast are so low and sluggish during the dry season that their mouths become clogged by surf-formed sand bars. Here the malaria mosquitoes were breeding in tremendous numbers and the malaria rate was very high. It remained for Dr. Horace P. S. Gillette, now director of Trinidad's Medical Services, and an engineer, C. E. Newbold, to design a self-flushing concrete flume for these stopped-up rivers. A number of these outlet drains, or "sea heads," were built, and the idea was adopted in other Caribbean islands and as far away as Borneo. In one year the malaria-infection rate in Northern Trinidad fell from 80 per cent to 10 per cent, and within four years it was down to 3 or 4 per cent.

In many places throughout Latin America, the cleaning up of malaria has brought hitherto unusable land into cultivation. This has happened in Trinidad and it has been a particularly happy result of malaria eradication in the little island of St. Lucia. Much of the land there is in large sugar plantations owned by resident or absentee British landlords. Small landholdings have been difficult for the local Negro inhabitants to obtain, and in the past malaria has kept a lot of acreage out of cultivation. Coconut trees stood in a swamp at Anse La Ray, untended and unpicked. La Clery Reef, which had very malignant malaria, had been completely abandoned. But recently the swamp at Anse La Ray was drained, and a health center and playground have been built there and the coconuts are being harvested. And La Clery Reef has been drained with concrete tiling, the malaria is almost entirely gone, and 900 house lots of three quarters of an acre each have been laid out. They are in such great demand that the government has had to take a hand in assigning them.

As director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, Doctor Soper is keeping a watchful eye upon all these facets of the malaria campaign. He is fully aware that the goal set by the international health workers is a bold one. "The eradication of any disease, in the sense of wiping it off the face of a continent or of the earth, is really a new concept," he remarked. "But the people in the countries where the malaria problem is being attacked are solidly behind the effort, and their governments have promised to carry it through. We know that no matter what changes may occur in these governments, the people will insist that the promises be fulfilled. We are sure we have it within our means to lift malaria permanently from the backs of the human race."

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 64

1. N.Y.	2. Wyo.	3. Vt.
4. N.C.	5. Ida.	6. Mo.
7. Fla.	8. N.D.	9. Ariz.
10. Ore.	11. Mass.	12. Ky.

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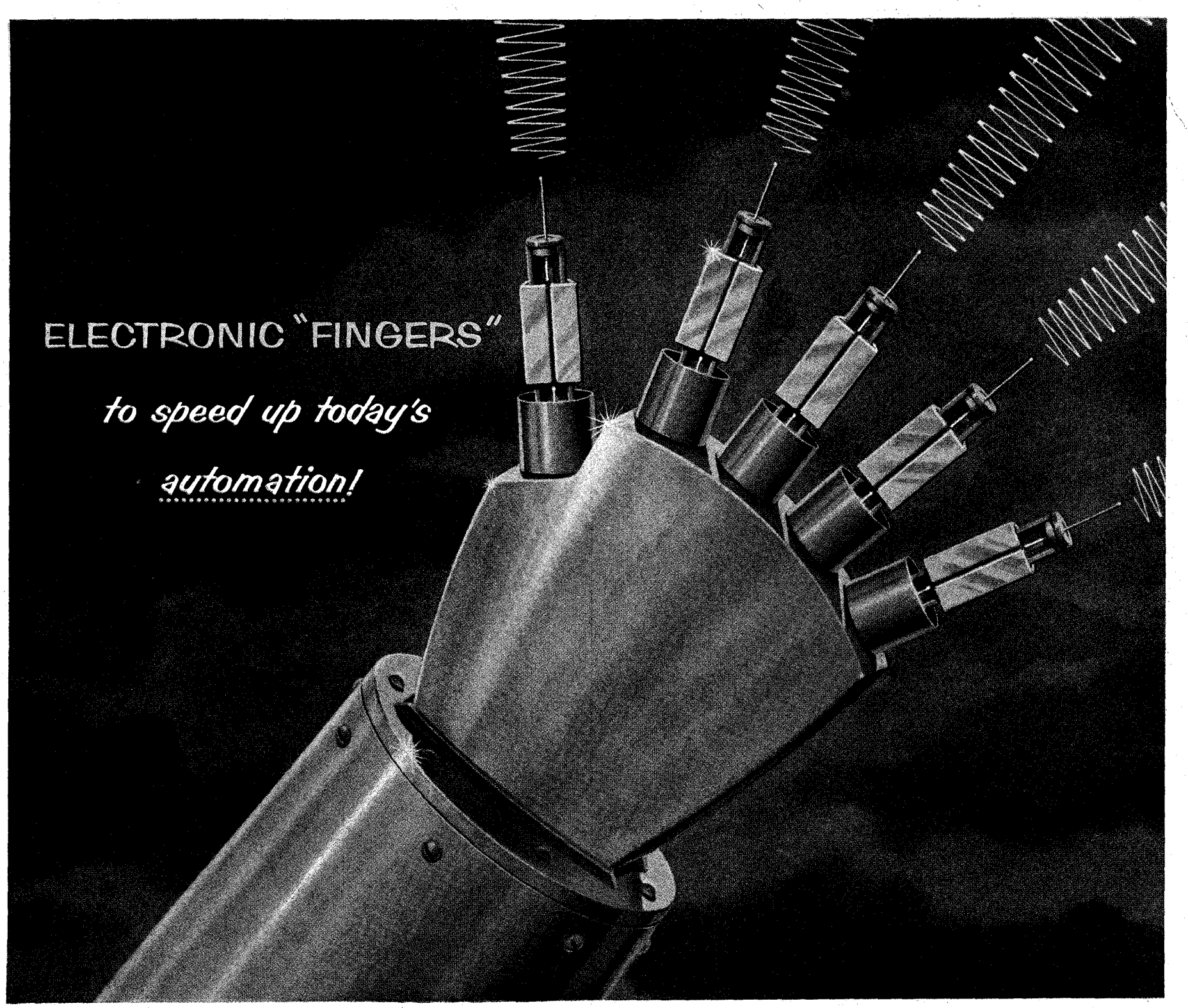

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Paradise for Horse-Players

(Continued from Page 27)

footsore from the asphalt jungles of New York or sated with the tropical splendors of Hialeah or ill at ease amid the spit-and-polish elegance of Santa Anita or Hollywood Park.

Leisurely and informal, Delaware relaxes in rural tranquillity, a neighborly palace of sin that manages to create the impression—or preserve the illusion—that there is still some vestige of sport in a great and greedy industry which in 1956 handled bets of $2,239,657,189 from an aggregate—including many repeaters—of almost 32,000,000 Americans.

Out of this monstrous total, Delaware had $36,863,207 in bets from an attendance of 473,967. As gambling hells go, it is a small Gehenna, yet there are those who love it. To them it is known, with lively affection, as "Willie's Place."

Willie built the joint—William du Pont, Jr., a thin-shanked millionaire who rides like a border raider, works like a longshoreman and invents revolving doors for horses and underground snuggeries for foxes. He is also a practiced hand with mud pies, which is one reason why he has been sought out to put surfaces on race tracks from Monmouth Park on the Atlantic Seaboard, to Santa Anita on the Pacific.

There are marked discrepancies between the popular conception of a zillionaire's existence and the routine at Bellevue Hall, the William du Pont residence about two miles from downtown Wilmington. The boss of Bellevue is generally up by four A.M. He sits thinking for a while and putting his thoughts on paper. Like as not, seven o'clock will find him in his office in the Delaware Trust Building, reputed to be the largest office building in the world owned by one man—that is, him.

The home he has left is an oak forest of more than 600 acres. It is populated by people and horses and camellias and songbirds and squirrels; by imported Australian hares, a few foxes and pheasants in pens and some 200 wild geese at large.

Now and then a strolling goose wanders across the training track and startles a Thoroughbred at work, but there isn't much else to distract a horse from his lessons, and Bellevue is equipped to teach him everything except contract bridge.

There is a dirt training track of a mile and an eighth with a cushion so kind to a horse's feet and so stubbornly resistant to weather changes that du Pont, having developed the mixture, made it the standard for the race tracks he has surfaced across the country.

Inside the training track are a turf course, a steeplechase course and a hurdle course. For work in bad weather, there is an indoor track, an oval arcade roofed and walled for three eighths of a mile.

There is also, among other equine accoutrements, a figure-eight barn the like of which no man should expect to see twice. It is a monstrous frame building with an earth floor, so huge that a horse can be put up to top speed along the long stroke of the "8."

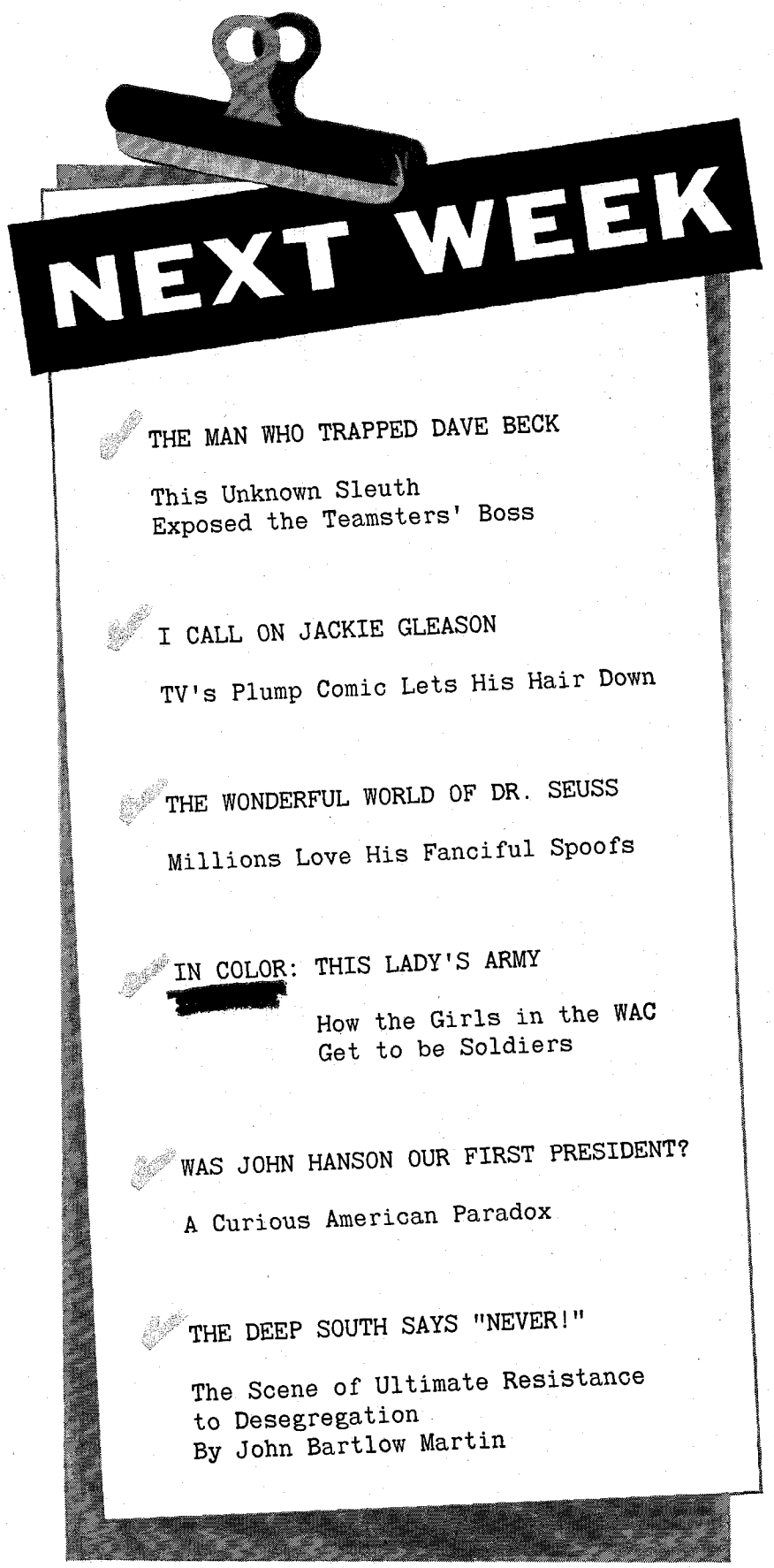
Devoted to fox hunting, du Pont is wedded to tennis. The present Mrs. du Pont was Miss Margaret Osborne, Wimbledon and United States singles champion. Forest Hills may have more courts than Bellevue, but there is variety here—grass courts, clay, concrete, *en tout cas* and two courts indoors.

Yet Bellevue isn't du Pont's largest establishment. His big breeding farm for horses is down in Boyce, Virginia. He has 7000 acres at Fair Hill, Maryland, where the Foxcatcher National Cup is raced over some of the tallest brush fences in the world. Fair Hill is given over chiefly to Santa Gertrudis cattle, but in every fence at Fair Hill there is a revolving door for horses. This device was invented by the owner because he hates to dismount and open gates. It is just what it sounds like, a great big four-winged door on a steel spindle set in concrete. A man rides into one pie-wedge segment, grasps a handle set at a suitable height and walks his horse through.

Partly for the amusement of himself and friends, but mostly for training foxhound puppies, du Pont also has a peninsula in Chesapeake Bay, near Easton, Maryland. It has an eighteen-mile shoreline, and across the base there is a two-and-a-half-mile wall of planks to keep foxes in and deer and other commoners out.

Because the land is flat, thousands of evergreens have been imported and set out in a series of baffle hedges to make it impossible to "sight hunt" a fox. Even with this safeguard, the owner feared that heavy hunting might deplete the furry population, so he designed underground hide-outs for his quarry, with entrances just big enough to admit a fox, but too small for a hound.

At Easton a man is employed to feed chickens, which roam at large, so that a hungry fox may step out at noon if he pleases and grab himself a fat pullet. It comes down to this—Willie feeds a man to feed the chickens to feed the foxes that Willie chases into safe retreats that Willie has built. It is a little like hiding an ace before playing solitaire.


NEXT WEEK
THE MAN WHO TRAPPED DAVE BECK
This Unknown Sleuth
Exposed the Teamsters' Boss
I CALL ON JACKIE GLEASON
TV's Plump Comic Lets His Hair Down
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DR. SEUSS
Millions Love His Fanciful Spoofs
IN COLOR: THIS LADY'S ARMY
How the Girls in the WAC
Get to be Soldiers
WAS JOHN HANSON OUR FIRST PRESIDENT?
A Curious American Paradox
THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!"
The Scene of Ultimate Resistance
to Desegregation
By John Bartlow Martin

At sixty-one, the laird of the manor can take a wiry young companion out at dawn behind the hounds, chase foxes, shoot quail, geese and ducks all day, and stride springily home at nightfall, to arise again at four while his guests are laid out like cordwood. This is the man who, with nothing else to do, built Delaware Park.

"My father had trotting horses," he explains. "I was more interested in hunting than racing, but my sister had a horse of the Fair Play line that won at Devon." In horse-show circles, that's bingo, for the Philadelphia suburb of Devon on the plush Main Line has the largest outdoor show in the nation, maybe the most celebrated hunter, jumper, harness and pony show in the world.

"My sister had a Fair Play steeplechaser that was a champion," du Pont continues. This would be Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Battleship, first American-bred, American-owned horse to win the Grand National at Aintree in England. Battleship was a son of Man o' War. "And Sam Riddle, up the way from here, had a Fair Play that was champion on the track"—Man o' War himself. "I decided that whatever it was you wanted in a horse, you could get it from the Fair Play line. So I got a collection of Fair Plays, and that's how I got into racing."

Under the colors of Foxcatcher Farm—sapphire-blue jacket, gold fox front and back, blue cap, gold strings—he got into racing before racing got to Delaware. Then a state senator got to du Pont. The state was going to pass a racing bill, the senator said. If a good one weren't offered, chances were a bad one would be accepted.

"So I wrote them a bill," du Pont says. "I put in provisions to discourage sharpshooters—it would have to be a non-profit track, there would be a tight limit on salaries, racing would be allowed only thirty days a year, and so on. The bill was passed and nobody built because there was no profit in sight. Then Don Ross came to me."

Donald P. Ross, now president of Delaware Park, is an old Yale baseball player, a du Pont by marriage and owner of Brandywine Farm. He was a state senator in the depression years when states, hungry for revenue, would have cheerfully taxed Jack the Ripper's knife. Warned by Ross that Delaware was resolved to get revenue or else, Willie shopped around.

Hunting over the country near the village of Stanton, he had come upon fairly level ground that struck him as suitable for a race track, but when he tried to relocate the place by car he couldn't find it. On a subsequent hunt he picked out landmarks that later led him to the spot, concealed from the road by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad embankment. The property comprised several farms, which were bought up to provide a tract of 700 acres.

"We issued $500,000 worth of preferred stock, and bonds totaling $1,100,000," du Pont recalls, "and we have earned back every penny. I wanted a man who knew how to run a race track and couldn't possibly lose a nickel. My man was Eddie Burke, general manager at Havre de Grace."

Burke demurred on the ground that at seventy-five he was too old. Du Pont not only scoffed, he threatened. Delaware, he pointed out, was halfway between Philadelphia and Havre de Grace; if Delaware were to choose dates conflicting with the 'Graw, it could offer murderous competition. Within twenty-four hours he had a telegram reading: "You've hired a general manager."

Staffed by professionals from Havre de Grace and Pimlico, Delaware opened on

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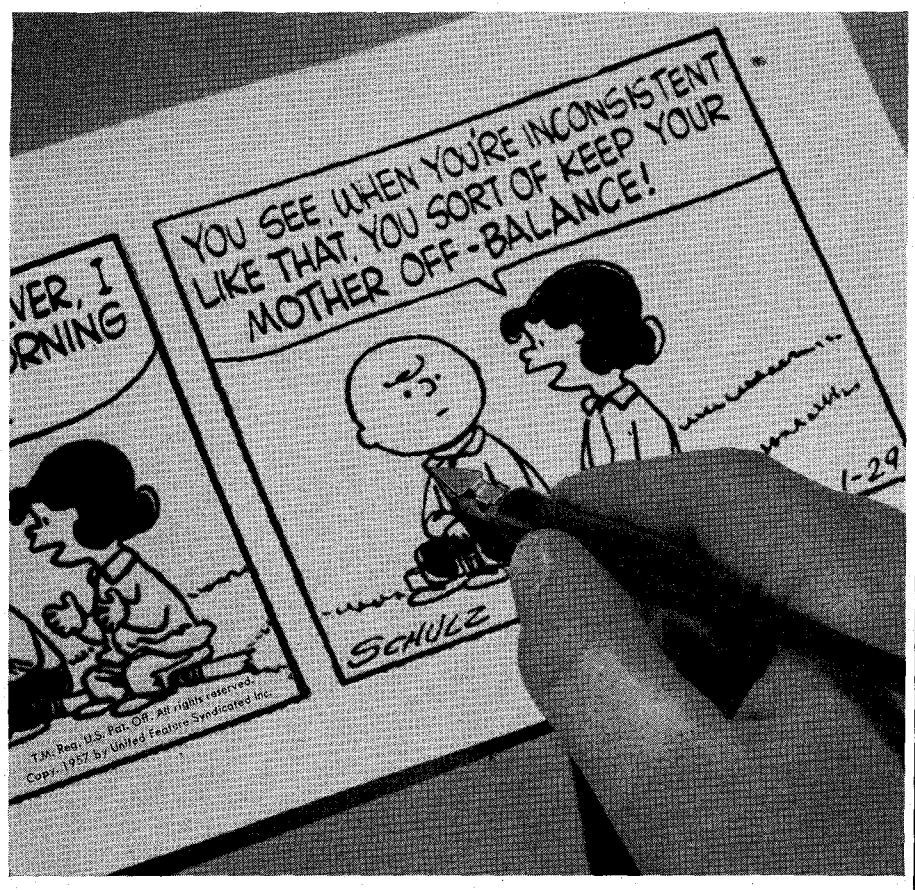
Like to draw?


YOU SEE, WHEN YOU'RE INCONSISTENT LIKE THAT, YOU SORT OF KEEP YOUR MOTHER OFF-BALANCE!
SCHULZ
1-29
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Take a tip from PEANUTS creator Charles M. Schulz, voted Outstanding Cartoonist for 1955

Charles M. Schulz, PEANUTS creator and graduate of Art Instruction, Inc.

While in high school Schulz began his art training with a home study course from *Art Instruction, Inc.*—world's largest home study art school. He started with the basic training taken by all students and then specialized in cartooning.

When only thirty-three he was voted "Outstanding Cartoonist of the Year" by the National Cartoonist's Society. His PEANUTS strip is now syndicated by United Features in over 250 papers. In the success of Charles M. Schulz there's a tip for *you* if you are interested in commercial art, illustrating or cartooning. Training for progress in these fields can be had at home from Art Instruction, Inc.

Founded over 40 years ago, our school has had more teaching experience of this specialized kind than any other art school.

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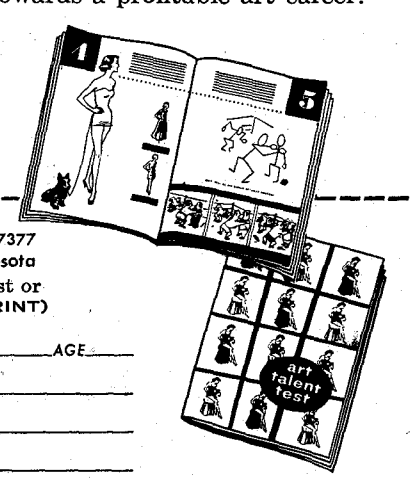

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Name_____ AGE____

Address_____ County_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Occupation_____ Phone_____

June 26, 1937. A horse named Legal Light won the first race. In the brown-shingled stands and clubhouse, whose capacity was a modest 7500, were representatives of the fox-hunting set of Wilmington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, but also on hand were the folk whose presence has, from the beginning, contributed to an atmosphere of homespun comfort. These are Delaware's neighbors—farmers in their Sunday suits, farm wives in freshly ironed cotton; friendly, smiling people, often with their brood underfoot.

Chaste New York officially deems racing an occasion of sin, and no child is allowed in a gambling hell there unless he is wearing a silk blouse and has, say, $100,000 worth of horseflesh under his charge. A sign at Delaware's gate welcomes small fry under twelve on payment of a twenty-cent tax. Management wishes, though, that it could tactfully discourage horse-players in perambulators, not for fear of corrupting the young, but because go-carts cluttering the betting ring are a hazard to hurrying parlay players.

Though the profit motive never has been paramount, no large men armed with baseball bats patrol Delaware's gates to keep Saturday and holiday crowds away. On a midweek afternoon, though, the scene still has a touch of the family picnic, with strollers pleasuring themselves in the paddock shade. Thousands have remarked upon the natural beauty of the paddock area; a practiced eye would discern symmetry, grading and drainage that couldn't possibly be natural. In the beginning, Nature's little helper was William du Pont, Jr. He planned the landscaping, whose care is supervised today by Mrs. J. Simpson Dean and Mrs. Donald P. Ross, both du Ponts, both prominent in garden-club circles.

Delaware's original racing surface was bottom land that turned slimy after a rain. This set du Pont to playing with mud pies, mixing and testing samples of soil. Fanciers of the bizarre have been enchanted by the notion of this unsmiling zillionaire and Clarke Pardee, his track superintendent, sitting cross-legged among small mounds of goo and solemnly shaping patty-cakes. Perhaps it sometimes amuses Pardee to ponder upon the fate that leads a man from Annapolis and a naval officer's career to a position as consulting mud-pie chef, but to the boss this is serious business.

"You pack the earth into a cake and soak it with water," he explains. "Then you bake it. That's what happens when the sun dries out a wet track. Now you tap it"—he raps his desk with a gold pencil—"and if it pops open, that's how the clods will crumble under a horse's feet."

In the matter of irrigation, the shrubbery and running strip have it better than the patrons. Except in the private precincts of the Turf Club upstairs, no high-octane potables are sold, not even beer. Pioneers of the do-it-yourself fad, customers have been bringing their own for twenty years.

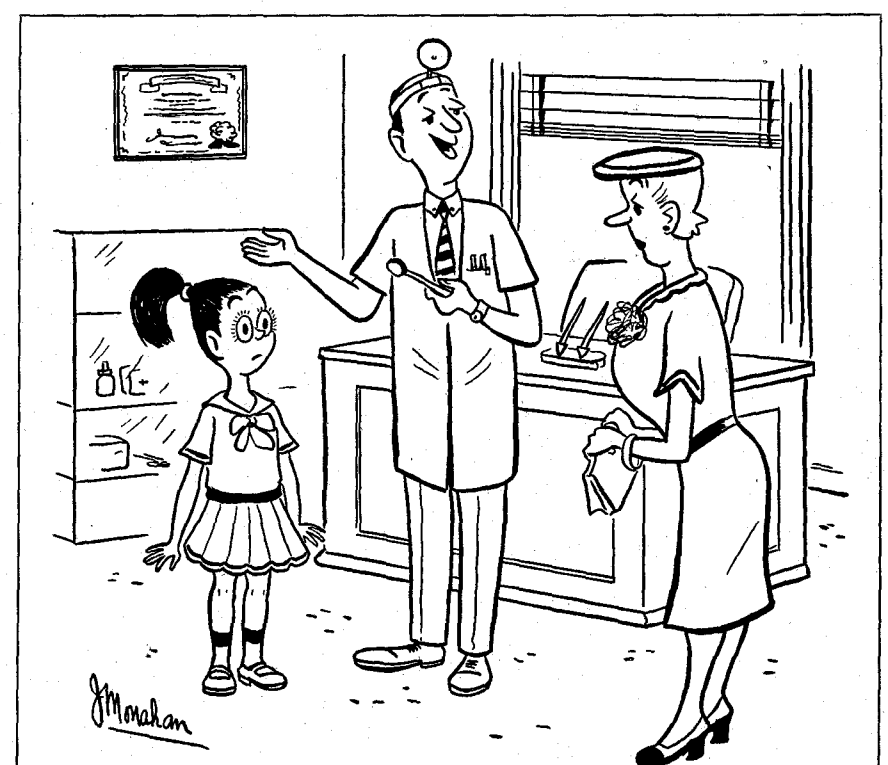
A race track without a bar is unusual, but not unique. Virtue was served similarly at Havre de Grace, in Maryland, possibly because a founding father of the Harford Agricultural and Breeders' Association, which operated that bridle path, was that pillar of rectitude and son of the Broadway soil, Mr. Arnold Rothstein, architect of the 1919 Black Sox scandal in baseball.

The Kent Stakes, principal feature of Delaware's inaugural meeting in 1937, was worth $8325 to the owner of Strabo, the winner. Today the $150,000 Delaware Handicap is the world's richest race for fillies and mares, part of a series called the Distaff Big Three, whose total value can exceed $270,000. As the stakes have expanded, so has the physical plant, which now has seats for 21,000.

Growth was not unaccompanied by pains. Within the first fortnight of the first meeting, a cloudburst trapped a holiday crowd, made a waist-deep torrent of the pedestrians' underpass beneath the B.&O. tracks and left hundreds of cars mired in the new parking lot.

Early meetings experienced, as most early ones do, a dearth of good horses and a plethora of complaints. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which handles a heavy passenger traffic between Philadelphia and Washington, ran steam trains to the track, because they had to come in on a spur that wasn't electrified. Passengers muscular enough to force open windows in the stifling coaches arrived wearing a veneer of sweaty grime. In the transportation pinch of World War II, the Pennsy dug up even more decadent rolling stock, hermetically sealed express cars in which passengers were melted down to tallow.

In Wilmington was a horse-player and handicapper, the late W. Arthur Wise,



"There's nothing wrong with her eyes. Her pony tail is too tight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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with a nimble mind, a deep distrust of all du Ponts and an infinite capacity for crusading zeal. He made himself, for years, a prodding, persistent thorn in Delaware Park's side.

Newspaper editors who published Arthur Wise's selections under the by-line of Wise Counsellor listened when he told them tales of "form reversals" at the new track. For purposes of argument, a form reversal occurs when a horse runs faster or slower than you think he should or wish he would. By the honest error of a trainer, a horse raced and was beaten under the name of a stablemate. When the trainer discovered his mistake and reported it to the stewards, here came Arthur Wise with a fistful of losing tickets—who else would keep 'em?—demanding a refund because his money hadn't gone on the horse he believed he was betting.

On another occasion, as founder and head of a nebulous organization called the Delaware Horse Players' Protective Association, he brought suit to make the track disgorge thousands of dollars which, he held, had been taken illegally as "breakage," the pennies left over after bets are paid off to the nearest dime.

It was also Wise who called the attorney general's attention to the racing law legalizing betting by use of pari-mutuel machines, and pointed out that daily-double tickets were sold out of racks by hand. The attorney general concurred, and Delaware abandoned the daily double, issuing a paragraph of resounding balderdash to the effect that this was a sinfully hazardous form of gambling not to be countenanced by the pure of heart.

To horse-players hooting at this echoing bombast, a track spokesman snapped, "What d'you want us to do? Tell the truth and admit that Arthur Wise licked us?"

Courting happier press relations, Delaware offered spare-time employment to Bryan Field, racing writer for The New York Times. Field, born on West 83rd Street, in New York, went to the Times from New York University. Somewhere en route he picked up a clipped Oxford accent which long ago became familiar to fans at the New York tracks, via the public-address system, and to radio listeners tuned in on races like the Kentucky Derby. However, what with calling the New York races and writing about them for his newspaper, Field was pressed for time to give to the Delaware job.

He found a way with the help of Fred Capossela, then a state inspector in the mutuels department. Freddy was from Brooklyn, where his father kept a poolroom. What arduous schooling may have been necessary, neither has ever disclosed, but soon the kid from the Brooklyn poolroom was speaking with the same pear-shaped enunciation, the same reedy timbre, the same Balliol College elegance, as the boy from the upper West Side. Before the last New York race each day, Bryan would grab a train for Wilmington, Freddy would grab the announcer's microphone, and scarcely anybody knew the difference.

Today Freddy calls the races regularly in New York and Florida, while Bryan is vice president and general manager of Delaware Park, having quit the Times for that job in 1944. By happy circumstance, Bryan's son, Tom, who attended Notre Dame, is doing graduate work at Balliol so he can dig his old man's accent.

Field discovered early that when a man says he is running a nonprofit enterprise he doesn't mean an unprofitable one. Generally speaking, rich men do not abhor money, even if they don't covet more. The general manager is expected to keep Delaware in the black, but not too much in the black. If Field has a meeting of thirty-three days—the original thirty-day limit has been relaxed by law to work in holiday programs on Memorial Day and July Fourth—he splits it into three parts. Business done in the first eleven days, and in the second eleven, helps him estimate how much money to give away in purses in the last eleven, so that he won't get stuck with a lot of it.

In 1955 there was about $102,000 left over, in 1956 only $80,000-odd. Maintaining this delicate balance is not necessarily made easier by the detached view of the sordid side that is taken by Field's bosses. Once the stewards excused an injured favorite going to the post carrying $36,000 in wagers, but they let the race start before a refund had been arranged. Now the pay-off would have to be computed with the $36,000 in the pool. Hastily, Field consulted Don Ross, the president: How about the people who had bet the favorite?

"Give 'em their money back," Ross said.

Paying out $36,000 in house funds, the general manager winced at this bite in his budget. Next day he howled, for the racing commission was around demanding the state's tax on the $36,000 he'd given away.

Famous horses attract customers and frighten away competition. Tracks dread small fields and "minus pools," where there are not enough losing bets to make up the minimum legal pay-off to the winners. Delaware seldom varies its policy of accepting win-place-and-show bets if there are five horses going, win-and-place if as many as four start. Last season the association paid off four minus pools, not quite one a week.

The good mare, Cerise Reine, was a stick-out in a small field that was reduced to six starters when it came up mud. "Take bets across the board," Ross said. Then another horse was scratched because of injury. Field sought out the president again.

"I thought we had that all settled," Ross said.

"But," Field protested, "that was before this other horse was scratch —— Oh, well, it's your money."

Philadelphia, a good horse-playing town, had no track closer than Havre de Grace until Delaware opened, and even then there was no conflict in dates. Since that time, three New Jersey tracks have been built, with big Garden State just across the river from Philadelphia. This year Delaware will have only seven "open" dates without competition from Maryland or New Jersey.

Pressed from north and south, the track needed something big to impress horsemen. Besides, loose money was crumbing up the place, catching dust and making unsightly lumps under the rug. Yet with tracks everywhere already throwing money at the owners of two-year-olds and three-year-olds and the older handicap runners, how could this rural pony ring contrive to attract attention?

As a country store it was doing very well by comparison with the big-city operators. Its average purse distribution exceeded that of any Maryland track, for example, or that of Atlantic City, where business was better.

"How about making a play for the dolls?" Helen Stairwalt suggested. She is Bryan Field's assistant, daughter of a clergyman whose eyebrows did a flip when she went to work for a gambling house.

"Dolls?" her boss said vaguely.

"Females," she said, as to a child. "You know. Peachcakes, dames, fillies, twists, broads, if you'll pardon the expression. Somebody's-mother sort of thing."

A light glittered in the general manager's eyes.

"Gad!" he said, and that's how they came to put up all that money for the Distaff Big Three, a feature thought up by Helen Stairwalt. First of this series of stakes races for females of the Thoroughbred species is the Oaks, with a gross value of $50,000 or more. Then comes the New Castle, worth about $40,000, and finally the Delaware Handicap, whose purse can exceed $180,000.

It makes sense because most of Delaware's directors are breeders, and most breeders feel there has not previously been proper emphasis in this country on races designed to test the quality of the female side.

As it has grown, Delaware has managed to remain essentially what it was in the beginning, a pleasant country horse park, friendly without unctuousness. It operates as a neighbor in its community, turning over its facilities free of charge to such neighborhood organizations as the Wilmington Kennel Club, the American Legion, the Shriners and Knights of Columbus and Jaycees, for religious rallies and fire-prevention campaigns and safe-driving demonstrations.

Technological advances are made quietly, almost surreptitiously. An example is a new film-processing technique that can furnish motion pictures of a race in forty-eight seconds. It figures. It had the du Pont laboratories going for it.

Considering the horse-show-and-hunts background of those behind the track, it stood to reason that steeplechasing would not be neglected. A steeplechase course was put in at the beginning, but allowed to mature for a year before jumping races were scheduled. Now the property includes a turf course within the dirt track, a steeplechase course, a hurdles course, a flat-training track and a steeplechase-schooling course.

With opportunities for jumpers reduced in New York this year while Aqueduct is in reconstruction, Delaware is adding to its steeplechasing schedule. This may mean a reduction in mutuel play, for jumping races are traditionally poor betting events, probably because horse-players reason that they have troubles enough without fences. So maybe it'll cost them money at Delaware. So they've already got money.

Last summer a very small child turned up in the office of the security police, detached from his parents. He was stroked and petted and fed ice cream until the loud-speaker effected a family reunion.

Every day for an entire racing week, this same kid showed up lost. "Lady," said an attendant at length, "could you please keep an eye on your own boy?"

"Could you," she snapped, "please stop giving him ice-cream cones?"

THE END

Liberals on the Loose

By S. Omar Barker

The liberals I chance to know
Cannot endure the status quo.
The only way, of course, to change it
Is just to let them rearrange it!

Wash 'n Dri
The miracle moist Towelette!
WASHES HANDS AND FACE WITHOUT WATER, SOAP, TOWEL
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The moist cleansing tissue in the neat carry-pak* that washes and cools face and hands—air-dries in seconds!

Package of 10, 49¢; package of 21, $1.00 at drug and cosmetic counters throughout the United States and Canada. For free sample send name and 10¢ for cost of mailing to Wash-'n-Dri, Canaan, Conn.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NEVER GET CAUGHT OUT WITHOUT WASH 'N DRI!

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Here's How I Gyp You

(Continued from Page 25)

no bargain. A recent Saturday Evening Post home survey found that 2.1 mattresses per home were purchased in the last five years. At least one of those mattresses on the average was bought on some sort of "reduced" basis. By the same token, the average American family will purchase two mattresses in the next five years and be misled, if not outright gypped, on one of them!

Department of Commerce figures for 1955 show that each family is good for $210 in annual purchases of furniture and appliances. This means that you, as an average American family, will have $210 of your income exposed to the borax man this year—and every year. Why do I know? I've been selling furniture for twenty years. It's my job to see that Weld gets his share of this business.

Bedding is not the only tool of the borax dealer. He gimmicks with many items, particularly the "group." The complete eleven-piece living-room group, or the fifteen-piece bedroom outfit, or the fifty-three-piece kitchen group, which is actually a five-piece dinette set and a lot of cheap dishes. Most of the pieces that puff up these listings are low-cost items.

A breakdown of a twenty-five-piece bedroom group the Weld Stores ran recently at $198, discloses that nineteen of those pieces consisted of cheap sheets, pillowcases, pillows, bedspread, throw rugs and lamps that had cost us a total of twenty-one dollars. The remainder was a cheap three-piece bedroom suite with bedspring and mattress. The dresser mirror was counted separately to make the twenty-fifth piece.

A chain down South featured on television a three-room group priced at $295 complete. The demonstrator walked from room to room, praising the pieces included. In the living room he mentioned the sofa, rocker and spot chair. He did not mention the three tables and two lamps that dressed up the setting. He praised the bed and dresser in the bedroom, but neglected mentioning the pillows, bedspread and lamps shown. He completed his inventory in the kitchen by pointedly describing the small table and four chairs. In the background, modern kitchen appliances stood neglected. By visual inference, the unmentioned pieces are included in the "complete" $295 price. Try to get them!

The phony price tag is about the oldest and slickest way of gunning for the bargain hunter. It might be put on by the local merchant or could be a preticketed price—that is, a ticket printed by the manufacturer. The phony price tag is used as a comparative price.

Comparative price, by definition, is the claim of a merchant that the value of an article is greater than the price at which he is offering it for sale. Its misuse has so increased recently that Better Business Bureaus are waging a major campaign against such misrepresentation.

False comparative pricing is the main device used by all borax men. This explains why bedding is perhaps the best of the items to be boraxed. Many bedding factories—but not the big, nationally known brand names—will put practically any price label on their product that the dealer asks for. The consumer finds the preticketed price easy to believe. Isn't it the factory's original price? Of course, it's right there to be seen.

An extensive survey conducted in the Pittsburgh area disclosed that 58 per cent of the consumers said they generally believed comparative price claims of bedding and furniture ads.

A few weeks ago a customer indulged in some crowing at my expense after I closed a sale for $900. One of my salesmen had used the TO system—turned over the customer to me when he asked for cut prices.

"I fixed you that time, brother," the man laughed. "I knew you had puffed-up prices, but I knocked them down. Come clean now, how about it?"

I shook my head sadly. "You're sharp, all right," I conceded with a sheepish grin. "By the time I figure my expenses for delivery, I'll be lucky not to lose money."

Actual landed (delivered) cost of the merchandise totaled $540, leaving me $360 gross profit. That will carry its share of the overhead and leave a reasonable net profit.

The bargain hunter is our meat. She's particularly easy, because we give her what she's looking for—a "bargain." I use "she" automatically because the wife is usually the one who does most of the shopping for home furnishings. Actually she's no more of a sucker than her husband.

The bargain hunter chases the Special Sales, particularly the big events. The borax dealer furnishes these sales. He loves an excuse for a really big sale. Sometimes it comes ready-made through disaster—Fire Sale, Going Out of Business, Lost Our Lease, Flood Sale. More often he has to manufacture an excuse—Factory Close-Out, Distress Stock, Special Purchase, We Need Cash, We're Cleaning House, Bankrupt Stock, and a host of others.

Sometimes the disaster is actually manufactured. Weld once rented an extra warehouse for sixty days for the sole purpose of running a Lost Our Warehouse Lease during the last thirty days. Another dealer in a large city recently ran a Going Out of Business sale. Small type made it clear that he was going out of business at only one of his warehouse locations.

When a real disaster hits, the borax man moves fast. Weld's Fire Sale was for real. To begin, that is. It happened shortly after I started working for the Weld Stores. Weld dragged me from bed to the phone at two A.M., calling from a town we'll call Barlow. The Weld Store there had burned that evening. He wanted me there at once.

I drove through the night and pulled up a half block from the Barlow store in the cold gray light that precedes sunrise. This was an event for the small town and several knots of people still stood around. I skirted water standing in the street and approached the blackened building. The front windows were shattered. The gutted top stood stark and torn against the sky. Inside, figures were moving around among several bare light bulbs that were glaring brightly. A cable ran through one display window. Emergency lighting had been rigged.

I recognized several of Weld's other store managers and finally found Weld near the rear of the big room. He was ripping price tags off pieces of scorched and water-soaked furniture, and replacing them with new tags. Weld then dropped a Sale Price tag over each new tag.

"Help me with these, Lee," Weld said without greeting. He showed me the tag he had just completed. It was for a sofa and matching chair. The cost code showed $131. Weld had marked the retail up to $399, then drop-tagged it at $229.

I said, "Won't they know that's a false price? Isn't it too obvious?"

"People don't reason at a fire sale," Weld replied. "It's all bargains to them. It's our biggest opportunity to make it fast. You'll get an education today, Lee. Just tag them on this same basis."

The pungent odor of smoke hung heavy in the air as I started retagging pieces at approximately three times their cost, then drop-tagging them at just under double cost.

At one point I noticed that a truck was unloading in the rear of the store, but it didn't register until a couple of hours later when I was having coffee with Bill Johnson, another Weld store manager, in a nearby restaurant.

Bill excitedly told me how Weld had got things rolling as soon as he arrived. "While she was still burning," he said, "Weld woke up the sleepy one-horse newspaper and talked them into running a one-sheet extra covering the fire. He took the back side for his ad. He talked to the power company and phone company, got them to run in emergency lines. He got trucks rolling from other stores with extra stock."

"Extra stock?" I asked. "What's the idea?"

Bill's worn face looked wise. "On a deal like this the piddling stock this store carried would be gone by noon. There's enough piled in now to last the day out and leave some on the floor. You'll see more trucks roll tonight. It's a good chance to clean up the dead stock in the chain at a good mark-up. It's real organization, Lee. She burns one evening, and we have a slam-bang sale going at eight in the morning."

As we returned to the store I saw the banner across the front. Big flaming letters read: FIRE SALE! Canvas dropcloths had been stretched across the broken display windows to arouse curiosity in the gathering crowd. Inside, Weld gathered his men for a final briefing.

"You've all been in big sales before." Weld's voice was low, yet transmitted excitement throughout the group. "This will probably be the biggest for most of you. There won't be much sales resistance. Don't stay with a customer unless it's for a houseful and she moves fast. Grab those who look ready. Work fast; write as many sales as you can. There'll be a lot of mumsers, just lookers. Drop them quick, find a live one. About prices: you can cut ten per cent under any tagged price if necessary. Usually it won't be."

Weld's voice was cutting through the air like a knife. "I want results. We've got the right occasion, the right stock, the right salesmen to set a record today. The Weld way is to pluck them when and where they're ripe. And they're ripe here and now. Open the doors!"

I worked steadily through the day with only a ten-minute break when someone shoved a sandwich and coffee at me. By evening my feet and legs were solid aches and my head throbbed. My voice was hoarse and my right hand had writer's cramp. I had lost count of my sales early in the day.

I looked around the store. Half the furniture had melted away, and red "sold" tags showed on many more pieces.

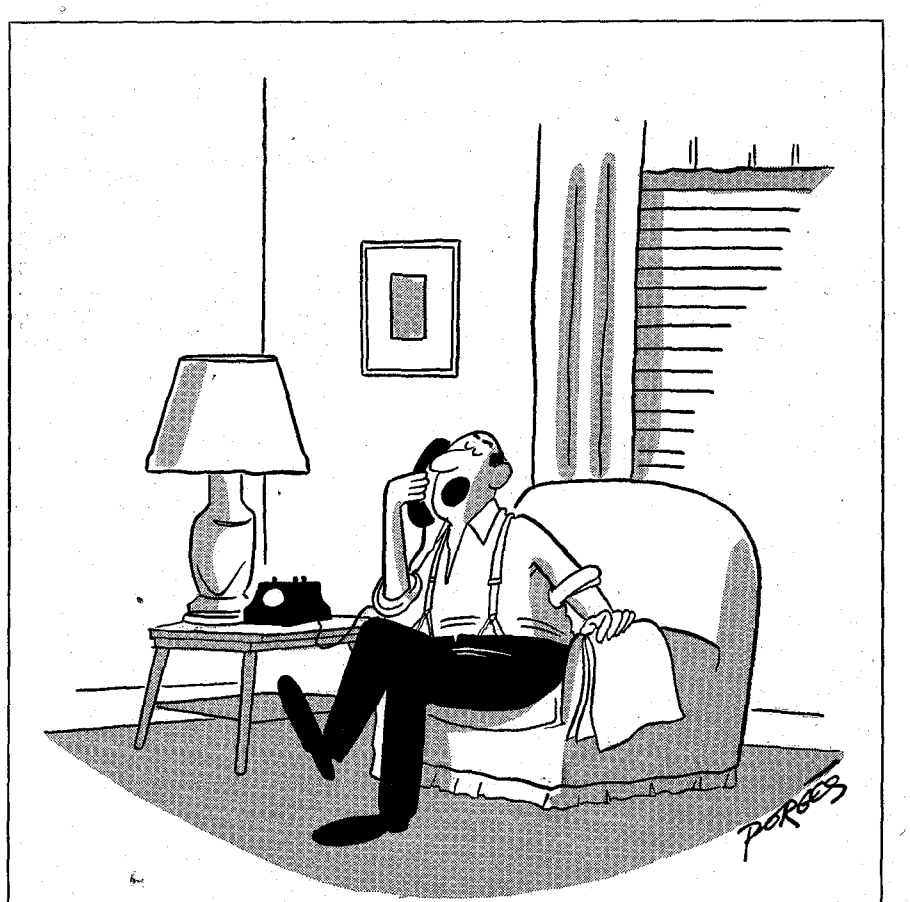
Trucks rolled during the night. Furniture was unloaded and displayed. We stacked what we could to conserve floor space.

When I saw Weld holding a match to a corner of a dining table I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. Ten feet away, Mac, a salesman, held a sprinkling can over a sofa and sprayed water on it.

"It's a fire sale," he said, "and furniture gets wet in a fire or burned. This junk just came in. We've got to make it believable."

I stayed with the sale three days, until it slacked and Weld sent us back to our stores. He had indeed been right. The mere fact that it was a fire sale drew people from all over that section of the state, and it caused them to cast reason to the winds. Customers fought over merchandise they had walked away from a week before at prices actually lower than they were paying now.

Not all furniture dealers gimmick, by any means. Many old reliable firms have solid, legitimate prices, as do many new ones. Others are on the fence, predominantly ethical, but willing to gimmick on a special sale or certain products. The field of bedding finds the most offenders because the customers can't see inside the mattress and can tell little about the number and (*Continued on Page 76*)



"It's good to hear your voice too! Who are you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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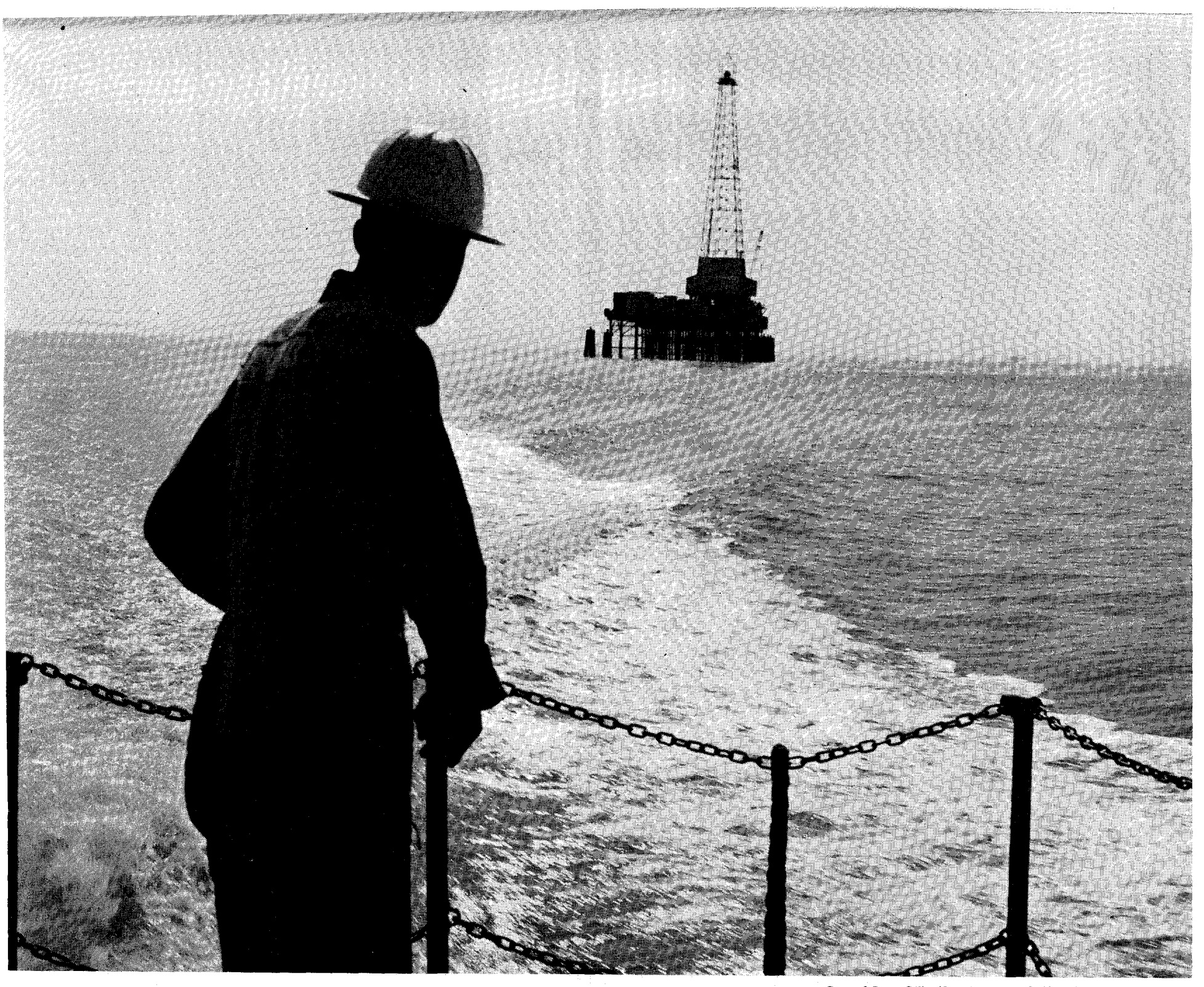


One of Pure Oil's 41 wells in the Gulf of Mexico.

How Pure Oil put out to sea to boost tomorrow's oil supply

PURE, the pioneer in offshore wells, now has 41 of 'em

On March 17, 1938, Pure Oil helped bring in the world's first offshore oil well, a mile off the coast of Louisiana.

Now Pure Oil has 41 wells in the Gulf of Mexico (and we're drilling the 42nd), as far as 18 miles from shore and as much as 3 miles deep. And every day, they produce approximately 2,500 barrels of oil and 150,000,000 cubic feet of gas.

These offshore wells represent a tremendous investment. The drilling platform alone uses 644 tons of steel, costs $500,000. It may cost $1.5 million to bring in a single well.

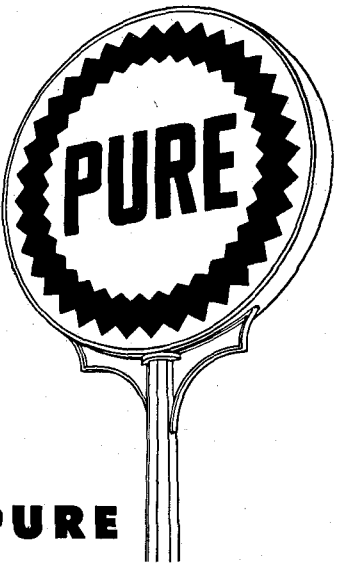
Why, then, should PURE drill in the water when it has nearly 5,000,000 acres under lease on land in the United States and Canada?

Because gold—even black gold—is where you find it, and the high potentials of these offshore fields have been proved. And PURE, like other oil companies, has an obligation to meet America's ever-growing thirst for petroleum, the indispensable driving force of modern industry and transportation.

So PURE goes to unusual lengths in finding petroleum, refining it, transporting it, and delivering it to our more than 15,000 stations in 24 states.

We call it putting the *sure* in PURE.

The PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 74*) quality of coils, padding used or weight of tick.

The large, nationally advertised bedding lines steer clear of gimmicks. The prices of their mattresses are maintained and represent good values. They are your best bet to keep from being taken in by the borax dealers. Most of these national lines are advertised and sold at $69.50 or $79.50. But these manufacturers have recently brought out promotional numbers to fight the unfair competition of false preticketing.

Most of their promotional numbers are advertised as a $59.50 value reduced to $39.50 for a limited time. But these are not, nor are they advertised as, their top featured numbers. Recently several of the big boys in the trade have been forced by higher costs of material to raise their promotional price from $39.50 to $44.50 to avoid reducing quality.

The borax dealers rely on a number of smaller bedding factories, selling mostly in one or two states, that will place a false price on their product—any price the dealer demands—and, in a few cases, even false "contents" labels. There are so many of these smaller plants that they dominate the total number of pieces sold, outselling in the aggregate the big-name brands. They lend themselves to gimmicks such as the following:

A West Coast dealer, after arranging a new bedding line-up with his supplier, called in his top salesmen to go over the setup. He was bringing out three numbers, he explained, each marked with the store's exclusive label and preticketed at $39.50, $49.50 and $59.50. There wouldn't be much difference in quality, only in appearance. Each price bracket would carry the same cheap 180-coil springs.

Delivered cost would allow each number to be sold for ten dollars less than the marked price, and still maintain a markup of more than 100 per cent on cost. This would permit the salesman to discount ten dollars or allow a ten-dollar trade-in for any used mattress the customer might have.

"We'll receive special demonstrators for each number," the dealer continued. "Now here's the joker: Each demonstrator has a two-hundred-and-fifty-two-coil unit of highly tempered springs. It's built heavy throughout. But it'll have the same tick and label as the mattress you'll deliver. You can bend a corner of the demonstrator double and drop a knee on it, a very effective sales gimmick. But remember, you'll deliver a hundred-and-eighty-coil unit. Don't bend one of those!"

Someone asked, "You mean we can handle the demonstrator for the cheap number as rough as the demonstrator for the best?"

"Right," the boss replied. "They're all the same except for tick and label. As for guarantees: five years on the first two numbers, and ten on the top. When complaints come in—and they will—you'll gimmick. Most pieces will hold up for the first year, until they're paid for. Replace any that don't. After that, you all know the old gag: 'Sorry, lady; our guarantee is against structural defects, and it's clear to see that this was caused by rough treatment. However, we'll give you a nice trade-in allowance on a new mattress.' That way you turn a complaint into a new sale."

What, if anything, is being done to combat these tactics? Better Business Bureaus from coast to coast are joining forces to wage a major campaign. In the first three months of this year, articles appeared in Retailing Daily (now called Home Furnishings Daily) about campaigns being fought in New York, Chicago, Denver, Atlanta, Buffalo, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento and St. Louis. Home Furnishings Daily is one of the most widely read furniture-trade publications.

Malpractices are much worse in the big cities, on the average, than in smaller cities and towns. In Los Angeles, for example, the Better Business Bureau had repeatedly requested a chain of stores to correct misleading ads. Finally the B.B.B. took the drastic step of requesting newspaper, radio and TV ad departments to refuse what it termed "unfair copy" from the retailer. Cutting off a borax man's advertising is cutting off his life blood.

In Chicago, where the Better Business Bureau has been waging a particularly bitter battle, the B.B.B. sometimes receives as many as forty calls in one day from complaining consumers.

The Chicago B.B.B. has issued a set of Basic Principles for Better Advertising for Home Furnishings, drawn up by a committee of furniture dealers. These cover such items as: comparative prices and preticketing; having sufficient quantities of advertised goods on hand and being willing to sell them; using illustrations that exaggerate values; false distress appeals, such as Manufacturer's Distress Inventory; improper use of the word "free"; inferring wholesale prices, such as Factory to You, when the advertiser is not the actual manufacturer.

"Baiting" is advertising an item at an unbelievably low price, then "nailing it down"—refusing to sell it. Usually the customer can be stepped up to a higher-priced piece because of the bait's shoddy appearance. When she cannot, she is told that the bait "is not available for immediate delivery and you'll have to wait." One perennial baiter is an almost constant source of worry to the Chicago B.B.B.

In reporting this dealer for the sixth time, the B.B.B. stated: "Seams and darts on the fabric covers of the (advertised) sofa and chair were sewn on the outside, leaving a raw, unfinished edge on the sides, backs and seats. Their appearance was such that a prospect would normally 'switch' himself from such a bait display."

The report went on to say that salesmen pointed out the unfinished seams and frayed edges on the advertised merchandise, then suggested "something better."

Still another case makes Weld a small-time piker. This store advertised new merchandise. After completion of each sale, the salesman wrote "All pieces secondhand" on the contract. They then delivered used furniture rather than the new merchandise the customer had been shown. Customers complained to the store and were shown the contracts with the "secondhand" notation above their signature. Several of these consumers then registered complaints with the B.B.B. At last report, these cases had been referred to the state's attorney's office for action.

A leading department store featured seven-piece dining-room suites and showed pictures including buffets and china cabinets. The seven pieces turned out to be a table and six chairs. A customer complained to the B.B.B., which in turn contacted the dealer. As a result of the bureau's intercession, the customer finally received a table, four chairs, buffet and china cabinet, as shown in the ad.

The Better Business Bureau's method of operation is first to try to sign up all dealers to a pledge of co-operation. When violations are noted, requests to desist are made. After repeated violations, the B.B.B. tells radio and television stations and newspapers that accepting further advertising from the store involved is "not in the public interest." Sometimes this is effective. Sometimes it isn't.

At the present time the laws governing misrepresentation are rather lax. In support of B.B.B.'s, the Federal Trade Commission is stepping up its campaign against false preticketing at factories. But progress so far has been very slow. Where one dealer is stopped in his practices, hundreds of others continue unchecked.

The Weld Stores are gradually undergoing a transition. "I've done most of my growing," Weld says. "Now I want to dig in and hold the ground I've gained. Build up the name Weld in all the towns we're in." Weld now is offering better values, better furniture. But the borax is still there, covered by the new-found prestige. Weld has found a way to sell even the discriminating shopper who, once fooled, asks for a better mattress or sofa next time. The front half of the Weld store I run is covered with prestige furniture. Recently I had a customer who wanted quality. Any price cutting would have raised suspicion as to the quality of items such as $200 chairs and $150 end tables which I was showing him.

I did not mislead him on quality of any piece, but steered him to the "right" furniture. As a result, I quickly gained his confidence. In less than an hour he handed me a check for $2000 in return for items costing us $978 at wholesale. To close the sale, I had totaled the list at $2043 and generously agreed to accept $2000 even.

So the shopper for quality, as well as the bargain hunter, must beware the borax man these days. That gentleman, while he received quality, could have purchased the same items from an ethical operator for two or three hundred dollars less.

Weld's jacked-up, phony price tags permit him also to give puffed-up trade-in allowances. The ad that reads "$50 For Your Old Suite, Regardless of Condition" should be obvious to anyone. But it pulls.

On our floor right now is a bedroom suite tagged $249. We don't expect to get that price. We have another suite, fairly similar and costing the same, with a Special Sale card reading $198. If the prospect has a trade-in, we show her the $249 number and allow $50 for her suite. It's that simple.

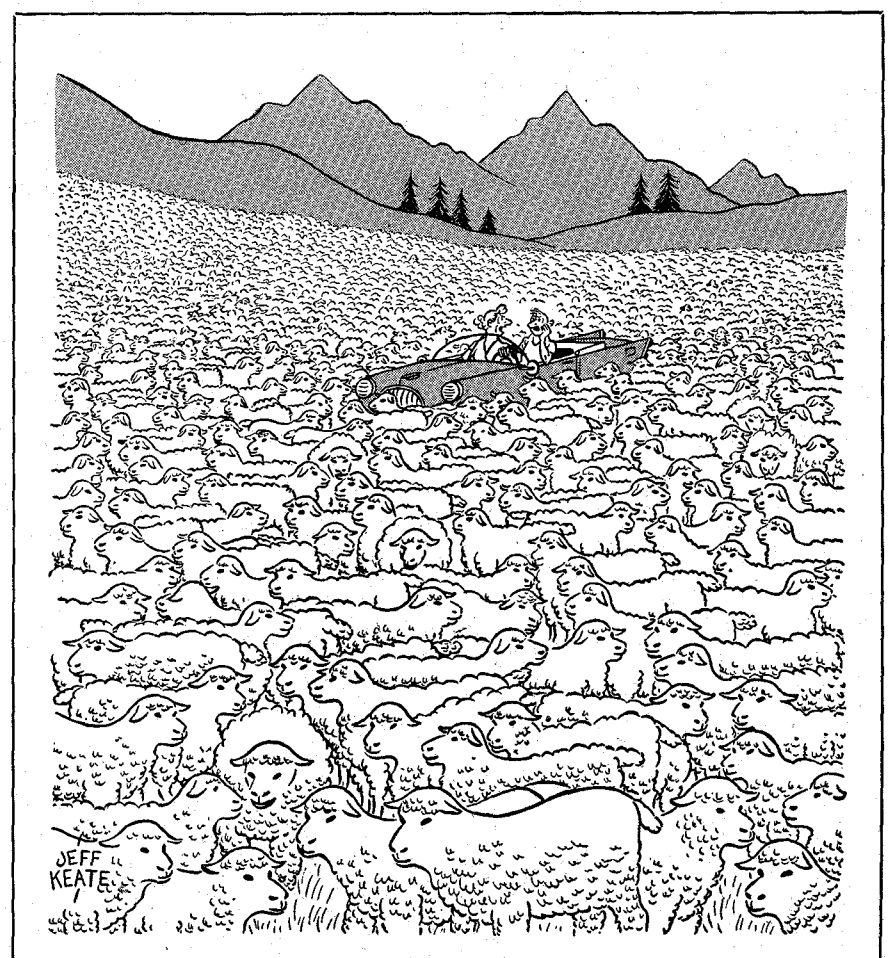
Recently I explained to a customer that "some stores" operate that way, and tried to sell her a real value we were closing out, without any trade-in. She wasn't to be taken in by such a strange sales maneuver. She had a suite to trade and someone would take it. She turned abruptly and left the store. Even when you try to tell them, do they believe you? I went back to boraxing.

What can be done to ease this situation? First, the furniture and bedding industries can take steps, as can the retailers. Ethical dealers can run a series of educational ads, exposing illegal practices. The drive which National Retail Furniture Association has started in co-ordination with the Better Business Bureaus can be strengthened by dealer support. They can institute a drive for laws against false advertising. These laws can be given teeth. Too many of our states are woefully weak in such laws and their enforcement. These need strengthening. Nationwide bedding standards should be established as to number and quality of coils, padding used, weight of tick. All this information should appear on the label. Preticketing should be based on actual value.

Meantime you can take other action for your own protection. When you go out to spend that $210 the Department of Commerce says you'll put into home furnishings this year, shop at more than one store. If you shop a Special Sale item, check that same item in at least one more store before buying. Follow the B.B.B. slogan: "Before you invest, investigate."

Beware of drastic price reductions. Don't be a sucker for bait advertising. Report suspected violations to your local Better Business Bureau. This action on a large scale will smoke us out, force us to grade up.

Why am I, a borax man, telling you all this, telling you to smoke us out? Because when you do, I'll still have a job, I'll still sell furniture, but I'll be doing it with a clear conscience. THE END



"Know any more back roads that won't get us all snarled up in traffic?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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10 hp . . . purrfect for a picnic afloat

GO FULLY LOADED OR TRAVEL LIGHT

"Sweetest-running Johnsons ever!"

There's nothing like a boat. It's an island with no grass to cut. It's a picnic grounds where the kids can't get lost. And it's a bridge to adventure that widens the whole family's outlook.

All nine new Johnsons are built to preserve your peace of mind. And to keep the peace that comes only on water. Traditional Sea-Horse stamina gives you round trip dependability. (A new slip-clutch propeller ends drive pin worries!) Johnson-pioneered Suspension Drive holds motor noise down below conversation levels. And now there's even easier manual starting throughout the line, plus 12-volt electric kickover for the two new Johnson power classes at 18 and 35 hp.

See your Johnson dealer now. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages.

FREE! For 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write to: Johnson Motors, 121 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. *Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.*

FOR YOU IN '57! WHAT A WIDE AND WONDERFUL CHOICE!

Golden Javelin*...35 hp...$625	Sea-Horse 18....18 hp...$395
Sea-Horse 35*...35 hp....585	Sea-Horse 10....10 hp....340
Sea-Horse 35....35 hp....495	Sea-Horse 7½...7½ hp...260
Sea-Horse 18*...18 hp....475	Sea-Horse 5½...5½ hp...230
Sea-Horse 3....3 hp...$155	

**12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging 10-ampere generator available as accessory on first two models). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)*

A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you *JOHNSON KNOWS BEST*

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Manufacturers of the finest office chairs in the country use Bassick ball bearing casters and Flo-Tilt chair controls. Bassick casters' soft rubber tread wheels provide

EASY ROLLING

and protect floors, too...when you move furniture. Look for Bassick Diamond Arrow casters as a sign of quality on all office equipment and other furniture you buy. Ask for Bassick casters at hardware dealers everywhere.

Another mark of quality in office chairs is Bassick's exclusive "Flo-Tilt" chair control. Unlike usual tilting controls which depend on springs, you get completely

SAFE TILTING

with "Flo-Tilt's" rubber torsion unit. It gives quiet, comfortable and safe tilting action, and never lets go. Ask for chairs with "Flo-Tilt" controls. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 5, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont. 7.15

Bassick
A DIVISION OF STUART SW WARNER
MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS
MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

The Year of Discontent

(Continued from Page 18)

"The last time," Marian said, "was at my young sister's wedding, eight years ago."

"You want to wear a long dress? O.K., we'll get all gussied up one of these nights, take in one of the country-club dances and really live it up."

"You don't really want to, do you, Henry?"

"Me? Certainly." He knew the mood, engendered probably by telephone yakety-yak that afternoon, or by something she had read, or seen, or just dreamed up. It was a transitory development, and, if handled right, would be forgotten.

He was conscious that Marian was still sitting quietly and looking at him with more than casual interest. He tried to concentrate on his paper, but finally gave up. "Why are you staring at me?"

"I'm trying to see the man I married."

"Shouldn't be too hard. I'm not very far away."

"And don't say that we've been married twenty years."

"Well, we have been, you know."

"I know, but that's no reason to settle back and stagnate."

"Stagnate!" Henry yelped. "We aren't stagnating. We're raising a fine girl, we own our home, business has never been better, we've grown in grace and wisdom, and it's nice to think that we have done this with a minimum of stress. We aren't two children any more. Let's face it."

"Yes," Marian said, "we're old married people. Ah me! And they used to call you 'The Wolf of Marshville.' Oh, you were some lad in those days."

"Only Gus Heinrich, whose father owned the brewery, called me that."

"I must admit, though, that I was afraid of you."

"Me?"

"Uh-huh. All the stories I used to hear. And that lean, sort of wicked look you had. Speaking of being lean, I read yesterday that a man should weigh what he weighed at twenty-five. You were a hundred and fifty-nine then."

"Oh, brother!" Henry moaned. "Women and elephants."

"I'll bet if you were courting me all over again, you'd weigh one hundred and fifty-nine again."

"But I'm not courting you all over again."

"Why not?"

"Because we're married, that's why not."

"You used to send me flowers twice a week, and once drove clear across the state of Washington just to spend a few hours with me. Would you do that now?"

"I don't have to. All I have to do is come home."

"You used to hold me on your lap and quote poetry."

Henry winced.

"You used to say that when you looked into my eyes you felt as if you were drowning."

"I said that?"

"You don't remember?"

"Not exactly. Youth is given to extravagant phraseology."

"You mean you didn't mean any of those nice things you said?"

"Certainly I meant them. It's just that as we mature, our values change, our way of life. It's normal. It's ——"

"We become stodgy."

"We do not become stodgy," Henry said, louder than he intended. "We become adults."

"Content to sit and rusticate. Movie actors and actresses keep themselves young because they have an incentive. Athletes look ten years younger than they are because they are forever competing with younger men."

"I'm not competing with younger men."

"Oh, I don't know," Marian said. "Three young fellows whistled at me today."

"Sure, and I suppose they said, 'Man, look at that real cool chick.'"

"They might have," Marian said loftily. "Anyway, I do not intend spending my remaining years cultivating a middle-aged spread and two chins because I'm a housewife. When I go home to visit mother, my old boy friends still look a bit wistful."

Jill came in from the kitchen—Jill the lovely, Jill the black-Irish copy of her mother, Jill the unpredictable, who would soon be eighteen—a sleek, green-eyed, black-haired creature, as charged with energy as a jet engine. Now and then, Henry became alarmed at the super-abundance of young men who took up all available space on the Fieldings' long screened porch.

"Holy Hannah!" he had said to Marian. "Where do these young sprouts come from?"

... ...

Strangely Familiar

By May Richstone

Never think, once married,
That you are through
With that bittersweet blend
Of rapture and rue;

Back it will surge,
That tumultuous stage,
When your daughter
arrives
At romantic age!

... ...

"One came all the way from Oregon City," Marian had said smugly.

"Why?"

"Why!" Marian said. "Because Jill is a three-alarm riot. She looks like a misplaced angel, she's built like a three-hundred-dollar watch, she looks sexy and ——"

"Marian!" Henry screamed. "That's no way to talk about our daughter!"

"It doesn't mean anything. Looking sexy is nice as long as you don't take it seriously. Jill doesn't even know it. I didn't know it myself till five years after we were married."

Henry stared at his wife. "And how did you find out?"

"Why, you told me," Marian said. "Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't, and by the lord Harry, Jill ——"

"Don't make a speech," Marian said. "Honestly, men are so funny. They blow a fuse over some girl, and after they marry her, she isn't supposed to retain any of the things that made him blow a fuse in the first place."

Now Jill stood in the doorway and said, "Mother, we're supposed to be there at eight, and it's seven-fifteen."

"I'll get ready in a few minutes," Marian said.

"Be where at eight?" Henry said.

"The Oswegan Little Theater," Marian said. "They're putting on four plays this year. The first is an original by Webster Cook, and he said there's a part that was written for me."

"Who's Webster Cook?" Henry said.

"Oh, dad, he's just the most fascinating man you ever met. Sort of a cross between Jeff Chandler and Montgomery Clift. You know, iron-gray hair and a sort of brooding expression."

"That would make him pretty good," Henry said. He looked at his wife. "When did this interest in the theater begin?"

"When I decided not to stagnate."

"Webster Cook thought mother was my sister," Jill said. "Isn't that a scream?"

"Yeah," Henry said. "I hope I don't get hysterical." He realized that he should have anticipated this sort of thing and forestalled it by shaking himself out of his chair and taking Marian dancing now and then. But how does a man know these things? He remembered asking Marian to go with him, one time, to Club Eighty-Eight.

"Heavens!" Marian had said. "I have nothing to wear, it's P.T.A. night, I'm in charge of refreshments, and anyway, Martha Allerby said the floor show is terrible."

So that was the way it went. *Fielding, you should have a crystal ball.* Jill went on upstairs. Henry turned back to the sports page.

Presently, Marian said, "Henry, what would you think if I were to become involved in this Little-Theater thing and have an affair?"

Henry threw the paper on the floor, got out of his chair and started pacing the floor and waving his arms. "Holy Toledo!" he screamed. "This is really the most ridiculous thing I ever heard you say! Oh, I know. You're needling me because I haven't taken you dancing, because you haven't worn a long dress, because I don't weigh what I weighed at twenty-five. That's quite apparent. But I do not think that it's in good taste to threaten me with something like that."

"I was merely trying to see whether anything would shock you out of that sports page, if you want the truth."

"All right," Henry said, "you shocked me out of the sports page. Now see here, Marian, if you and Jill want to go into this Little Theater rat race, go ahead. It's a wholesome, normal outlet, but let's not dress it up with a lot of phony innuendoes."

"Yes, sir," Marian said. "End of speech. I think I'll go up and get ready."

After she and Jill were gone, Henry seethed for half an hour, and then realized that he was acting just as Marian wanted him to act. Therefore, he decided that he would treat the whole thing with amused tolerance.

Marian and Jill got home at eleven-thirty. Henry was in his pajamas and robe. "Well, how are the actresses?"

"Mother read the part of Mitzie, who's the 'other woman,' and Webster Cook, who plays opposite mother, was positively enchanted. He says that she'll be a riot in the bedroom scene and ——"

"The what?" Henry said.

"The bedroom scene that's the high point of the play," Jill said. "Mother wears this real cool black nightgown and ——"

"Oh, no, she doesn't!" Henry yelped. "Your mother is not wearing any real cool black nightgown in any scene with this Cook character!"

"Why, you're jealous!" Marian said happily. "I think that's kind of cute."

"I am not jealous, and if I were, it would not be cute. It would be silly. That's all we need. You parading around in a black ——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Henry," Marian said, "the place isn't a den of iniquity,

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you know. It's just a group trying to have a bit of cultural fun. Why don't you go with us tomorrow night and see?"

"I may just do that," Henry said.

The next evening he drove Jill and Marian to the theater. Henry had always viewed with suspicion all things cultural, preferring the actual sunset to an abstract painting of one, believing that a two hours' walk in skid road gave him a better slice of life than a two-hour play. He would rather visit with a truck driver than a professor; he would rather have a glass of beer with a longshoreman than with William Faulkner, and he much preferred airline pilots to artists. But these were not conscious traits and he was not the reverse of a cultural snob. He said of himself that he just didn't know any better.

Suspiciously, he walked into the Little Theater with Marian and Jill. Webster Cook greeted them when they entered. What Jill had said was undeniably true. The man was big, lean, looked fit, smiled largely, showing teeth as even and white as a row of tennis balls.

Marian introduced Henry to Webster Cook and then left them together.

Webster Cook watched Marian walk away. "Your wife," he said, "is a very charming woman."

"I have noticed that," Henry said, "in the last twenty years."

"I couldn't believe at first that she's Jill's mother," the man said. "She doesn't look old enough. If Jill weren't the image of Marian, I'd think, if you'll pardon me, that you had been married before."

In other words, Henry thought, *I sure as the devil look old enough to be the father of Jill.*

"She's Jill's mother, all right. We have a certificate to prove it."

"Sorry there isn't a part for you in The Burning Heart," Webster Cook said. "This play is concerned with quite a young age group. However, if you're interested, we need stage hands, people to paint furniture, scenery—that sort of thing."

Henry began to feel like a doddering old man. "No, thanks. Couldn't give the time to it. I just stopped to take a quick look."

"Fine!" Webster Cook said heartily. "Any time. Look, this may be a bit boring for you. If you'd like, I'll drive your wife and daughter home. We'll be here for over two hours, maybe three."

Henry could see no point in staying. He thanked Webster Cook and took off. He stopped at the drugstore to look over the magazines and have a cup of coffee. He sipped the coffee and stared at himself in the mirror. He saw a more or less standard countenance. Temples receding a bit and he needed glasses for reading. He looked, he supposed, forty-two, which was all right with him. Engrossed in his own thoughts and shortcomings, he didn't notice Sue McCrae until she said, "Night-dreaming, Henry?"

He turned. Sue lived just three doors from the Fieldings in a sprawling mansion inherited from her father, along with his fortune. She had married David McCrae eight years ago, found out that he had no intention of doing anything but spend her money, and two years ago had given him a legal heave-ho. She was thirty-two and a sun-tanned, sleek blonde, as friendly as a nine-year-old girl, but looked upon by the matrons of Oswegan as a menace. She was beautiful, rich and available. When Sue was around, there was a marked tendency for wives to gather their husbands, like hens clucking to their chicks at the sight of a hawk.

Henry grinned at Sue. "Hi, Sue. No, not night-dreaming; just being a Little Theater widower."

"Ah, yes," Sue said. "The fascinating, charming Webster Cook."

"You know him?"

"And a hundred others like him. They make a career of enchanting women by satisfying a thirst for flattery and intrigue, and they bore me."

"Is that so?" Henry said, straightening.

"They see an attractive matron, only slightly disenchanted with her role as a housewife—nothing that a husband couldn't cure with roses and candy and a night club—and before she knows what's happening, he has her convinced that she's a bewitching creature, wasting herself in a sinkful of dirty dishes. From there to champagne and dinner for two in his lake-shore apartment is a short step."

Henry nearly choked on his coffee. "You don't say!"

"And it's the fault of the husbands. In their offices they're as alert as a spaniel during hunting season. As soon as they get home, they collapse like a broken ironing board. If they'd take their women out for a bit of cheer and a samba, the Webster Cooks of this world would go back to their holes in the ground."

Sue was hitting Henry below the belt. He knew that she was speaking objectively, but she was hitting him as unerringly as a radar-controlled guided missile. He felt that a more subjective approach might be in order.

"But take me, for instance. I can't samba, and when I come home at night after a day in the city's jungle, I'm beat."

"You? Why, Henry, you're a young man. You're only two years older than Gregory Peck."

"I am?"

"You're younger than Cary Grant and Benny Goodman, and only four years older than Bobby Feller."

"How do you know all these things?"

"Because I like men. Statistics about them stick in my alleged brain."

Henry straightened. "Bobby Feller! Well, what do you know?" Then he shook his head. "I still can't samba."

"Henry," Sue said, "I've taken dancing lessons since I was eight years old. I can teach you the samba in no time at all."

Henry could see himself now, leading Marian out on the dance floor and watching her incredulous delight as he started the first samba steps. It would be a real thrill for her. Come to think of it, why shouldn't they go out on the town more often? Younger than Cary Grant, eh? That was a surprise. Cary Grant walked as if he had springs in his shoes.

"Sue, it's a deal," Henry said, "but let's not tell Marian. I'd like to surprise her."

Sue frowned. "That seems to me a strategic error. Marian might find out and think I'm trying to steal her husband."

"Why, that's ridiculous."

"I know it is, but who's to convince Marian?"

Henry waved a hand. "Don't give it a thought. Marian isn't the jealous type."

"Every woman is the jealous type, Henry, but I can risk it. Start tonight?"

"Let's go."

Two hours later, Henry came home, humming the tune to which he had been dancing. Sue had said that he was a natural dancer, with a fine sense of rhythm.

Henry went upstairs and changed into pajamas and robe. As he undressed, he looked critically at the suit he was wearing. It was a conservative dark gray, pretty much the kind he had always bought. Webster Cook had been wearing gray flannels and a cashmere jacket. No reason for a man to dress as if he were going to preach somewhere, Henry told himself. Maybe he was stagnating. He'd

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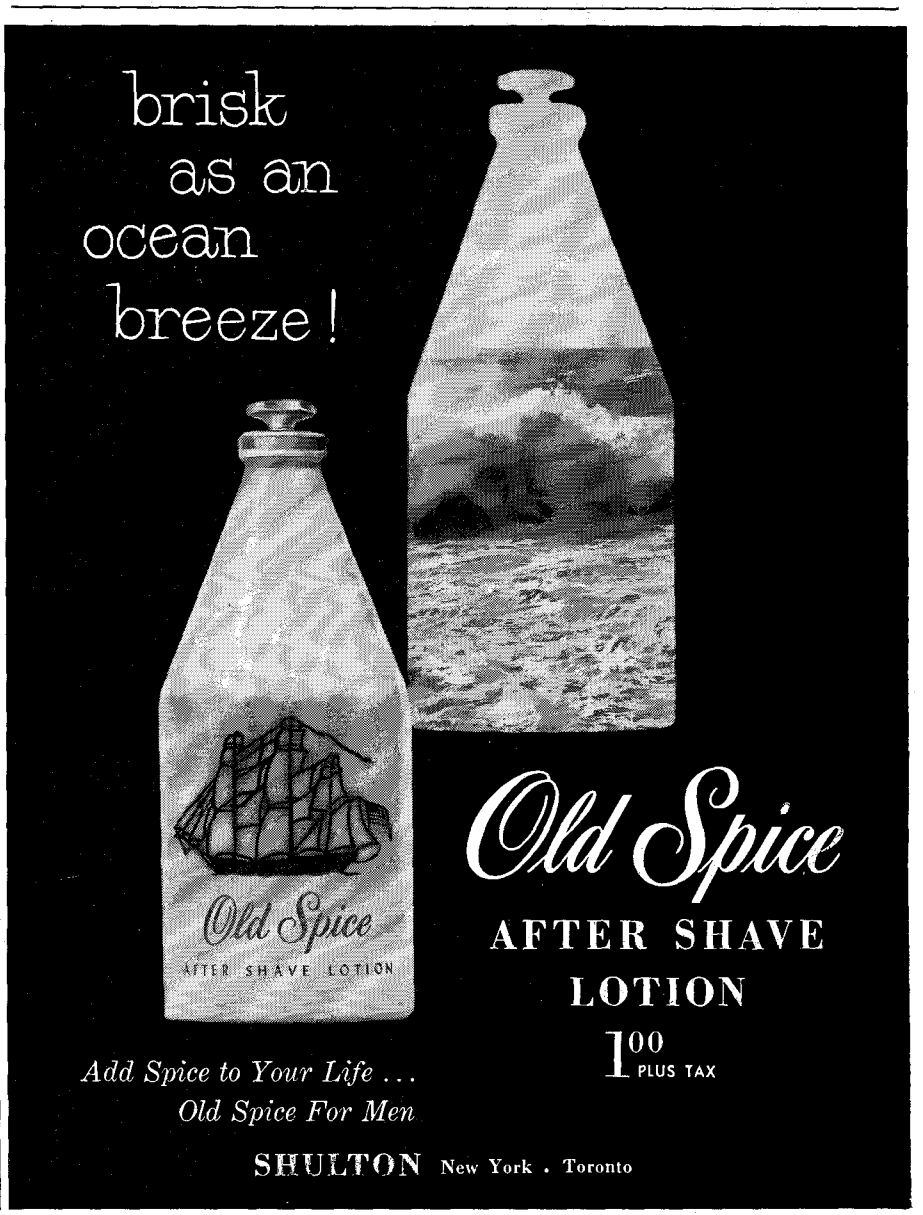

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stop in tomorrow at The Squire and see what they had.

When Jill and Marian got home they came into the house chattering like hysterical squirrels. Henry went downstairs. "Well, how'd it go?"

"Marvelous!" Jill said. . . . "Mother, isn't Webster just fascinating?"

"Well, he's alert."

"Does he have a lake-shore apartment?" Henry said.

"I'll say he does," Jill said. "I understand it's fabulous. I'd love to see it."

"You stay out of his lake-shore apartment!" Henry shouted.

"Well, pardon me. All I said was ——"

"I'm wise to his kind. Make a woman think she's wasting herself in a sinkful of dirty dishes. Him and his champagne."

Jill looked at her mother and shrugged her shoulders. Marian looked at her daughter and raised her eyebrows. "You seem to know the procedure, Henry."

"I wasn't born yesterday," Henry said.

"Yes, dear, we know that."

"But I'm only four years older than Bobby Feller."

"Who's Bobby Feller?" Jill said.

"They make a career of enchanting women by satisfying a thirst for flattery."

"Whatever in the world did Webster say to you?" Marian said. "You'd better put in a heavier fuse. You're liable to blow the one you have."

"All he said was that you're a charming woman, that if Jill weren't the image of you, he'd think I had been married before."

Marian brightened. "Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing's wrong," Henry said. "Did I say there was anything wrong?"

"Then why are you so upset?"

"I'm not upset!" Henry thundered. "I'm going to bed!"

The next day at noon he stopped in at The Squire, a men's clothing store where, for the price of a secondhand car, you could outfit yourself to look like a Yale man. It was presided over by a number of crew-cut young gentlemen who were impeccably dressed, and who had, collectively, as much conscience as a Russian commissar.

An hour later Henry walked out, somewhat stunned, his feelings akin to those he had had when, as a nineteen-year-old and fresh out of a summer's work in the woods, he had lost ninety dollars in a poker game.

I must be crazy, he told himself. He had bought a pair of gray flannels for thirty-five dollars, a cashmere jacket for one hundred and twenty-five, a silk suit for one hundred and seventy-five, and an assortment of shirts, ties, tie pins and cuff links. He tried to remember what had led up to this insanity. A young clerk had said, "A young man like you, with unimpeachable taste, will naturally want something along this line."

Then, Henry remembered, he had gone wild. *Well, let's live it up some more, Fielding, old boy. Let's see what there is to this crew-cut.* He walked into a barbershop, sat down, said, "Crew-cut," to the barber and then gave himself up to some self-hypnosis.

The rest of the afternoon he found himself glancing into mirrors. No one at the office said anything. Presumably they were stunned. By five-thirty, when he picked up his purchases at The Squire, he had convinced himself that the crew-cut took four years off his age.

Happily, both Marian and Jill were not home. He had stopped at a florist and bought a dozen roses. He left the box conspicuously on the dining-room table, went upstairs and arrayed himself in the gray flannels and the cashmere jacket. He looked at himself in the full-length mirror and beamed. Webster Cook! Ha! He didn't look so bad himself. By the lord Harry, Marian couldn't say that he was stagnating now. He leered at himself. The Wolf of Marshville rides again!

When he heard Marian and Jill come into the house through the back door, he walked casually into the kitchen and said, "Hi!"

Marian turned, looked at him and said, "Yi!"

"It's father, mother," Jill said. "I think."

Marian squinted at her husband. "Henry?" she said weakly.

"Yes, dear."

Marian advanced on her spouse. She sniffed. "You haven't been drinking, have you, Henry?"

"No, I have not been drinking. I merely bought some new clothes and got a crew-cut. You said the other night that I was stagnating. Well, I think the same thing. I've been wearing the same gray suit for some years, had my hair cut the same way for ten years. I just thought a little change might be stimulating."

"I see," Marian said, "I think."

"I—uh—brought you a little something." Henry said. He went into the dining room and brought Marian the box of roses. "Lovely as these are," he said, "you make them look like blooms cut from G.I. blankets."

Curiously, Marian broke the string, lifted the lid, looked inside. She started irrigating the kitchen. "Oh, Henry!" she sobbed. "They're lovely!"

"They're so lovely you're bawling?"

Marian turned on him. "New clothes, a crew-cut, a dozen roses. Henry Fielding, what are you up to?"

"Me? Nothing."

"Nothing!" Marian yelped. "Now honestly, darling, I know you. You're as complacent as a senior senator. Now all of a sudden this ——"

Henry spread his hands. "Marian, believe me, it was a number of things. I went into The Squire to get some clothes, and all the men had crew-cuts, so I decided ——"

Marian smiled. "Darling, Webster Cook isn't that important."

"Webster Cook had nothing to do with it!" Henry thundered. "Holy Toledo! If a man can't get a new outfit, get a new haircut and bring his wife roses, then he'd better get hardening of the arteries and a wheel chair."

"It's just that we don't want to be snowed under, Henry. We like these little touches to be a continuous thing." Marian lifted the roses out of the box and gave Henry a full, soft kiss on the mouth. "Thank you, Henry. It's really marvelous to have you try."

Henry had the feeling that there was something here that evaded him. Marian was acting as if he had tried to build a sand castle and had it destroyed by the rain. "Well," he said, "glad you liked the roses."

"I love them," Marian said, "and you look quite handsome in your crew-cut and new clothes."

That took care of that, Henry presumed. That evening he drove Marian and Jill to the Little Theater and then went to Sue McCrae's for his samba lesson.

When Sue saw him, her eyes widened. "Well, the Ivy League has come to town. I must say, Henry, that you look real cool."

"Never mind the teen-age dialogue," Henry said. "I merely got a haircut. Let's not make a Federal case out of it."

"Henry," Sue said, "is it all right if I say you look terrific?" . . .

Marian and Jill were home when Henry returned.

"Well," Marian said, "where have you been?"

"Here and there," Henry said.

Marian came close to him and sniffed. "More there than here, smells like. It doesn't have the scent of shaving lotion, darling."

Henry did not want to blush, but he did. "It's a little surprise. You'll have to sweat me out."

Marian seemed quite happy about the whole thing, for some strange reason. She looked at Henry with a quizzical smile. "Henry, I'll be glad to. Suddenly you seem more like the man I married."

"I'm the same man," Henry said stiffly. "I wish you wouldn't read into this transition more than is indicated."

"I don't intend to," Marian said. "I just want to be sure that this transition is engendered by me and not by some blonde."

"Blonde!" Henry said. "Why do you say that?"

"Every woman," Marian said, "is suspicious of a blonde."

"Stop right there!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And every man," he said, "is suspicious of a man who wants to do a scene in a play when the woman is wearing a black nightgown."

"Darling," Marian said, "it's just a play. It's merely an illusion."

"My wife in a black nightgown," Henry said, "is not an illusion."

"Why, thank you. I'm glad you noticed."

The status quo was maintained for a week. At the end of the week Sue had taught Henry not only the samba but the rumba, and for good measure, some jitterbug routines.

"You're ready," Sue told him. "Why don't you make reservations for yourself and Marian at Club Eighty-Eight on Friday? They have a new floor show and a South American band. You'll fracture 'em. And don't forget a corsage."

Henry frowned. "I don't know whether she'll go. She's still wrapped up in this theater thing."

"You'll never know," Sue said, "until you ask her." . . .

Thursday night, after Marian and Jill returned from play practice, Henry said, "Marian, it may be short notice, but I thought maybe you'd like to go to Club Eighty-Eight. They have a new floor show and ——"

"—— and a new South American band. I'd love it, Henry."

"I know it doesn't give you much time."

"I'll manage," Marian said. . . .

The next night Henry came home carrying a corsage. He got into his new silk suit. Marian was in Jill's room, dressing. When she appeared, Henry nearly went into shock. The dress was a swirling, candy-striped thing which made Marian look about twenty-two.

The table at Club Eighty-Eight was practically in the laps of the orchestra. Henry could hardly wait for a samba.

Marian looked at him and smiled. "I know you're waiting for a samba." She smiled at Henry. "Sue McCrae said that you could samba like a dream."

Henry stared at his wife. "She told you?"

Marian nodded. "Uh-huh. She's too good a friend to keep a secret. She was afraid I'd find out and be jealous."

"You aren't the jealous type."

"Oh, yes, I am," Marian said. "When you shake yourself a bit and get new clothes and a crew-cut, I'll slug any woman who takes a second look at you."

"Holy Hannah!" Henry said. "Then what's with this Webster Cook and this black-nightgown routine and this business of having an affair and all that? Why ——"

"Henry," Marian said, as if reciting the facts of life to a child, "I spotted Webster for a little curly wolf the first time I saw him. He gave me the lake-shore-apartment-and-champagne routine right at the start. Frankly, Henry, as a wolf, he can't hold a candle to you."

"But the play," Henry said. "The Burning Heart. You're supposed to ——"

Marian shrugged. "When I chilled him, he turned my part over to Doris Ransom. I've been painting scenery for the past week."

"Then for heaven's sake, why ——"

"Because you were taking me for granted, Henry. No woman alive can stand it."

"You mean all this just because you thought ——"

"Uh-huh. And you'd better remember it all your life, Henry Fielding."

Henry sat quite still and thought things over. He tasted his drink. The South American band started playing. He looked at his wife. "Care to samba, Mrs. Fielding?"

"Mr. Fielding," Marian said, "I'd love it."

THE END

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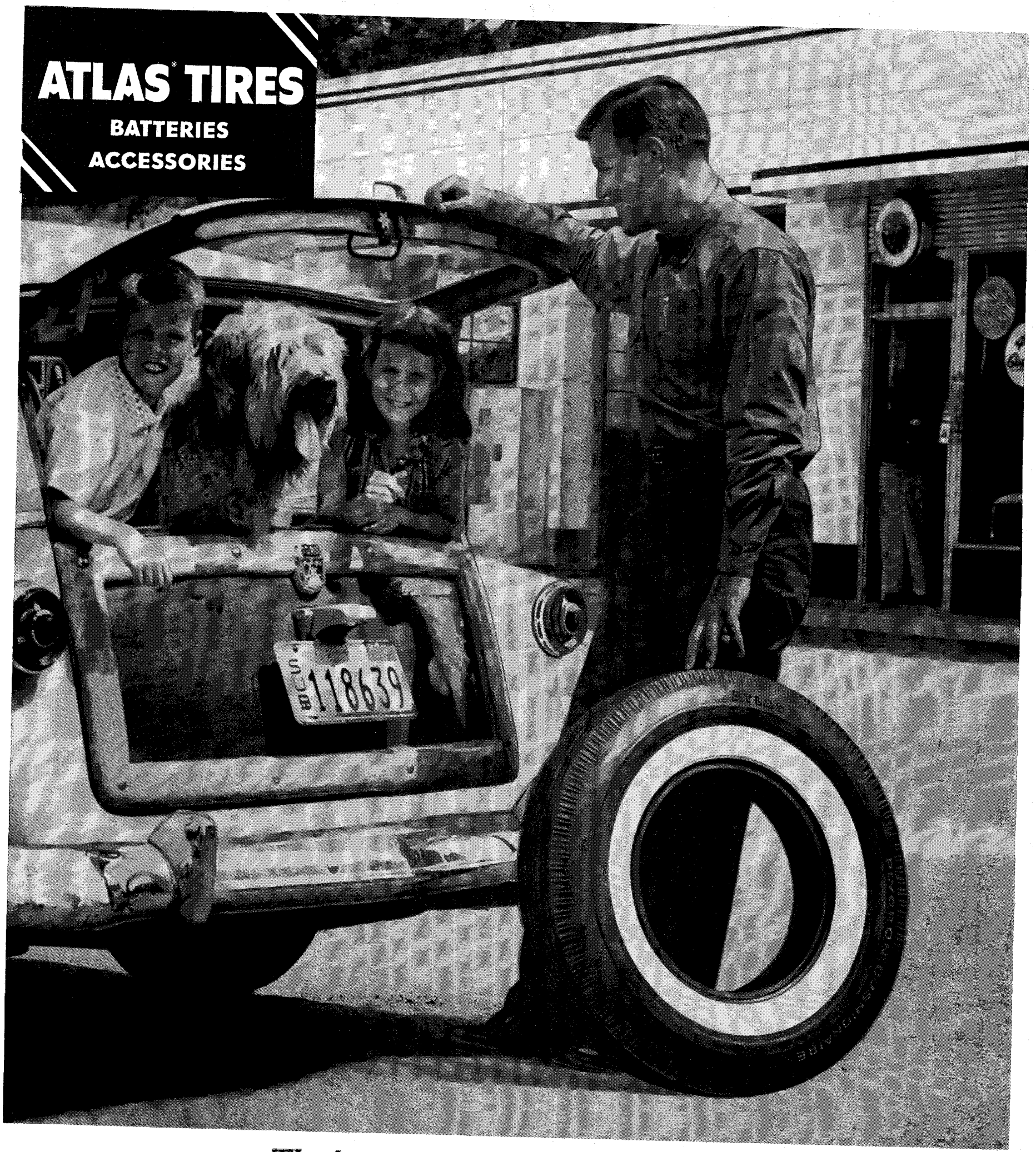

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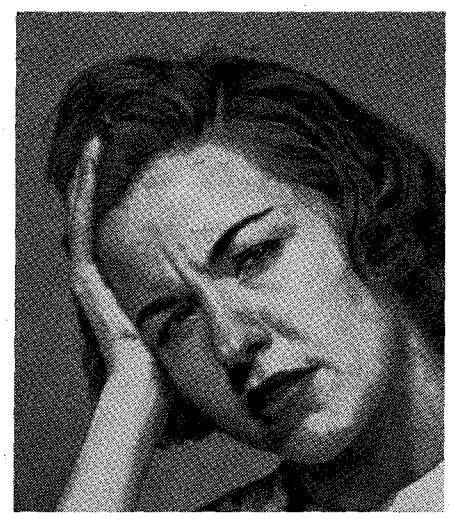

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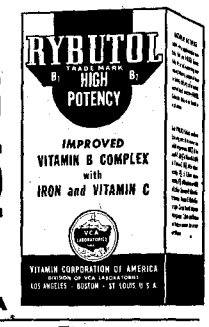

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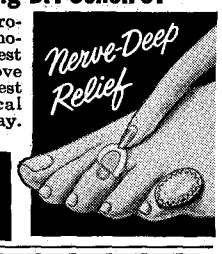

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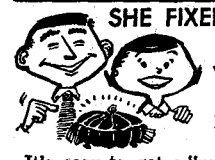

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Don't Stop Number Seven!

(Continued from Page 31)

"The snow's getting worse," he said. "And there's a break in the telephone and telegraph lines between here and Franklin Creek."

"Clint, how are things, generally?"

He took a sip of his coffee. "Well, I'm not exactly trusted. The men obey my orders, but they don't believe in them."

"It'll change."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "I hope so. How are things on the social front?"

They had planned a party for next Saturday night—their first attempt at entertaining in this town.

"It'll be all right," Martha said. "Doctor Jones and his wife are coming."

"You've been helping the doctor with those mumps cases at school," Crawford said. "I know you told him you had been a nurse, and I suppose he's grateful. Who else?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Harper."

"He's the principal. That's still the school. What about the others? What about Murchison?"

Martha shook her head. She did it reluctantly, but Crawford knew that the Murchisons had not accepted the Saturday invitation, and he knew why. Years ago, John Murchison had reached the limit of his career in the railroad—assistant superintendent in charge of the Wynburn subdivision. Three weeks ago he had retired, to be replaced by Crawford, but hardly anyone in town, least of all Murchison himself, accepted the change. In everything but title, the big retired superintendent continued to be boss man of Wynburn. And he didn't like college boys.

Even concerning the railroad, Murchison had yet to realize that he was no longer active. There were times, Crawford thought, when the older man really believed he was still in charge.

Crawford finished his coffee. He buttoned up the collar of his overcoat.

Martha touched his arm. "We'll settle into things, Clint," she said softly. "It may take time, but they'll accept us sooner or later. And I know one thing: they can't bully you."

When Crawford left the house and went out into the night, into the freshly fallen snow, he was not too sure that they couldn't bully him. He was an outsider, and the Wynburn railroaders were mostly men who considered these high mountains their own. They could really go to work on him, if they wanted to. Their wives could make Martha's life miserable. And Crawford did not know if he could take that for long.

He walked down the steep hill to the railroad station and entered by a rear door, going directly to the operator's room.

He recognized young Farley at the operator's table, and Harris, the yard foreman, and five or six section men who had come in, probably to get warm. There was Markel, the chief clerk, and suddenly Crawford stiffened, because the last man in the room was John Murchison.

Crawford looked at the big ex-superintendent. Under heavy brows, Murchison's cold eyes stared back at him as Crawford moved to the operator's table.

"Any change in the situation?" Crawford asked.

The operator shook his head. "No, sir. There's still a break in the lines between here and Franklin Creek. Those two men who went out on the speeder should have found it by now, unless it's too far east."

"What about Number Seven?"

Number Seven was the fast transcontinental train from the east, the last passenger train of the night.

"He was out of Coleman on time," the operator said. "If the line is repaired, I should have a report on him from Franklin Creek. I figure he's still a good ways east of there."

Crawford nodded. "And west of here?"

"The rotary plow and the rest of the equipment has reported at the Gap, and been spotted as you ordered, sir."

Crawford nodded and turned slowly away from the table.

He realized that every ear in the room had been listening to the conversation. Finally he had to look at Murchison.

"Keeping your hand in?" he asked, and tried to make the words sound as friendly as possible.

The big man said, "My son Dave's on the speeder that went east to repair the line. I'm waiting to hear from him."

For a moment Crawford was surprised. Then he remembered that young Dave Murchison was a telephone lineman with the railroad.

"I understand he's a good man," Crawford said. He looked at Markel, the chief clerk. "I'm going upstairs to my office."

Crawford was starting across the room when he heard Murchison's voice again. He swung around abruptly because of the tone.

"I notice you've moved all your equipment west of here," Murchison said. His eyes were not looking at Crawford, but at the other men in the room, as though he were taking them into his confidence.

"That's correct," Crawford said evenly. "To the Gap. That's where I expect the biggest snowfall and the heaviest pile-up. That's where I expect trouble."

"What about March Tunnel to the east between here and Franklin Creek? What if that gets blocked?"

Crawford kept his voice low. "It may—later. But Number Seven will be through the tunnel by then. I want my equipment west at the Gap, in case he runs into difficulties there. Once I get Number Seven clear I can handle the situation as it develops."

"You sound like an expert," Murchison said.

"I think I know snow conditions."

Murchison smiled. "From where?"

"From back east."

"At college?"

The two words had been spoken *sotto voce*, but Murchison had intended them to be heard. He was smiling at the same time.

Crawford's face had turned white. He was on the verge of replying to Murchison in anger; telling the big man that he had been sent to college by the railroad; that he had studied under a company scholarship; that he had started with the railroad at seventeen, as a section hand, and worked on the line and in the yards; and that he was no longer seventeen and that he was running a subdivision, the Wynburn subdivision.

But Crawford caught himself. That kind of defense would sound like an excuse. If he lost his temper now, the town would know about it. He ignored Murchison. He walked heavily upstairs to his office, and his shirt felt wet under his jacket and heavy overcoat, as though he had suddenly broken out in a cold sweat.

Crawford left his office door open, so that, fifteen minutes later, he clearly heard the urgent footsteps on the stairs outside, and he was ready for the man who came running to his desk. It was Markel, the chief clerk, and his lips were pale.

"Walsh is on the phone," he blurted out.

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Crawford stood up. "Walsh?"

"One of the men who went east on the speeder. He's calling from the east portal of March Tunnel, from the box there."

"What's happened?" Crawford demanded curtly.

"There's been an accident. Walsh and young Murchison were traveling east of the tunnel, still looking for the line break, and the speeder left the tracks. It rolled down a big gully. Walsh is all right, except for a sprained ankle, but Murchison is badly hurt. Seriously hurt."

"Have you still got Walsh on the line?"

"Yes, sir."

Crawford went out of his office and down the stairs. In his mind he was trying to judge the situation, to make his decision, even before he reached the telephone.

A little cluster of men stood around the operator's table, but young Farley was not at his phone. As Crawford entered the room he saw a thick-set figure hunched over the table, the headset clasped to one ear, and he recognized John Murchison's voice.

"Walsh, can you hear me? . . . You've got flares with you? . . . All right, that's good. Number Seven will be coming through from the east. Stop him with your flares."

Crawford had to push men aside to get to the big figure at the table. His hand went out and took hold of Murchison's shoulder, and with a violent yank he sent the big man sprawling onto the floor.

Crawford grabbed the phone. "Walsh!" he shouted.

A faint voice answered him, "Yes?"

"This is Crawford, assistant superintendent. Do you hear me right?"

"Yes, Mr. Crawford."

From the floor Murchison was slowly getting to his feet. Crawford paid no attention to the big man.

"Walsh, is the lineman with you?" he asked.

"He's about a hundred yards from here. He's hurt pretty bad."

"Stay with him."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, listen to me carefully, Walsh. You're to ignore everything else you've heard on this phone. Repeat this order to me. Under no circumstances are you to light your flares and stop Number Seven."

Crawford heard the order repeated.

"All right, Walsh; stick with the lineman. We'll get you out. I'm signing off now."

Crawford's arm was jerked as Murchison, on his feet, made a wild grab for the telephone. Crawford pushed the man back. And in Murchison's eyes, in his gray, drained face, Crawford saw violence.

"Don't do it, Murchison!" he said sharply. "Don't make it worse!"

"Then give me that phone!" the big man replied, his voice choking. "You'd let my boy die to keep a train schedule! You're inhuman! You're out of your mind!"

Suddenly Crawford was conscious of the hard faces of the other men in the room, their cold eyes. Then he looked straight at Murchison.

"I'm not out of my mind," Crawford said, "but I think you are. You tried to give an order to one of my men to stop a train. Do you know what that means?"

"My son ——"

"I'm thinking of him. I'm not inhuman. But I'm also thinking of what you tried to do, and you must have been crazy. Get hold of yourself, man, and try to think. What happens if Number Seven is stopped east of March Tunnel? There's a grade there, remember—a stiff grade rising from the east into the tunnel. If Number Seven is brought to a stop anywhere along that stretch, up to the top of the Hump, he won't get going again. It's bad enough for a full train in good weather—I know by the records you've had trains stall there—and we've got ice on the tracks, and snow. You know the answer, Murchison. You know it as well as I do. You all know it."

There was silence in the room as Crawford paused. He was sweating.

"I know my son is out there," Murchison said. "I know he may be dying."

"Think, Murchison. I don't have to explain myself to you, but for heaven's sake think. What if Walsh did flag down Number Seven? Your boy would be out of the cold, that's all. And it's not enough, from the way Walsh talks. Your son needs a doctor. He needs to get into the clinic here. He'd only be on a stalled train, miles from anywhere, in a snowstorm that's getting worse. And there'd be a couple of hundred or more passengers with him, stalled, too, and the whole main line tied up."

Abruptly Crawford turned to the young operator. "Call Doctor Jones," he said. "Then call my wife. Tell them to come down here to the station and stand by until I get back. Tell the doctor to bring the station wagon he uses as an ambulance."

Crawford felt Murchison's hand on his sleeve. "What are you going to do?" the big man asked in a strange voice.

"I'm going to get your son and Walsh. And I'm going to keep Number Seven running."

"But how? You've got no equipment here that you can put on the line in time. I know you haven't even got a speeder."

"There's the track motorcar in the shed," Crawford told him. "I'm going to use that."

Now it was Harris, the yard foreman, who spoke. It was the first time that any other man in the room had opened his mouth.

Harris spoke clearly, but there was no antagonism in his voice. There was something else—a kind of protesting admiration.

"That old motorcar hasn't been on the line in months, Mr. Crawford. It'll be all frozen up, probably."

"Then get it unfrozen, Mr. Harris," Crawford said. "Pour some gas into it. Put antifreeze in the radiator. You understand that I want that car on the line, heading east, without delay."

"Yes, sir. You should be running the car on train orders ——"

"Didn't you hear me, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

Dark figures had rolled out the track motorcar and switched it on to the single-track main line when Crawford left the operator's room and stood on the station platform, watch in hand. The car was an old-model limousine, its chassis mounted on flanged steel wheels. The car carried an engine bell, and ordinarily, when it was used for inspection trips, it ran on regular train orders, with a number of its own.

Crawford waited while Harris sat in the car and tried to coax the motor to life. And then a big figure loomed up next to Crawford.

"I lost my head in there," Murchison said.

Crawford made no reply.

"You can't do this thing, Crawford. You can't run that car against Number Seven. I'm sensible now. Let Number Seven come through, and we'll try to get to Dave afterwards."

"That may be too late," Crawford said.

"Listen, son, if you go through March Tunnel you'll trip the signals against Number Seven. If he's coming on he'll be forced to stop on the red, and he'll be on the grade. He'll stall, like you said, and your line is liable to be tied up, maybe for days."

"I think," said Crawford, "that I can get to the men and back out of the block before Number Seven reaches it. I think there's time."

"And if there isn't? If something happens?" Murchison spoke earnestly in a low voice. "Don't take a chance, Crawford. At headquarters they'll think only of the schedule and how you went out at night, without orders, to oppose a passenger train. You can end up here in Wynburn until they retire you. And that's not for you, Crawford."

Harris, the foreman, had finally got the car's engine to run. Crawford moved toward the car.

"All right," Murchison said, following him. "I'm going with you."

Crawford said nothing.

"You're not going to try this alone," Murchison continued. "I'm going with you. At least allow me that much."

"All right," Crawford said. He climbed into the driver's seat after Harris had stepped out of the car, and Murchison took the place next to him, closing the door.

"You're not waiting for the doctor?" the big man asked.

Crawford shook his head as he switched on the car's headlights, and the white beams struck at the falling snow beyond the windshield, and at the white-covered ties and the steel of the main line.

"No," Crawford said. "There isn't time."

As the car started jerkily, Crawford was conscious of faces staring at them from the station platform. Two or three of the men there raised their hands and gestured, and Harris, the yard foreman, was one of them. The gestures might have been a kind of salute.

In the darkness, Crawford felt that Murchison turned and looked at him.

"What do you think I can get out of this car?" Crawford asked suddenly.

"Normally about forty miles an hour," Murchison said, "but I never tried to use it in winter." His voice had changed; it was a new voice to Crawford's ears.

"We have to average thirty at least," Crawford said. "I've allowed us five minutes at the other end to get the men aboard and swing the car around."

After that there was silence. Crawford knew that Murchison was probably thinking the same thing he was; that they had not had time to test the big jack which was centered under the chassis of the car and by which the car could be raised off the rails, turned around by hand and then lowered into position, facing the opposite direction.

The windshield wipers groaned and hissed in their effort to fight off the driven snow, and Crawford was hunched forward now, straining for a view of the line ahead. The speedometer needle dipped as the car reached the start of what was known to the railroad as the Hump, a grade that rose from the west to March Tunnel and then dropped down, even more sharply, from the eastern portal of the tunnel to within a few miles of Franklin Creek.

Murchison must have been watching the speedometer needle, too, but he said nothing. The pointer was down to twenty-six miles an hour, and Crawford's forehead was damp.

Ahead of them the right of way was like a narrow ribbon, falling off on both sides to the silent blackness of the wilderness and the mountains. The ties between the tracks had disappeared under the snow, and the rails were humps of white, scarcely visible.

Crawford was watching the time, holding his big silver watch in the yellowish light from the dashboard. He could only pray that the snow on the rails was still shallow and soft enough for the car's wheels to get through to the steel and grip, and pray that the engine would not falter.

They hit the mouth of March Tunnel with the speedometer rising. The world was suddenly shut out; the wind and the snow vanished.

Murchison had twisted in his seat and was opening the rear windows. Crawford lowered the pane on his side and a rush of damp, foul air came in against his nostrils. But it was air. It would sweep away the fumes from the exhaust.

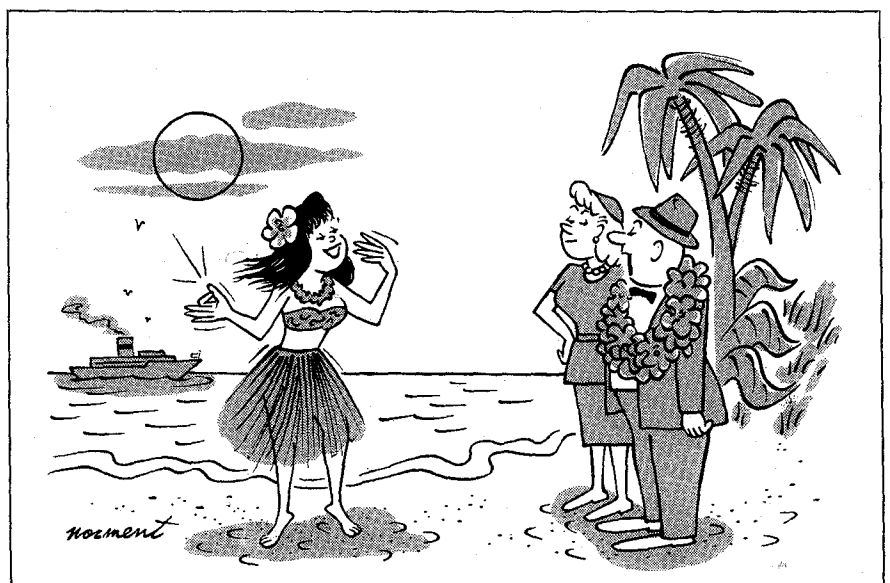
"We're hitting forty," Murchison said.

"Wide open," Crawford muttered.

Yet it seemed incredible to him how soon the bright beams of the headlights picked up the east portal of the tunnel. They came into the open in a roaring rush, and Crawford was applying the brakes even before the rear end of the car was clear.

A lantern swung in the darkness beside the right of way. As the car slid to a stop a limping figure came toward it and a voice said, "Thank God you got here. The boy's just a few yards back."

Murchison had flung open the door and was out of the car. He grabbed the lantern from the limping man and started to run.



"It's not the story itself that's so amusing . . . it's the way she tells it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Walsh?" Crawford said.

"Yes, Mr. Crawford."

"Are you able to help me? I've got to get this machine jacked up and turned around."

Crawford left the engine running when he stepped out of the car. Now, with Walsh's help, he turned his attention to the big jack under the chassis. It was a hydraulic type, manually operated. He and Walsh threw their weight on the pumping lever until the sweat stood out on their foreheads; until, at the moment when it seemed the jack had defeated them, the car slowly started to rise clear of the rails.

Murchison returned to help them swing the car around until it was headed west, and as the jack was released and the car's wheels again gripped the rails, the big man said to Crawford, "Dave's pretty bad. I'm afraid to move him."

"We'll have to do it," Crawford said.

The three men sloshed through the snow to where a dark figure lay a few feet from the tracks, on a blanket that Walsh had made from his overcoat. Gently they lifted young Murchison, and Crawford heard a sudden cry of pain that seemed as though it were tearing through his heart on its way to echo in the mountains.

He and Murchison carried the injured man between them, with Walsh in the center, supporting the boy's spine as best he could. They moved slowly and carefully toward the car, and it was then that Crawford noticed the signal burning bright in the darkness, this side of the automobile, toward the west.

Crawford almost stumbled. For an instant panic gripped him. He had not bothered to look at the signal up to now, taking it for granted that the light would be red. This signal controlled westbound traffic, and in coming into the block from the opposite direction, their car automatically should have tripped the light against anything opposing them. Still further east, in the next block, a similar signal would have changed, at the same instant, to a caution yellow against westbound traffic. But the signal almost over Crawford's head now, which should have shown red, burned a bright green.

His throat was dry. He knew the answer; the motorcar, entering the block from the west, had failed to make electrical contact with the rail that governed the signal. He was not concerned with reasons for the failure—dirt on the wheels of the car could have caused it—or on the rail—or perhaps the old motorcar had been insulated against making contact with block signals.

The reality of the moment was Crawford's only thought—a frightening reality. Because the margin of safety had vanished. No longer would he be gambling with time to get the injured man into Wynburn far enough ahead of Number Seven so that the passenger train would have a clear board and not be stalled on the grade. Now, if they started back and failed to make time or bogged down, there would be no signal to warn Number Seven that the motorcar was ahead of him in the block. The big passenger train would be out of Franklin Creek, highballing it at top speed for Wynburn, closing up on them.

The moment of panic passed. Crawford's voice was calm as he told Walsh to remain in the back seat with the injured man, who had been lifted gently into the car.

Then Crawford asked, "Have you got your flares with you?"

"Yes," Walsh said.

"Give them to me."

Crawford stowed the flares in one of the big pockets of his overcoat. He turned to the older Murchison. "You drive," he said.

The big man glanced sharply at Crawford, but made no comment as he climbed into the driver's seat. Crawford sat beside him, holding his watch against the dashboard light.

"Try her," he ordered.

He heard the motor slowly accelerate and felt the wheels beneath the car slip and spin on the icy rails. Murchison, grim-faced, let the engine idle. Then he tried again, and this time there was a jerk, a moment of indecision, and the car started to move. It crept toward the mouth of the tunnel with agonizing slowness, while Crawford leaned forward until his brow was almost on the dashboard and the hands of the watch, close to his eyes, seemed to blur.

Finally they were in the tunnel. The speedometer needle took a sudden little jump.

"We didn't trip the westbound signal," Murchison said, in a low voice.

So the big man had also noticed the green light. Crawford was silent.

"Can we make it?"

"I don't know," Crawford said.

He gave his head a shake, as though to clear the mist from in front of his eyes. The watch that he held in his numbed fingers had now become as important as life itself—and his enemy. The minute hand mocked him, and the sweep second hand gulped greedily at the time that was left to him.

So little time was left, Crawford knew. And the engine of the old car was laboring, calling for speed that the wheels underneath could not deliver.

His eyes followed the sweep hand of his watch, and he found himself counting each second. Or was the counting confused with the heavy beat of his heart?

The total blackness of the tunnel fell away, and they were in the open night again, into the driving snow. The old car struggled on, the speedometer dipping dangerously low as the crest of the Hump lay somewhere ahead.

Then Crawford felt the quick surge, the sudden release. He put his watch away. They were on the downgrade now, on the long, straight run into Wynburn. And time had run out. Number Seven would be upon them before they reached the station.

"Slow down," Crawford said to Murchison.

He felt the big man stiffen.

"Slow down," he repeated. "But don't stop."

Murchison obeyed the order. Crawford put his hand on the door handle next to his right side and pressed it. He held the door slightly open against the wind.

"We're over the Hump," Crawford said quickly, and brushed aside the hand that Murchison put out in an effort to hold him. "I can stop Number Seven here on the downgrade and he'll be able to pick up again. If I don't, and he's on time, he'll smack right into you before you reach Wynburn. Remember, don't stop. Keep going."

"Crawford!"

Crawford was half out of the car. The wind carried Murchison's cry away from his ears.

He shouted, "Now go like hell!"

He hit the snow-covered ground with a shock that sent pain shooting through his body and made his head reel. Momentum carried him down a ten-foot embankment, snow covering his face, and his hands groping wildly. He struggled to keep his senses as he came up against a tree stump and his legs smacked against it. When he finally staggered to his feet he caught a brief glimpse of the motorcar's taillight before it vanished into the night toward the west.

Crawford fought his way up the steep embankment to the tracks. He pulled the flares from his pocket and held them in one hand while he dropped to his knees and scooped at the snow with his other fingers. In one of his inner pockets he found a penknife and used it to dig into the hard, frozen earth and plant the flares.

As he worked he heard Number Seven. He heard the train in the night air, and in the steel of the rails. At that moment he struck his flares.

As they blazed sharp and brilliant against the darkness, Crawford rolled away. Slipping down the embankment, losing control of his body, he strained to look toward the east, and he saw the bright stab of the headlight on Number Seven's big diesel. Even in that instant he knew the throttle was off the locomotive, that the brakes were gripping.

When the train crew came back to look for him, Crawford was standing unsteadily on his feet at the bottom of the embankment, covered with snow.

In a voice that he scarcely recognized as his own, he said, "There's a track motorcar ahead of you, going into Wynburn. Stand by for five minutes and then proceed with caution."

Aboard Number Seven, stared at by curious faces, Crawford kept his hands clenched until the moment when he felt the train get under way.

In the station at Wynburn he was greeted by other curious faces, but he had no time for them. He had to check with the snow equipment at the Gap, to make certain that Number Seven would be clear to the west. There were other matters, too; there was still the break in communications with Franklin Creek. That would have to be repaired somehow, even if he had to send a party on foot.

It was a long time before Crawford went upstairs to his office. And he was sitting there, hunched over the desk, when he heard heavy footsteps and he looked up, and Murchison was standing in front of him.

"How is your son?" Crawford asked quietly.

The big man said, "He'll mend all right, the doctor tells me. There's no internal bleeding; that was the big danger. Dave's going to be all right."

"I'm glad."

"Do you mind if I sit with you?" Murchison asked. "I feel—I feel kind of alone."

"I'll send somebody for coffee," Crawford said.

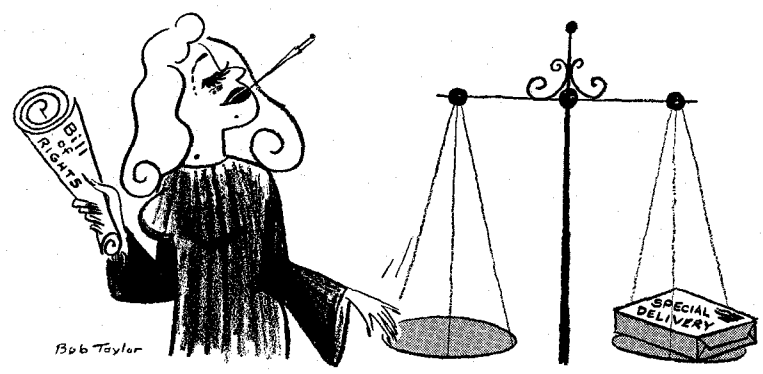
The big man sat down. "Your wife's with the doctor. She's quite a nurse. I didn't know. My wife's there too. Are you still going to have your party next Saturday night?"

Crawford nodded toward the snow-covered window. "It depends on whether things clear up or not."

"I guess so," Murchison said. "I hope everything's cleared up and going well by then. My wife and I are looking forward to your party."

Crawford almost smiled.

The big man leaned forward, his eyes earnest. "I'm clumsy," he said. "What I'm trying to tell you is that I'm grateful. You took a big chance. You didn't have to. As I said, I know you're not going to stop here in Wynburn. But as long as you're boss, this whole subdivision will be behind you. I'm trying to say you're a railroad man, Crawford." THE END



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Mame, an enterprising gal, mailed a very special "special-delivery" letter to her boy friend. Postal inspectors snooped the contents. Mame was promptly arrested for violating the Federal narcotics act.

"You guys have no right to open first-class mail," Mame stormed in court. "Opening my letter to Louie was an invasion of my privacy. I can prove it by the Constitution and Bill of Rights. So, back up!"

"We acted because we had good reason to suspect that Mame was sending contraband through the mails," Government counsel replied. "The first-class designation is intended only to fix postal rates, not as an aid to illegal drug passing."

If you were the judge, would you convict Mame?

• •

No. Mame went free under the Fourth Amendment, against unreasonable "searches and seizures." The court said the Post Office Department cannot open and inspect first-class mail even if it knows that the letter contains contraband such as drugs.

Based upon a 1957 U.S. Court of Appeals decision.

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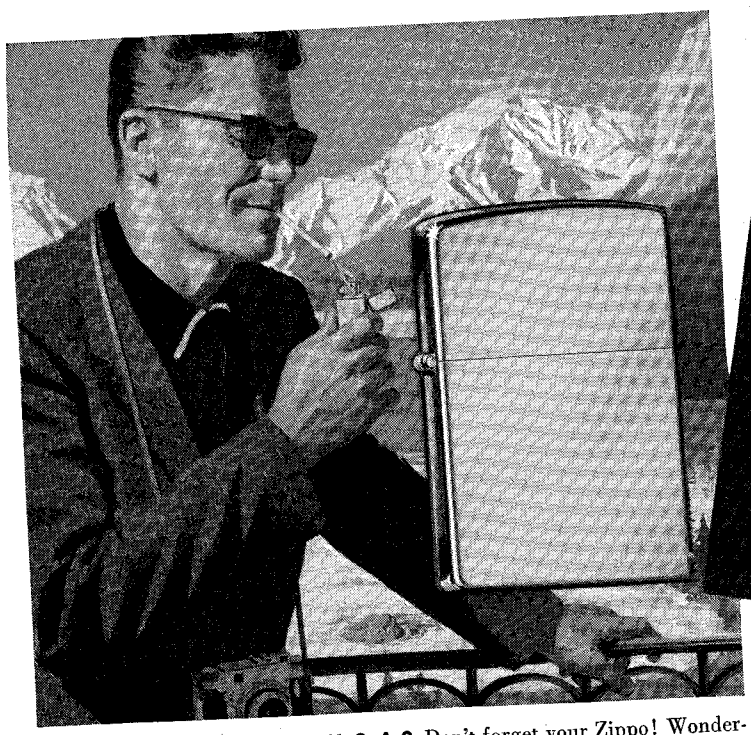
Like to rough it? Millions of outdoorsmen cherish the regular Zippo! It lights in rain or wind where others fizzle out. Loss-Proof model, shown, can't get mislaid or dropped overboard. $5.

Beauty and the beach! New Zippo *Slim-Lighter*, shown here, is a slim, light-weight lighter with all the famous Zippo qualities of easy action and sure lights. Criss-Cross design on brilliant chrome, $6. Other *Slim-Lighters*, in silver- and gold-filled, to $20, plus fed. tax.

What kind of vacation do you take?

(Whatever it is...here's how Zippo helps the fun!)



Touring the U. S. A.? Don't forget your Zippo! Wonderful for lighting up in the car or while you're enjoying a breezy view! Two-tone chrome regular Zippo, $3.50.

Taking a luxury holiday? Zippo *Slim-Lighter* is particularly at home on dress occasions. Shown right is exciting new Comet design *Slim-Lighter*, silver-filled! $11.50 plus fed. tax (man holds silver-filled Ribbon *Slim-Lighter*, same price).

Visiting far lands? Experienced world travelers have taken Zippos to every country on the globe! Take one on *your* trip abroad! At left, rich, genuine alligator regular Zippo, $6. At right, Star design *Slim-Lighter*, gold-filled, $20, plus fed. tax.

Glamorous new ZIPPO *Slim-Lighter* . . . or world-famed regular ZIPPO . . . *each* is a perfect vacation companion!

All Zippos light indoors and out . . . damp seaside air or rugged mountain use won't interfere with their faithful action! A single filling will last your whole holiday! At jewelry, drug, tobacco and department stores.

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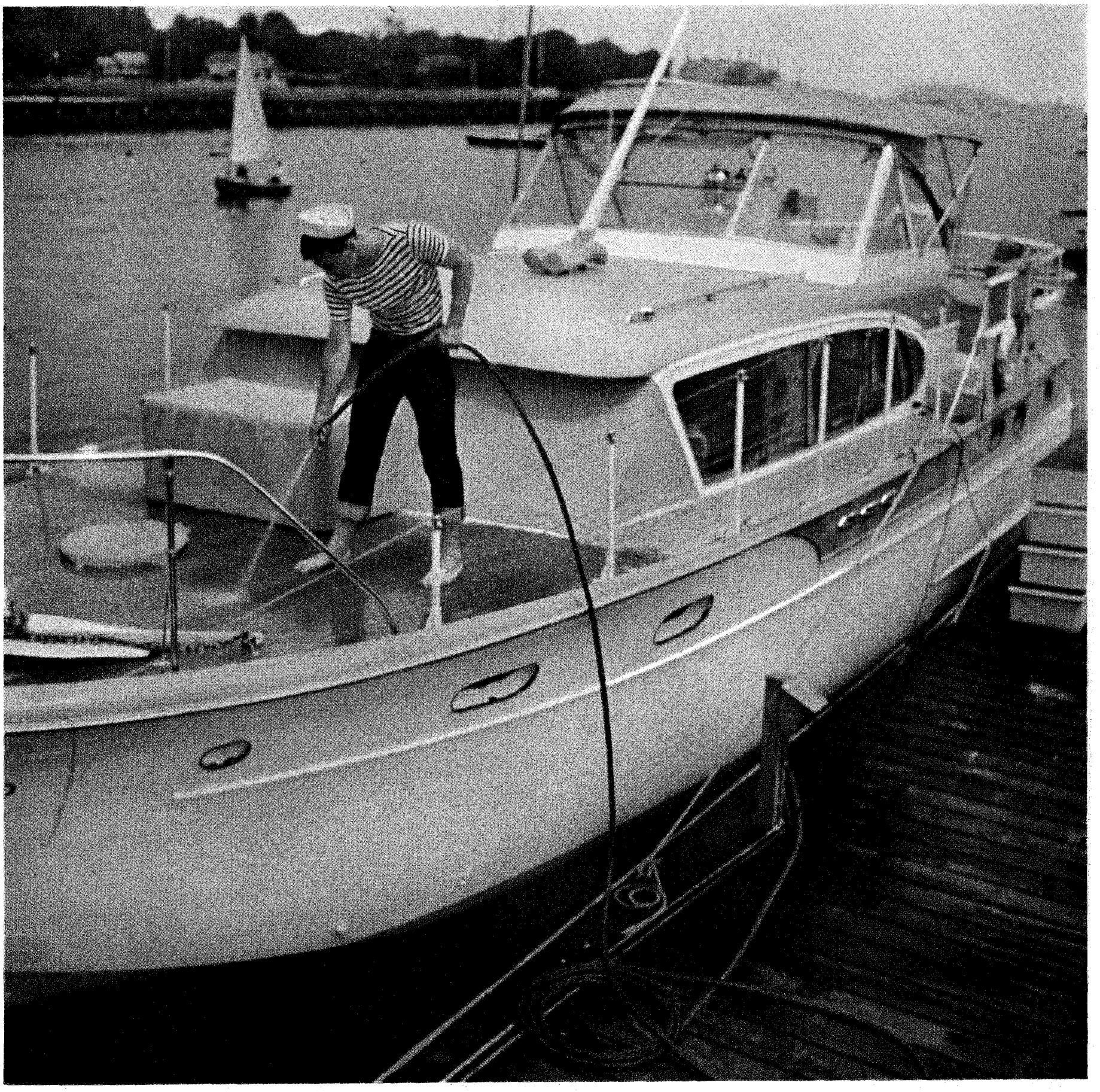

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California Passage (Continued from Page 14)

There had been occasions when other footsteps had halted at the door and hands had tested the knob, seeking entrance. She waited, feeling tension slide its coils, one by one, around her. Then a hand tapped timidly.

"Who is it?" she demanded guardedly.

A small voice responded, "Tansy White, missy!"

Ellen drew a long, sighing breath. Her knees were shaking. She drew the bolt and cautiously opened the door an inch. She dropped the pistol out of sight in her reticule and admitted a tiny, barefoot Negro lad of about twelve.

Tansy White was chore boy at the tavern. He was almost in tears. He thrust a small envelope into her hand. "I's too scart, missy!" he blubbered. "Dat man'd eat a boy like me!"

"Oh, Tansy!" Ellen chided.

"He'd have sculped me wid his big knife!" Tansy wailed. "Heah's the dime you give me, missy!" He tried to hand her a sweaty, small coin.

Ellen had to smile. She stroked his head soothingly. "You keep the money, Tansy," she said. "And here's a quarter also, just for you. I shouldn't have asked a little boy like you to speak to Luke Storm. But there was really nothing to be afraid of. He'd have had me to deal with if he tried to frighten you. But you run along home now. It will soon be dark."

She added, as the lad scuttled for the door, "And, Tansy, I'd be sad if you said anything about this to anyone. This will be just our own little secret. Promise?"

Tansy promised and fled gladly.

After the door closed, Ellen stood for a time in indecision. Then she picked up her reticule and moved determinedly to the small trunk that held her few belongings. Delving into it, she brought out a dirk with a five-inch blade, cased in a small leather-and-velvet sheath which was equipped with clips so that it could be attached to a lady's garter. She had bought both the pistol and the dirk at Cincinnati. The pistol was of a new type that used five metal-bound cartridges instead of the cumbersome cap-and-ball method of loading. The proprietor of the gun store had assured her that this weapon would stop most any human being.

"Dead in his tracks, ma'am," the man had said. "If you have to shoot, shoot 'em in the bel—er—in the middle."

But when she had insisted on buying the dirk also, the man had edged away from her a trifle. Women who had knives slung from their garters were evidently not regarded as respectable. Ellen flushed at the recollection. Then she lifted her skirt and fastened the sheathed dirk securely above her knee.

Holding her reticule in her hand, she listened at the door until sure the way was clear. Then she left the room, hurried down the hall and descended the rear outside stairway. This brought her to a narrow walkway, between the walls of the tavern and an adjoining harness store, which led to the street.

Ellen moved along the street in the direction she had seen Luke Storm heading. She carried in the bosom of her waist the message she had written and which Tansy White had failed to deliver. Now she meant to deliver it herself.

Then she came face to face on the crowded sidewalk with the gray-haired man. He was returning toward the Overland Inn, strolling along, a pipe in his mouth. His heavy face was not given to displaying emotion, and, except for the briefest flicker of what may have been dismay in his eyes, none showed now. But she sensed that he had not expected or wanted this close meeting, and that his mind was instantly pondering her purpose in appearing at this hour alone among this rough company.

Her own pulse was pounding, and she had to call upon all her resolution to avoid hurrying. Presently she risked a glance back. There was no sign of him. Waiting an opportunity when a freight wagon intervened, she used it as a shield in darting to the opposite sidewalk and then down a dark side lane.

This street was nearly deserted. A blacksmith shop was still open, and in its depths she saw two sooty men intently occupied in sweating a tire on the wheel of a Conestoga wagon. Ellen took refuge in the lee of one of the doors and found a crevice through which she could peer. Soon she saw the silhouette of the gray-haired man pass by on the street. As she had anticipated, he had retraced his steps in an attempt to follow her.

After a few minutes she saw him again, returning toward the center of the town. He was now walking fast, with the air of a worried man. She had eluded him for the time, at least. She returned to the street. She now saw that she was near the outskirts of town. Wagons, singly and in groups, were camped on the open flats beyond the last scatter of buildings.

One organized company of some thirty canvas-hooded prairie schooners was drawn up in horseshoe formation. Campfires blazed brightly here. Ellen heard the deep voice of a man, then came the clear lift of a girl's voice, singing a hymn. She was accompanied by the throbbing strains of a harp.

A general drift of movement was setting in toward this camp, for this wagon company was scheduled to set out at dawn for faraway California. In spite of the lateness of the season, these stampeders were gambling that they could make it through before the mountains snowed in. And Ellen intended to accompany them. Then she sighted Luke Storm's lank figure ahead, moving in the same direction. She hurried eagerly to overtake him.

Luke Storm was unaware that such a girl as Ellen Jessup existed. He had come in that morning from a thousand miles of steady travel, leading his pack string, laden with pelts and trap sacks. He had sold the whole kit and caboodle to a trader for six hundred dollars, with a jug of fine New Orleans rum and a pound of honeydew smoking tobacco to boot.

The rum was gone, the jug smashed. And the biggest part of the money had been gambled over the monte tables or thrown to the girls in the fandango houses to see them scramble. He had never been a provident man, for the life he had led had taught him to enjoy each moment to its utmost and to let tomorrow bring its own promises. He had seen too many of his kind go. An arrow from a coulee, the terror of a warwhoop at dawn, a loosened avalanche on some bleak mountainside, starvation, thirst——

Even so, he was driven now by a greater recklessness. He was a man who, at the age of twenty-eight, found himself at the frayed end of nowhere. The old days were gone, and even he had to admit it. Beaver plews were hardly worth the cost of the wear and tear on the traps that caught the creatures. Men now wore silk hats, and females adorned themselves in bundles of silk and satin and crowned their bonnets with the feathers from birds of unknown tropical lands. There was no money in hunting or trapping. There was no place, apparently, for a man like Luke Storm in the change that was taking place in this Western land that was his heritage.

For this was August of the year 1850. This was the second season of the great California rush. Another thirty thousand stampeders had gone through Independence earlier in the year, and the bulk of them were far beyond South Pass by now, strung out along the Humboldt. Luke had first encountered the litter of their passing at Fort Laramie on the North Platte when he had come out of the Teton country with his string of ponies bearing his winter's catch.

The scar lay across the face of the plains like an offense, miles wide and endless in its length. Grass eaten to the roots and the roots ground into powder; every clump of sagebrush and hummock of grass festooned with abandoned rags and scraps of paper. Broken, deserted wagons tilted drunkenly in the stream crossings. The scant timber along the fords wiped out and the carcasses of unwanted buffalo that had been slain merely for the sake of marksmanship festering in the sun. And all the tribes on the plains sullen and set on a hair trigger at this despoiling of their land.

It was even worse here in Independence. Luke felt stifled. The place had tripled in size, then doubled again since his last visit. The two little taverns, where men like himself had clicked pewter mugs and had drunk their mulled wine and buttered rum in comfort in the past, were now gone. Even their locations were unrecognizable amid the bawdy gambling houses and drinking traps. The speech of these intruders, their dress and their customs were foreign to him. He found himself a stranger in his own home—a home that stretched from here to the Pacific.

And so he shoved men aside. "Putty bellies!" he called them, hoping they would give him a chance to prove his strength over them.

The fact was that inwardly he was lonely and bewildered and frightened. Outwardly he was meeting this situation in the only way he knew—with loftiness and derision. For the sake of his pride, which was a vast and fearful burden, he would have endured the torture stake rather than give in to the desire to flee in a panic from this crowded, strange place.

The season was so late that the stampede was now recoiling upon itself. Many who had started were turning back and flowing homeward again through Independence rather than risk being caught by winter in the mountains. But others were still arriving from the East, coming by trail or steamboat, and milling around in the ceaseless, anxious debate that went on as to whether to attempt the long journey this year or wait until spring.

Some of the more daring ones had made up their minds. A company, Luke had heard, was pulling out in the morning, intending to try it by way of South Pass and the Humboldt River. Even now this outfit was holding its farewell party at the camp on the outskirts of town. Luke wandered in that direction. There was scorn for them in his eyes—and a little pity, too, for their foolhardiness. They were greenhorns, too inexperienced to know how high were the odds against them.

As he reached the outer fringe of the gathering a man had just finished offering a prayer. He was a preacher, by his knee-length black coat and round hat. Angular and rawboned and touched by frost at the temples, he had the deeply seamed and weathered face of a man of stern principles. His hands were big-knuckled and powerful. He stood on a wagon-bed platform and had prayed earnestly for divine guidance to carry the party through the dangers of the wild land that lay ahead.

Luke gazed around at the wide circle of wagons that stood loaded and ready, their hoods of white drill unsullied and taut on the bows. He marked out four heavy freighters that stood together. These wagons each bore a designation lettered in bold black paint on their canvas:

MENAFEE TRADING COMPANY
Tracy Menafee, Prop.

Luke turned to bystanders and grinned knowingly. "The parson has got his sights set a mite high," he remarked. "If Tracy Menafee is mixed up in this, then the preacher would have better luck, most likely, if he soft-soaped the devil a little."

Faces turned toward him, shocked and resentful. "Blasphemy!" an angular woman in calico said scathingly.

Luke's words—as he had intended—had carried to the group of roughly dressed men who lounged, smoking pipes, in the shadow of the Menafee Trading Company wagons. One of them—a man with thin, hard, dark features, who wore a holstered pistol—got to his feet, peering. Then he motioned two others to follow, and began circling through the camp in Luke's direction.

On the platform alongside the parson stood a kindly faced woman who evidently was his wife, and a girl. Both wore severe gray dresses and poke bonnets. The girl now seated herself at a big gilded harp and struck a chord. She began singing a camp-meeting hymn to the strains of the harp.

"None for me, thank you . . . it makes me cry."

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Luke laughed and lifted his voice in a jeering imitation of a coyote's lament. The song faltered. The girl, upset, struck a discord on the harp. She arose, gazing furiously in the direction of their annoyer.

"You—you vulgar, insulting ruffian!" she exploded.

"Never mind, dear!" the woman remonstrated.

"Proceed, Abigail," the minister commanded.

The girl seated herself angrily again and drew her fingers forcefully across the strings of the harp. But it was no hymn that she played. It was the refrain of an army ballad, challenging and defiant.

"That's better," Luke said approvingly. "Folks want to be gay an' kick up their heels tonight. There'll be plenty of time for hymns an' preachin' later on."

The woman in calico asked apprehensively, "What was that you said about the devil, mister? I'm Carrie Phillips. My husband an' his brother own one of these wagons. We're Ohio folk. Don't you figger we can make it to California this year?"

"Maybe," Luke said. "But you'd have a better chance if you headed for Santa Fe, then followed the old trappers' trail down the Gila by way o' the Pima villages an' across the California desert to San Diego or to a pueblo called Los Angeles. You won't hit too much snow on that trip, but it won't be easy."

"But that's hundreds of miles farther," the woman protested. "They told us we could make it by way of the South Pass trail without trouble."

"Who told you?"

"Why—why, Tracy Menafee."

"Figure it out for yourself, ma'am," Luke said. "It's already past midsummer. Even with the best o' luck, it's three months' trip to the big mountains. The Sierra Nevadas. Did Menafee tell you about them? That's the last range you got to climb to get to California. They poke holes in the clouds. It'll be snowin' up there, most likely, by late October. Ever hear of an outfit called the Donner party?"

A chill came over the listeners. The fate of that wagon company, which had been trapped in the mountain snows a few seasons earlier, was common knowledge.

"But Tracy Menafee says we can winter at Fort Relief on Raft River if it looks bad ahead," a man argued.

Luke's glance swung around the circle of wagons. "That would be right nice for Menafee," he said. "Did he mention that he owns Fort Relief? He'll sell you beans an' flour at a ——"

He turned. The sinewy, dark-faced man stood there, backed by a slovenly, broken-toothed younger man and a huge, shaggy-haired, unshaven bullwhacker.

Luke said easily, "Howdy, Al. I noticed you and your pals when you first started to flank me."

Al Thorne answered in the same casual manner. "Hello, Luke. I heard that you had hit town."

Al Thorne was wagon boss for Tracy Menafee. The impervious, unyielding hardness of obsidian was in him. He had killed men with the pistol he wore. He had beaten tough men with his fists. These qualities had made him important to Menafee. And authority had given him arrogance.

He spoke smilingly to the bystanders. "Luke has been drinking a little too much forty-rod," he said. "He likes to tell it spooky to women and kids."

"As I was sayin'," Luke remarked, "Tracy Menafee would be happy to sell beans an' flour at a dollar a pound to folks who have to winter at his post."

The broken-toothed man had sidled aside, so that he was partly behind Luke. He called himself the Missouri Kid, but he was, in fact, a product of the slums of cities, a pickpocket, a sneak thief and a fugitive from jail workhouses.

He leaped now, intending to alight on Luke's back and gain a garroting grip that could strangle a man or snap his neck. Luke turned, lashing out with an upward driven fist that caught this opponent in the stomach and in midair. The Kid's body was jackknifed by the force of that punch. He was limp before he struck the ground. There he lay doubled in agony, his lungs pumping futilely for breath.

Al Thorne and the immense whiskered man, who was known as Mack Sledge, had started to close in. But Luke's violence in disposing of the Missouri Kid startled them. They pulled up. Luke stood ready to move in any direction, awaiting their next decision.

Now the rawboned preacher came charging between them. He pushed Thorne and Mack Sledge back.

"Peace! Peace!" he thundered. "Easy, Mr. Thorne! Easy! Let us not mar this evening, of all evenings, with strife! This man is not responsible for his actions!" He gazed at Luke, his brows fierce. "Your presence here is intolerable, sir," he said in his booming voice. "I am Emery Dixon, ordained minister of the Gospel, journeying with my devoted wife and my niece to San Francisco with this company. I advise you to leave before I find it necessary to have you taken to the lockup to sober up."

"That," Luke said, "might need some takin', parson."

The girl who had been playing the harp now came pushing through the circle. "Go away, you drunken trouble-maker!" she raged. "You're spoiling the party!"

Luke eyed her admiringly. "Now, danged if you ain't about as purty a piece o' calico as this child ever laid eyes on," he declared. "An' with plenty o' powder an' fling in your make-up. I can see thet you're meant for dancin' rather than singin' psalms an' twangin' on thet overgrown zither."

"If I were a man I'd beat that overbearing grin off your face!" the girl said.

"Abigail!" the preacher roared. "Go back to your aunt!"

Abbie tried to wither Luke with her big, angry Celt-gray eyes. He wouldn't wither. "Oh, you—you ——" Words failed her. She whirled and walked away. Even in the severe gray dress and poke bonnet she was decidedly comely. And impetuous. Hair of a rich, deep golden brown showed beneath the bonnet. She was not much more than shoulder high to Luke, but what there was of her was quite sufficient.

With her aunt and uncle, she was traveling to California. From there they intended to take passage by ship for the Sandwich Islands, where Emery Dixon had been given the task of establishing a mission among the heathen South Sea natives.

Luke looked down at the Missouri Kid, who was beginning to revive a trifle. Then he turned his back on Al Thorne and the minister and shouldered his way through the circle and walked out of the camp. His stride was still long and disdainful, and he carried himself with a swagger. But the liquor he had drunk was dead and frigid in his veins, and there was only dull apathy in his mind. He had shown his scorn of these aliens, and had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that he could master them physically. But in his heart he knew that he had proved nothing.

He headed toward the brighter lights of the town. He had retained his sorrel saddle horse when he had sold his plews and pack animals, and had left it at a livery, along with his blanket roll and possible sack. He had had his fling. He meant now to head back to the plains—to Henry's Fork, where he likely would hook with others of his kind bound into the mountains. Or swing down to Taos and Santa Fe, or the forks of the Missouri in the Blackfoot country. Anywhere. It didn't matter.

A feminine figure moved out of the darkness as he rounded into the principal street, confronting him.

"Mr. Storm," Ellen Jessup murmured, "just a moment. I want a word with you."

Luke could not see this newcomer clearly in the darkness. He took it for granted that she was some fandango girl who had followed him.

"You're wastin' your time, little one," he said, and continued walking. "My dinero is about all gone."

Ellen kept pace with him, forced to hurry to match his swinging stride. She caught his arm. "You misunderstand," she said. "I am not what you think. This is important. I want to talk to you somewhere where no one ——"

Luke tried to pull impatiently away. She refused to be dislodged.

"You must listen to me!" she said insistently.

They had now reached a point where they were touched by the feeble glow of a lamp that had been left burning in a shop. Luke saw that she was young and attractive, though in a brassy way.

He again tried to free himself from her grasp. In the next moment he felt strong fingers close on his shoulder. He was swung forcibly around by someone who had stepped out of the darkness nearby.

"Is this fellow annoying you, ma'am?" a man said.

The girl, startled, released his arm. Luke's backlash was instinctive—and devastatingly swift. He spun, weaving low, prepared to meet any type of attack. His revolver was in his hand, and cocked, all in that one darting movement.

He had expected that it might be Al Thorne and his wagon men again. Instead, he found himself gazing at a stranger. The intruder had been taken by surprise by Luke's violent reaction. He stood eying the gun. There was more of annoyance than apprehension in his manner. It was as though he was condemning himself for not anticipating this move.

He seemed to be about Luke's own age and nearly as tall. He had dark eyes in a handsome, intelligent face. His dark gray walking suit was quiet, but stylishly cut. He wore a pleated white shirt and a string tie and a cloth-top hat in the fashion of the day, and carried a carved walking stick. Luke now recalled that during the day, when he had been making his rounds of the taverns, he had noticed this good-looking Easterner playing poker for high stakes.

The girl now tried to push Luke's gun down. "No! No!" she gasped. "No shooting! Please!"

The stranger ignored the revolver. He said wryly, "Perhaps I was wrong, ma'am. But I had the impression that this man was trying to force himself upon you."

"Why—why, not exactly," she stammered. "But—but, thank you anyway. I am in no danger, I assure you."

Luke straightened. He thrust the revolver back into its holster and began to grin cynically. "Maybe I was the one that needed help."

Dry amusement now showed briefly in the other man as he took in Ellen's tawdry jewelry and her attire. Then his manner became punctiliously courteous. "Could I perhaps escort you to your friends, ma'am?" he offered. "My name is Cameron. Vance Cameron. I am a stranger in Independence."

Ellen hesitated. She feared that the gray-haired man would appear any moment, and she did not want to be seen talking to Luke. She accepted Vance Cameron's arm. "Thank you," she said. "I am staying at the Overland Inn."

Cameron looked at Luke. "You are fast on the draw, my friend," he observed almost admiringly. "You had me dead to rights, and it was my own fault. I saw you handle that fellow at the wagon camp a few minutes ago, and therefore had no excuse for underestimating you. I must say that you carry your liquor well. The next time I will not be so careless."

"Any time," Luke said magnanimously. "Any time at all."

Ellen said nothing. As she and Cameron turned away, her reticule slipped from her arm and fell to the ground. When Cameron stooped to retrieve it, she swiftly thrust into Luke's hand the envelope containing the message that Tansy White had failed to deliver. Luke accepted the paper automatically and thrust it inside his hunting shirt before Cameron straightened and returned the reticule to its owner.

Luke watched Vance Cameron escort the girl away, and finally drew out the message the girl had forced upon him. But the light here was too uncertain for reading. He made his way into the heart of the town, entered a tavern and ordered a mug of ale at the bar. This he carried to a table in a far corner where he had a measure of privacy.

He held the message below the table top, out of sight of other eyes, for the manner in which it had been delivered had clearly indicated a desire for secrecy. The words, written in an educated feminine hand, were terse:

I have a matter to discuss that might interest you. Please inquire at Room 16, Overland Inn, at your earliest convenience this evening. I would prefer that our discussion be entirely private.

That was all. There was no signature. Nor was his own name mentioned. Luke was somewhat deflated by the business-like tone of (*Continued on Page 90*)

Valleys of the Night

By RACHEL MACK

Was it the moon, the ripe
full moon,
That made befuddled
robins sing
Before the dawn? Their
chirruping,
Drowsy and tentative, came
through
My window; I had
wakened, too.
Listening and content I lay,
Laved in the moon's cool
borrowed light,
And let my thoughts,
moon-sponsored, go
Down the long valleys of
the night—
A curious medley not to be
Translated into terms of
day,
My own and yet small
part of me.

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I get almost as big a kick out of planning a vacation as I do when I actually get there. And rounding up all the paraphernalia is part of the fun, too. After all, no point in getting there half equipped.

The check list I'm using is printed at right. It's a big help. And if you need any more help in choosing from the fine values at your drug store, just look through these pages every week. You'll find the best of everything you need in the pages of the Post.

Well, see you there. (And it better hadn't rain!)

Hazel.

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- ☐ Clocks and Watches
- ☐ Dentifrices
- ☐ Deodorants
- ☐ Drugs and Medicines
- ☐ Flashlights and Batteries
- ☐ First-Aid Supplies
- ☐ Foot Remedies
- ☐ Gifts
- ☐ Hair Needs
- ☐ Ice Cream
- ☐ Insecticides
- ☐ Lamp Bulbs and Appliances
- ☐ Pens and Pencils
- ☐ Pet-Care Products
- ☐ Picnic Supplies
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- ☐ Razors and Blades
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- ☐ Summer Toiletries
- ☐ Sun Glasses
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The Saturday Evening POST

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(*Continued from Page 88*) the epistle. He had expected something else. His first impulse was to destroy the paper and forget the whole thing, but there was a mystery in all this that nettled him and intrigued him.

He left his drink untasted and strolled to the Overland Inn. The clerk's office was set off by a wooden partition from the main room where the gambling and drinking was going on, and the clerk was absent at the moment. Luke scanned the penciled names on the register, each with the room number inked in by the clerk. He had to turn back a page until he found the one he sought. Room 16.

The name written there was "Mrs. Edward Jarrett, Cincinnati, Ohio." The date of her arrival was three days previously. The penmanship of the signature was the same as that on the note she had handed him.

"Hell's little blue fishes!" Luke grumbled. "A married Susie!"

He again decided to put the whole thing out of his mind. He left the Overland Inn and headed in the direction of the livery, where his horse awaited.

But as he crossed the street to the opposite sidewalk, a man's voice called his name, "You there, Storm! I want a word with you!"

The speaker stood in the lighted door of an office which was part of a big frame-built warehouse.

Luke said evenly, "Howdy, Menafee."

"Come in—come in, Luke," Tracy Menafee urged. "Al Thorne just rode in from the wagons and told me you had a misunderstanding with some of my boys awhile ago."

Luke hesitated a moment. This was a warning and also a challenge. The former he could comprehend, because he knew Menafee, having had dealings with him in the past. It was the challenge that he could not ignore.

He said, "We all savvied each other well enough, Tracy."

And he walked into Tracy Menafee's office. There was a varnished counter, equipped with inkwells and quills, and desks and a ledger table and a big iron safe with a painting of Niagara Falls on its door. Under this same roof were storerooms stocked with staples and equipment. At the rear of the building were the corrals and stables and wagon yards. Tracy Menafee's trading and mercantile business was prospering.

Menafee slapped him on the shoulder in a very affable manner, led him through the swing gate into the desk enclosure and motioned him to a chair, then seated himself at a big golden-oak desk where business papers stood in precise order.

Menafee brought out a humidor of fine Cuban cigars and offered it. When Luke shook his head, the trader selected a smoke for himself, lighted the cigar from the burning taper that floated in a jar of wax, and leaned back, puffing with satisfaction.

Menafee was a full-bodied, sizable man and had a round, ruddy face, with a studied, bland expression. He had started out as a boy in the keelboats, helping cordelle the craft up the Missouri River by manpower in the last days of the big fur companies. The iron of that brutal form of physical slavery was still in his muscles—and also in his mind. After twenty-five years of great effort, he was head of his own freighting and trading company. He wore expensive garb and a diamond ring. His thinning hair was neatly barbered and he smelled of bay rum and cologne; he was clean-shaven and had a scrubbed look.

Al Thorne stepped into the room from a rear door that opened into Menafee's private inner office. Luke wondered how many more of Menafee's men were beyond that door.

"I hear you're leaving Independence, Luke," Menafee said easily, and added, "tonight."

And he dropped half a dozen gold pieces on the desk within Luke's reach. He said, "If you need credit for an outfit, you're welcome."

"Tracy," Luke said, "you never was much good at handling anything but oxen and mules. When will you learn that there's a time for layin' on the whip an' a time for givin' a horse—or a man—his head? Now, you've spoiled it. Fact is, I was headin' for Jake Adams' livery to catch up my horse and hit the trail west. Now I've got to stay."

Al Thorne spoke, "If you stay, you'll keep your mouth shut—one way or another."

"Let me do the talking, Al," Menafee snapped. . . . "I would appreciate it, Luke," he said, "if you would not try to frighten those people in the wagon company. After all, they're not children. They know what they're doing."

Luke's brows lifted. "Do they now? Why, I sized 'em up as a bunch of greenies. Do they know that the Sioux Nation is movin' down to the Medicine Road an' beginnin' to act ugly? I passed the places where two small wagon outfits had been done in. It was just beyond the South Platte ford. Nothin' left but wagon tires an' ashes. Do they know ——"

Menafee's patience ended. "You went out of your way to make some wild accusations against me personally!" he exploded. "Just because you and I have had differences in the past is no reason for trying to cause confusion among these people now! They are organized and determined! I warn you to mind your own business!"

Luke shrugged. "There you go agin, Tracy. Usin' the whip an' the goad. You'll never learn." He turned toward the door. "But you're right on one count," he added. "Those boomers are old enough to be able to figure things out for themselves. If they can't, I reckon it's their bad luck."

"See that it isn't yours, Luke!" Menafee called after him as he left the office.

Menafee jammed his cigar savagely into an ash tray. He had made a mistake in threatening Luke, and knew it. He could see the sardonic amusement in Thorne's sharp eyes. Thorne was ambitious. He was already considering himself as more than Menafee's wagon master. He was smart, and he was also a man of dangerous impulses.

The knotty-jawed Missouri Kid now joined them, entering from the inner office. "Do we foller him an' take care of him?" he whispered eagerly.

Menafee glared at him with some distaste. "No!" he growled. "Let him go. He won't do any more harm."

The Missouri Kid was still green around the lips from the body punch Luke had dealt him at the wagon camp. "You mean you're goin' to let him git away that easy?" he demanded angrily. He touched a sheathed knife that he carried on his belt. "I promised myself I'd cut off his ears."

Menafee's scowl deepened. The Missouri Kid was not one for neatness. His boots were squashed and run over at the heels. He was unwashed, his crooked face patched with an uncertain growth of beard. He offended Menafee's desire for refinement.

"Not in this town," Menafee said. "Settle your grudges some other time and somewhere else. That's an order. I want no more trouble until this wagon company gets out of ——"

He broke off. A newcomer had appeared in the door from the street, and stood there, tentatively awaiting an invitation. It was the heavy-bodied, gray-haired man whom Ellen had evaded earlier in the evening.

"Mr. Menafee?" he inquired.

"Yes," Menafee said. "What can I do for you?"

"My name is Slater," the man said. "Dan Slater. From Pennsylvania. I hear you've got a string of wagons pullin' out for the plains with the company tomorrow. I'm planning on going to California myself, and would like to make a deal with you."

"Deal? Of what nature?"

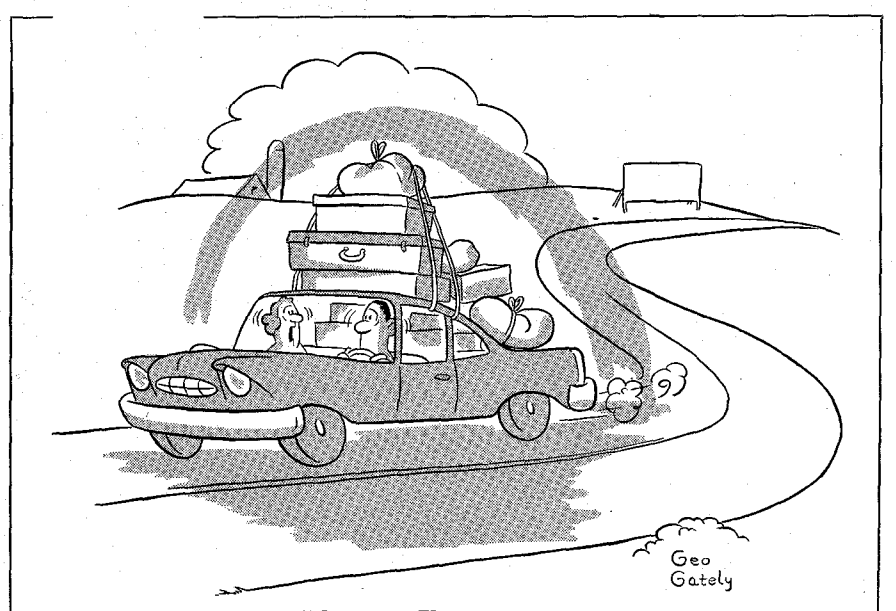
"I'm alone," Dan Slater explained. "I want to hook up with a wagon where I'd be sure of food and shelter."

Seeing the refusal forming in Menafee's face, he added quickly, "I'm able to pay enough to make it worth your while."

Menafee became interested. He never turned down a chance to earn a profit, large or small. "We're not in the business of carrying passengers, of course," he said. "And my wagons are bound only as far as Fort Relief on Raft River, but I might send a wagon or two all the way, depending on circumstances."

"I guess it isn't much farther to California if I can make it to Fort Relief," Slater said. "I'd be willing to take my chances."

Menafee and Al Thorne smiled a little at that. It was very evident that the applicant knew nothing about the vast distances of the journey he was proposing.



"George! The children!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Menafee appraised Dan Slater's garb and manner, trying to estimate just how high he dared go in setting the fare.

"We might make a concession," he said. "This is my wagon boss, Al Thorne. . . . I imagine we could take care of this gentleman during the trip, Al. . . . Let me see. I imagine that about one hundred dollars' fare, and two dollars a day in addition for board and keep, would be sufficient."

Dan Slater studied it over. Finally he nodded. "It's higher than I had expected," he said. "But I'll accept. I have bank drafts and letters of credit that I'm sure you'll find satisfactory. What will I need in the way of equipment?"

Menafee named off some of the items. "Blankets and a tarp, rubber poncho, tobacco, shaving kit, clothing, half a dozen pair of good boots. The customary needs. We have them for sale in the store, if you are not already sufficiently supplied. You can buy everything you need tonight." He added, "And I'd advise taking two good rifles and plenty of ammunition. And at least one pistol. You have used a gun, I hope. There'll be good sport with buffalo and antelope, of course. But there is also always the chance of a brush with Indians, you understand."

"Yes," Dan Slater said. "I know how to shoot. That's one department, at least, in which I can hold up my end."

They shook hands. Dan Slater moved toward the door leading to the trading room, then paused.

"I noticed you conferring with a young lady at your wagon yard today," he said. "She seemed to be buying a wagon and a team of oxen. She seems to be alone. I admit that it's none of my affair, but I am curious. Surely a lone young lady isn't fixing to make the trip with her own wagon?"

Menafee smiled indulgently. "That would be Mrs. Jarrett," he nodded. "Mrs. Edward Jarrett. She's got a husband in the California mines who evidently has struck it rich. She's in a hurry to join him. She intends to hire a driver to take care of her wagon and stock."

"She must be a game one," Dan Slater said. "Well, it encourages me."

"We pull out at daybreak," Menafee said. "I'll send one of my men to call you in time. The Overland Inn?"

"That's it," Dan Slater nodded. "Room Number Twenty." And he walked into the trading store to start his buying.

Menafee looked at Al Thorne and the Missouri Kid. "What do you make of him?" he murmured.

"John Law," Thorne said softly.

"It sticks out all over him," the Missouri Kid spat. "He's got a law badge pinned on him somewhere."

"I came to the same conclusion," Menafee nodded.

"What's he doin' here?" the Kid muttered uneasily.

"I doubt that he is interested in you, my friend," Menafee said contemptuously. "He is an Easterner. I detected a certain accent that reminded me of a man I knew who was from New York City. I do not believe your misdeeds were such that anyone would trace you this far." He sat pondering a moment. "It's my guess that he is dogging someone whose destination he doesn't know. This decision to cross the plains evidently was forced upon him suddenly. And he has no enthusiasm for it. He's doing it as a duty. No man would come here so unprepared if that was what he had in mind originally. Apparently he has a generous expense account. That means the matter involved is no petty affair."

TO BE CONTINUED

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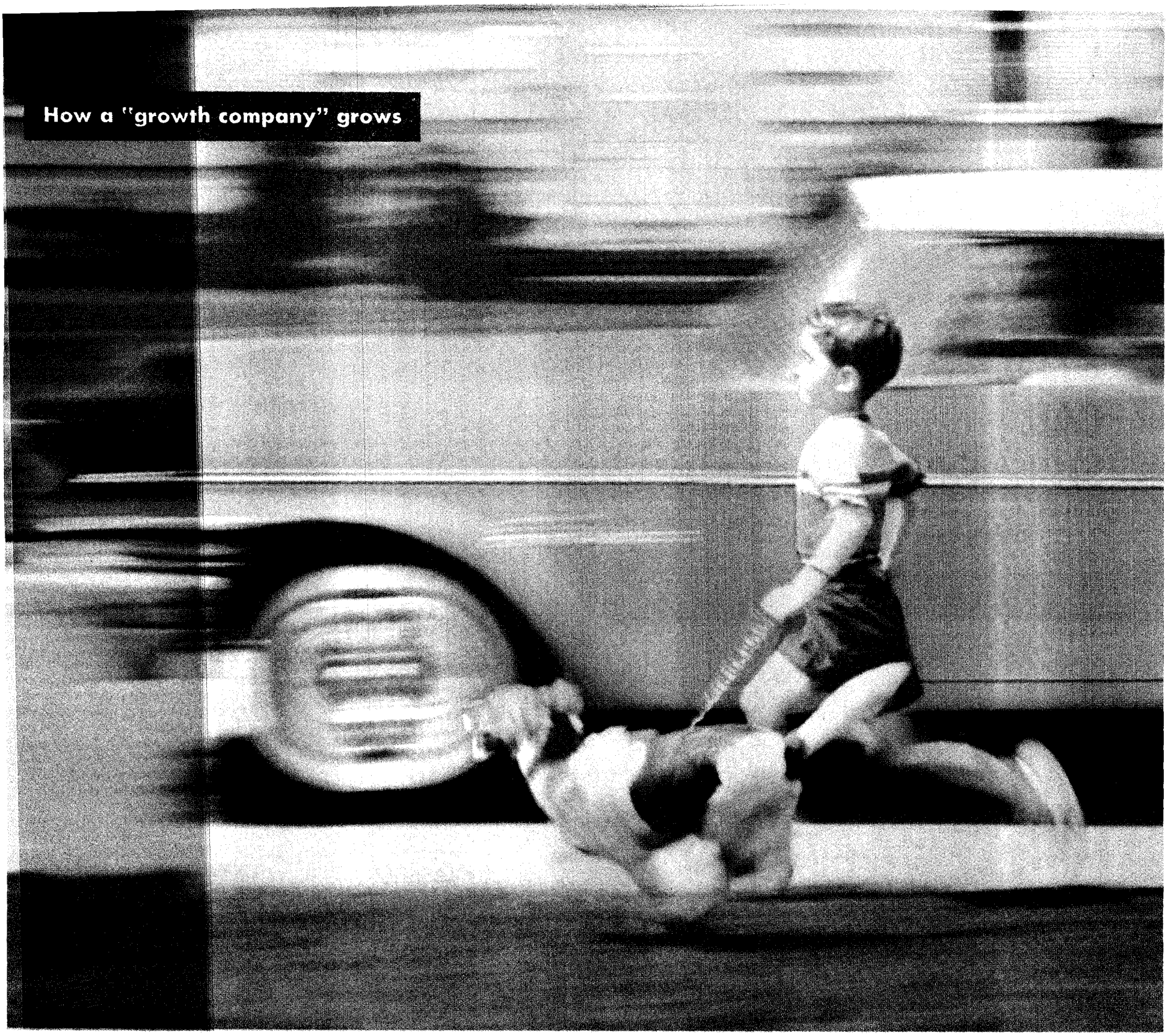

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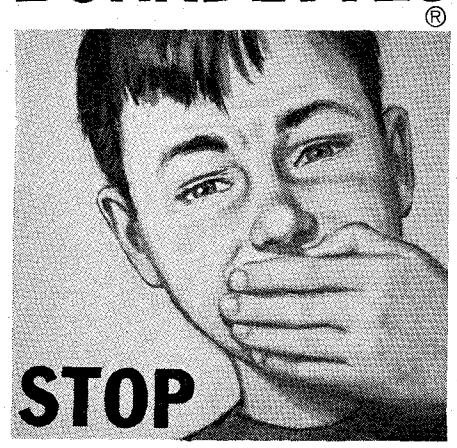

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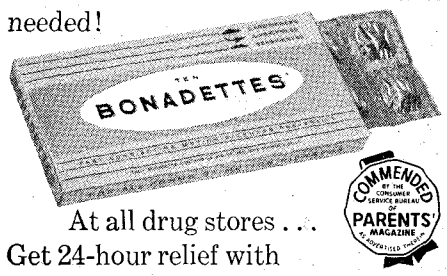

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Bomb Scare (Continued from Page 29)

darned old vacation, and you seem to imagine, all of you, that I'm quite ready and willing to go on with it. Well, I'm not!" And her voice rose passionately. "I want to see something of this town—it's why I came here! I want some fun!"

"Then maybe we can arrange that too," Rafferty told her, with a cold-blooded and extremely ominous inflection. "Maybe we'll take you downtown right now and lock you up for a couple of weeks—or a couple of months, even—as a material witness. Think that over for half a second. That the kind of fun you're looking for? Then I call Garvey about it, Miss McAndrew. Then you're set."

A lesser girl would probably have resorted to tears at such a point as this, but not this one. Her voice did wobble the least bit, however, and rather desperately.

"I suppose that's what you'd like," she said. "What you'd really enjoy." Her mouth quivered. "Oh, you're a cop, all right. You have the cop attitude and the cop look, Mr. Rafferty. The cop manners too."

"Hope so," Rafferty said, taking deliberate hold of her by the right forearm. "And you just better remember it. O.K., now. Get back on the job, and get up on that balcony. You hear what I'm telling you? Start moving."

It had been the one way to handle her at that moment of open and outright rebellion—the one possible way, as Rafferty saw it. Yet, when he reported at eight next morning—Saturday morning—to Inspector Ned Garvey, it was regretfully admitted, looking at the thing from her small personal viewpoint, anyway, that perhaps the McAndrew girl might just possibly have some sort of legitimate complaint against them.

"It's that vacation, of course," Ned Garvey decided, and with his usual dourness. "She intended to see the whole shooting match around here, from the Empire State Building to the Statue of Liberty, and so we have to feel a little obligated about keeping her up in that station, Rafferty, and for day after day. We do, I tell you. But how else can we handle the thing? There's the catch. Wouldn't the two of you just be facing up to a blank wall without her?"

And that was the nub of the whole matter from Inspector Garvey's professional angle—the unwanted and yet unavoidable nub. Three times in the past three weeks, in three different areas of Knickerbocker Depot, a shoe box wrapped sloppily in brown paper had been picked up by one of the station patrolmen. Then, just last Tuesday, another shoe box containing another powerful but amateurish infernal machine had been discovered in Rental Locker 1454 on the upper level, and that was the first tactical error committed so far by the mysterious phantom of Knickerbocker Depot.

It was an error because there had been other people that day who had rented a good many of the adjoining lockers. One by one, consequently, as they returned for their belongings, they had been stopped and questioned by Ned Garvey and aides. And that was how the McAndrew girl had got into this business. Yes, Miss McAndrew had told them, she did indeed remember the man who had rented Locker 1454 that afternoon. She remembered him, and was positive that she could recognize him again, because he had cut over in front of her and knocked a parcel out of her hand just as she was about to insert her own dime in the coin slot of Locker 1458.

"Now, if she had any kind of useful description to give us," Garvey said, beginning to tap his fingers fretfully on a leather memo pad, "we might be able to dispense with her services up there. But a middle-aged fella in a gray suit, with no distinguishing marks and no cuckoo idiosyncrasies ——" He threw his hands up, literally and figuratively. "It's just the blessing of God that nobody has been hurt so far, because all those contraptions of his were set to go off on impact, if they were dropped, Rafferty, or if anyone banged them down on a table, even. Oh, yes, the least jar. And so, one of these days ——"

He brooded another moment.

"Not that we couldn't give her the weekend off, maybe—just that much. Then she might be happy and contented again Monday morning. Look here now. Why can't you show her a bit of a time for herself today and tomorrow? Take her to—oh, Chinatown, can't you? Escort her around, Rafferty—and just you, of course. It's two that's the company."

"Oh, no," Rafferty said, his deceptively open and sympathetic Irish face—soft and starry gray eyes, choir-boy expression, innocent mouth—hardening up somewhat. "That girl—why, she just treats me like dirt, inspector. I don't know why; can't imagine. But ——"

"Oh, yes," Garvey said, using a certain dangerous inflection and looking up at him in a certain dangerous way. "Chinatown, Rafferty—and don't you forget it. Well, you heard, did you? Then get out of here and up to her hotel by nine sharp. Jump, man. I've no other suggestion."

But it wasn't Chinatown for them that sunny and pleasant Saturday morning. It would be the Museum of Art, Rafferty was informed, with little Miss McAndrew just as distant and authoritative as usual in a summer dress and perky red hat. And after that it was the Cloisters uptown—all very serious and cultural for them, with Miss McAndrew backing off when something impressed her, and changing her angle of looking at it, and changing again, and nodding crisply to herself, and taking notes on everything, hundreds and hundreds of notes, in her schoolma'am's guidebook.

Then, at seven, on Ned Garvey's explicit instructions, it was an elegant dinner for them in a small restaurant over on East 49th Street, very French and expensive, with Continental waiters and an elaborate menu card.

"Chinatown?" Miss McAndrew said, when Rafferty again offered that gambit to her as a big and exciting Saturday night. "Oh, I think not. The white slavers, you mean, and the opium dens?" She smiled coolly to herself. "I'm not quite that naïve, Mr. Rafferty. But if—well, how do you generally elevate and amuse yourself on an average weekend?"

"Got a boat," Rafferty informed her, stolidly accepting another example of the condescending McAndrew superiority, but not liking it in any way, and so hitting back at her from sudden and irritated impulse. "Out on the island. That's how. But you go right ahead, Miss McAndrew. Jump on a fellow the minute he opens his mouth to you. Land all over him, whatever he says. Show him how smart and sophisticated you are—how real high class. A lot of fun, is it?"

She colored up instantly; she had that grace.

"Smart and sophisticated," she said, her voice shaking a bit. "Oh, of course! When you've made it so plain all day that wherever we went and whatever I wanted to see in this town, Mr. Tony Rafferty was bored almost to tears with me. But that's all right. Because if that's the way you feel about it—well, you can drop me at the hotel, Tony Rafferty, and right now. Then you're free."

It was another sudden and typically feminine explosion. "What?" Rafferty said, thinking in quick panic of Ned Garvey, and of what Ned Garvey would have to say about a contretemps of this sort, and so making one of the cunning and hypocritical Rafferty switchovers. "Why," he said, the choir-boy face shining at her across the table with earnestness and sincerity, "I did everything that you wanted, Miss McAndrew—everything. Didn't I?"

She snatched up the menu card rather blindly. "Miss McAndrew, Miss McAndrew, Miss McAndrew!" she burst out. "How old am I, anyway? Ninety-two? Oh, you're the type, all right. Smooth. Good-looking. Respectful. Sneaky. The minute I saw you that first day, 'There he

People are Like That

One explanation advanced to account for the frequency of heart disease among men is the stress and strain of city life. Is there any basis for this belief?

Yes, it may well be accurate. A recent U. S. Public Health Service survey reveals that the death rate from heart disease among men is highest in the "big-city" states. Deaths per 100,000 persons ran to 653.4 in New York state, 620 in California, 613.4 in Rhode Island, 613 in the District of Columbia, and 612.6 in Massachusetts. By contrast, the lowest rates occurred in the less urbanized states: 309 in New Mexico, 380.5 in Kentucky, 385.6 in Tennessee, 422 in Alabama, 430.9 in Mississippi. In addition to nervous strain, other factors in determining the heart death rate possibly are diet, phsyique and heredity.

Arthur Larsen

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is,' I said, 'to the life! There's Robert Duane all over again.'"

"Oh," Rafferty said. He gave her a boyishly uncertain smile, as though still puzzled, but now the pattern had begun to develop for him. There was the catch, he told himself; this Robert Duane must be what she held against him. "And who's that?" he asked, working craftily on Miss McAndrew now, as he had worked so often before on other people, and with the faithless Rafferty concern for and interest in their personal problems. "What did he do to you?"

"Never you mind," Miss McAndrew said, but with her eyes filling up suddenly and pathetically. "It isn't your business. Someone I knew, that's all. Someone who went out with me for two years. And someone—oh, the low, dirty skunk!—who ran off last June and married some girl in Cleveland."

"Oh," Rafferty said, the same word again, but a different tone. "Gee, Miss McAndrew, I'm real sorry about that. Why didn't you tell me before?" He knew what she wanted, then, and had wanted all along, probably—a chance to talk about it to someone, to unburden herself.

Now, therefore, with the well trained Rafferty dissimulation, he asked the right question or two, shook his head sorrowfully at the right intervals, and in that

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Clothes don't make the woman, but they often show how she is made.

JACK HERBERT

---

fashion, little by little, got the inside McAndrew story out of her.

"Not that I mind," she protested piteously, winking down at her *coq au vin* with both eyes, but not touching it. "I'm lucky, I guess, because I found out in time what kind of fellow he was. It's just—oh, I don't know, Rafferty. This was supposed to be my wedding trip, if you can imagine it. I was silly enough to save the money for it; not him. And then I'm not two days in New York when you and that old Garvey are shouting at me and keeping me up in that Knickerbocker Depot day after day. I'm—I'm just cursed, I guess. Nothing ever seems to happen to me the way I want it. Nothing!"

"Now it's not that bad," Rafferty comforted her, a little honestly touched there, and so, as a natural result, even more insinuating and effective than ever. "You're letting it get you down, that's all. Why, you've got plenty on the ball—plenty, Miss McAndrew. You're a real swell girl. You're neat and intelligent and attractive. You could get a hundred guys to go out with you—a hundred. Just don't worry about it."

"It's easy to say that," she whispered miserably. "Very easy, when you don't mean it. Just for instance, you told me about that boat of yours, but you wouldn't invite me aboard, would you? Oh, no! And why? Because I'm nothing more than an old-maid schoolteacher to you or to any man. That's why. Go on and admit it."

"Why, sure, I'd invite you," Rafferty said, his thoughts darting around hurriedly now in several directions. There was a lean and long-legged redhead out in the wilds of Astoria who had been due on the Sea Rover III tomorrow morning at twelve noon, but also, balanced against her, there was Inspector Ned Garvey. Which? But he knew, of course—knew at once and without doubt, because he knew Garvey. "I just didn't think, Miss McAndrew. That's all."

"Oh, you don't have to pretend," Miss McAndrew said, again winking desperately. "Not for the old-maid schoolteacher. But you don't know anything about a small town, do you? How everyone knows your business when something like this happens; how the nice ones feel sorry for you, and the other ones go around smirking and whispering behind your back. That's why I had to get away for a couple of weeks, Rafferty—just had to! I thought I might meet someone—and I did. But who was it? Another Robert; another good-looking and patronizing —— So I know what I am, Rafferty. He showed me. So did you."

Again Rafferty was touched. He leaned forward and patted her hand in a kindly and brotherly fashion; even felt that way.

"Listen!" he said. "You're coming out with me, Miss McAndrew; and all day too. You got something to wear?"

She did. She wore a cute little green playsuit the next morning, with one of those detachable skirts, and Rafferty was quite the nautical character, altogether as usual, in a striped pullover and a jaunty white cap. They cast off about noon—and a beautiful day, too, nothing anywhere but crisp sunlight and blue water and white sails.

It was a rather new and diverting experience for Rafferty, however. On most Sunday afternoons there was one girl or another out for a few hours of fun and frivolity on the Sea Rover III, but always a different girl, because that was the way Rafferty himself had wanted it. Oh, campaigns by his friends' sisters and his sisters' friends had been laid against that stalwart physique of his, the crisp and curly black hair, the gray eyes, but none had succeeded with Tony Rafferty—or had come close, even. He knew what he wanted. He had the whole thing set up for himself.

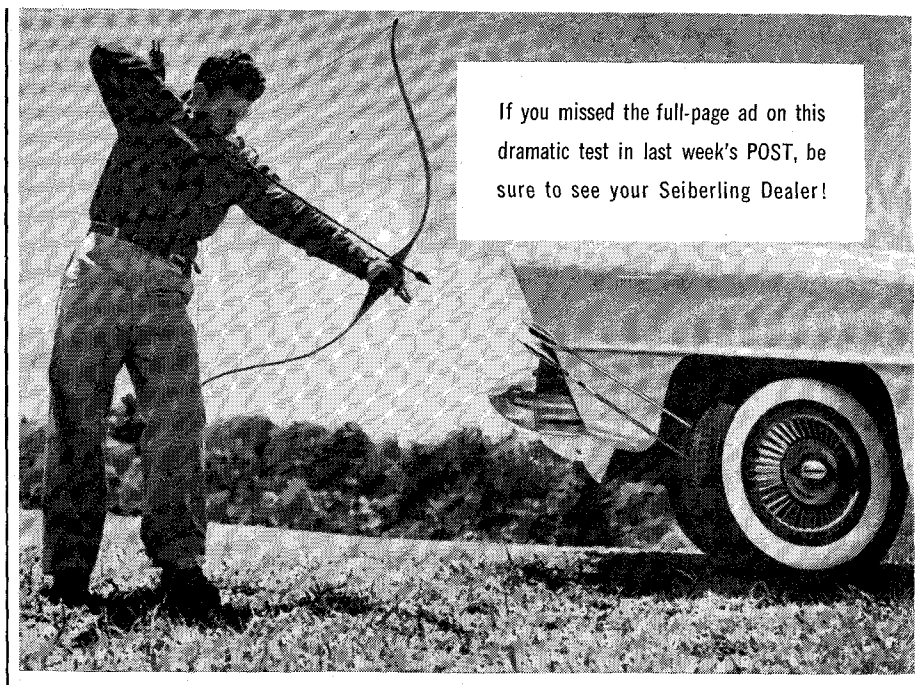
"Because, of course, you have to decide what's important to you personally," he said, after they were well under way, the motor warmed up and the Sea Rover III practically handling itself. "And there's one thing I have to admit I could never see, Miss McAndrew. What's this great business between men and women, anyway? You take a lot of people who read books and watch those Hollywood movies, and they just know in their hearts that nothing like that ever happened to them. All right. So they begin worrying about it. They think maybe they're missing something, and they begin running around like crazy—just chasing after each other. Well, I'll tell you something right now about this Robert Duane. You ought to thank him, Miss McAndrew. That's right, thank him. He showed you something. He showed you the score."

"I know," Miss McAndrew said, listening quietly and seriously to him with her slim legs up, her arms around them, and her head lowered a bit. "I ought to. But I don't. I don't, Rafferty. What's the matter with me?"

"Tell you that too," Rafferty said, again earnest and sincere with her. "You just got the wrong start, Miss McAndrew. You think anybody that ever lived got a—well, a certain feeling about just one girl in the world or one man? Now that isn't logical. For the birds, you understand; never there when you look for it. And didn't you admit it to me last night? Didn't you? Just answer the question."

"I don't know," Miss McAndrew said, that small face of hers tightening up somewhat. "And I don't think I want to talk about it any more, Rafferty; not this morning. Could we swim?"

They swam. There was a small galley to change in, (*Continued on Page 95*)



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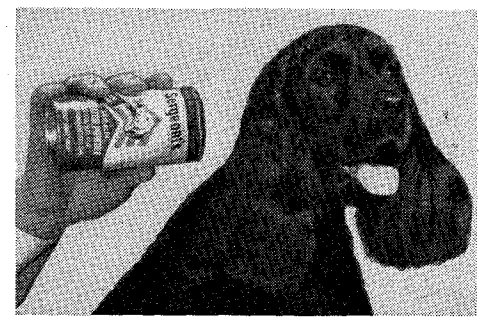

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(*Continued from Page 93*) and afterward they tanned themselves up on deck, drinking cold beer out of the can and talking about life and experience. There was one thing. He didn't have to—well, fool around with this girl, or fight her off, either, the way it had happened sometimes with Tony Rafferty. She didn't want that or expect it. She just listened, mostly, to the Rafferty idea of things, her small, serious face attentive to him, her brown hair blowing around nicely, and her brown eyes studying him every so often not quite as any of the others had ever studied him—in the most candid and honest way possible. They had sandwiches and hot coffee about five o'clock, which came around before Rafferty was quite ready for it, and then more cigarettes, and more talk too.

About eight they were coming back up the East River, the Triborough Bridge before them and lower New York rising up on their left like a yellow-and-black punchboard under the backdrop of a tranquilly luminous August sunset.

"The life, hah?" Rafferty demanded. He stretched comfortably. "Tell you something else, Miss McAndrew. They pension you off in this job after twenty years, and if I save a buck here and a buck there, I ought to have a pretty nice fifty- or sixty-footer by that time. With that size you could go anywhere in the world, anywhere. Asia, maybe—or the South Seas. What's to prevent?"

It was getting cool now. She had put on one of Rafferty's old jackets, and she looked small and rather woebegone in it. She did not say anything. *Thinking of what?* Rafferty asked himself. *Of El Jerko back there in East Osage Falls?* Something stirred in him.

"What's the matter?" he demanded gruffly. "Pretty quiet, aren't you?"

"Oh, just thinking," she said. She shivered a little in herself, against the jacket. "Just wondering what's going to happen to me in twenty years—or maybe I know. I'll still be teaching the fourth grade somewhere. I'm not smart, I guess. At least I don't seem to have it made, Tony. Not made at all."

The instinctive Rafferty wariness asserted itself. *Tony*, he thought; *the first time. Significant?* He inched off in a careful but unobtrusive manner.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "You'll meet a guy sometime, Miss McAndrew; you're bound to. Why not?"

"Yes," Miss McAndrew said. She looked out quietly across darkening water. "But—I just feel so miserable sometimes. I just feel so all alone, Tony."

"That right?" Rafferty said, keeping his jaws squared. "Well, I don't. I just gave you the Tony Rafferty setup. You think there's anything the matter with it?"

"No," Miss McAndrew said. She smiled dimly. "No, Tony. Nothing at all."

He shifted a little. "Yes, you do," he said. "I can tell."

"All right," Miss McAndrew said; there was some kind of timid desperation in her. "It's selfish, isn't it? You'll have everything you want in the world, and at the same time, Tony, you'll have nothing and no one. Just like me."

"Listen," Rafferty said. His voice hardened abruptly. "We'd better get in."

"All right," Miss McAndrew said, but not too steadily. "Maybe we'd better. If you can't talk about it, even. If all you can do ——"

He spun the wheel viciously; would not answer. A few early stars came out. "Talk?" he said then, and pretty tightly. "Talk about what? You know yourself?"

"About if it could happen," Miss McAndrew said, quite softly and tenderly. "And it could, Tony. Why not? Give it time. Take two decent and honest people who'd love each other for the rest of their lives. And then ——"

"I told you once!" Rafferty informed her through clenched teeth. "That stuff isn't important to me. It never was—and it never will be! What are you trying to pull here? You know why you're out on this boat, don't you? Because Ned Garvey wanted it. Not me."

"Oh," Miss McAndrew said, her voice wavering again. "I see. So that's why. Then I'm sorry, Tony. I'm sorry about everything."

The queer part was that Rafferty shared her emotion; that he hated and despised himself. He looked down with sullen uneasiness at a small brown head, nothing spectacular, at slim shoulders, and then at the lights bobbing and glittering near College Point. He had seen them often before, but tonight they seemed to be very lonely and scattered lights, for some reason. Why? He had no idea. But his throat began hurting him a little, from some obscure inward pressure. He felt like a dog.

And yet that did it, of course. No question; *finie la guerre*. She was a different girl on Monday morning in Knickerbocker Depot. The brown eyes looked dark and bruised under the lids, as if she'd slept about twenty minutes last night, and that good independent swing and dash of hers had all vanished. She also kept watching him at odd moments, when she didn't think he was watching her. It was—it was downright outrageous. Or worse than that, even. It was insufferable.

Because whose fault was it? He felt a savage inclination to hit out at something—to hit out at her, maybe. Hadn't he laid it right on the line? Of course! The pension, he had told her yesterday; the boat; anywhere in the world. And she thought she could offer something against that, perhaps? Why, she must be out of her head. She ——

"Tony," Joe Weiner whispered at him. "Tony."

He stopped short in the east arcade of Knickerbocker Depot, coming back to himself slowly and fuzzily. He saw then that Miss McAndrew was the prescribed ten or twelve feet ahead of them, and that Miss McAndrew, only a moment ago, must have dropped her newspaper in the agreed signal. She had dropped it in front of a slim, elderly man who was carrying an ordinary package about the size of an ordinary shoebox and wrapped in ordinary brown paper.

But, of course, Rafferty knew what it was. He started forward, with Joe Weiner circling in from the other side, and the elderly man, who must have recognized Miss McAndrew, just as quickly and surely as he had been recognized himself, took hold of her with his free hand, drew her back into a store entrance and got her in front of him. Then his bright and cunning old eyes darted around threateningly. They touched Rafferty's stricken and horrified expression. They stopped there.

Rafferty stopped too. He could stay right where he was, Rafferty thought—still fuzzily, however. He could duck back into the crowd at the last moment and protect himself in that manner. But Miss McAndrew —— He wet his lips quickly. What about Miss McAndrew?

Another idea came to him. Suppose he was crazy enough to run in now? The elderly man, nine chances out of ten, would heave the shoebox at him from pure instinct. And what then? It was set to go off on impact—the least jar, Inspector Garvey had warned him.

He swallowed. All those conflicting ideas went through him like a stroke of lightning, went out of him—vanished. One moment he was considering them, and the next, without having made any conscious decision, he was lunging forward with both arms extended.

The elderly man threw the shoebox at him. He had been right, then, Rafferty told himself—dead right. Dead? It seemed funny to him. The shoebox floated up and out over a fat lady and a man in a Homburg hat, and Rafferty watched it, apparently with all the time in the world to watch it. He would catch it, of course, and fall on it. But then —— He had one last split second to think of something. He thought of it. That was funny too. He didn't think of the Sea Rover III at all. He just hoped that Miss McAndrew would have sense enough to get back, way back, in that doorway.

She was packing some bags up in Room 2718 at her Park Avenue hotel when Rafferty got over there about an hour afterward. Her door was open, and so he walked in quietly, and looked at the suitcases on the bed, and looked at her. Well, he'd known, of course. Hadn't Garvey told him?

"What's this?" he demanded, the choirboy face pretending utter and innocent bewilderment with her. "Hey! Where you going?"

"Oh—home," Miss McAndrew said. She smiled brightly. "There's an express at two-five, and I might just catch it. Hand me that sweater, will you?"

"That's right," Rafferty said, picking up the sweater for her, but then holding it. "Just about. Only I thought ——" Something came apart in him—something new, and something real serious. "Don't," he said. "Please don't. Miss McAndrew!"

She folded up that green playsuit neatly and carefully. Her head was bent. She did not say anything.

"Weiner caught him," he babbled at her, a sick emptiness taking over in the Rafferty insides. "And I guess I looked pretty stupid grabbing that shoebox and flopping down on it, when nothing happened. We didn't know that he had learned enough to put a time mechanism in there, Miss McAndrew; that he wanted a real blowup ten minutes after he pulled the string out and walked away from it. That's why it didn't go off. Why ——" But he felt that he was chattering away foolishly or blowing his own horn, even. "And I was worried about you," he said. "I was scared sick."

"Thank you," Miss McAndrew said quietly. "Thank you very much. I'm most grateful. . . . Well, I'm about finished, I think."

Rafferty moistened his lips. "No, you aren't," Rafferty said. "I got that sweater." Then she had to look up at him—but again quietly, a million miles off, somehow. "Look," he said, altogether desperate then, and so making the supreme sacrifice—for Rafferty, anyhow. "I'll sell the boat. I'll do anything that you want me to. But don't go home, Miss McAndrew. Stay here."

She looked steadily at him for a long moment. "Why?" she said. "Why should I?"

And then Rafferty found the words somewhere or other—the right words. He put down the sweater, then cleared his throat carefully.

"Because," he said, "I see what you mean. I see now, Miss McAndrew. Me too." THE END

"I have no trouble rolling 'em. It's adding the filter tip that gets me!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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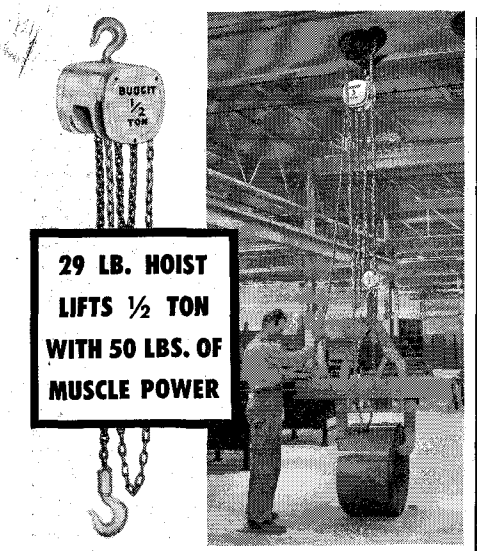

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The Actor in Me (Continued from Page 30)

managed to buy low and sell high. We couldn't count on him to keep us eating.

As a professional actor who has read thousands of play and movie scripts, I am aware that my life story is filled with the rags-to-riches clichés so beloved by bad dramatists. I can't help that. There have been times when I wished I had led another kind of life, but this is the way it happened.

I was born in 1916 and I grew up in Amsterdam, New York, about thirty miles from Albany, in the Mohawk Valley. Everybody there called me Izzy. I've read that I grew up "under unfortunate circumstances." This is a fancy way of saying that my family lived intimately with hunger.

Unless you've been hungry-poor, you don't know what poor means, and the Danielovitches had a lot of mouths to feed. I was the only son, but I have six sisters, three older and three younger. In a couple of ways I'm the ham in the family sandwich.

A friend of mine has never forgotten the first time he saw me lose my temper. He was visiting me and I said, "Let's have a beer," and I opened the refrigerator—and turned white with fury. It was only three quarters full.

I have a standing rule that any refrigerator of mine must be kept filled. This rule goes back to the beat-up Danielovitch icebox in Amsterdam. If we'd had ice, we could have kept the food fresh—if we'd had any food. Most of the time all there was in that icebox was a little can of cooking oil—the smallest can ma could buy.

Amsterdam was a one-industry town—rugs and carpets. The two leading mills were the Mohawk Mills and the Sanford Mills. Most of the kids in Amsterdam thought that the two biggest men in the world were the President of the United States—and Mr. Sanford.

I sold soda pop and candy to the mill hands, to make enough money to buy milk at seven cents a quart and bread at five cents a loaf. Sometimes I made enough to buy a couple of boxes of corn flakes and two quarts of milk. When I did, our family had corn flakes and milk for dessert that night.

For my lunch at school, ma beat up one egg with water, then she fried the egg and cut it in half to make two sandwiches for me. There was no butter on my sandwich bread. If I had a nickel I bought milk to slosh it down; otherwise I drank water. Whatever we had to eat, whether it was boiled soup bones, stale bread or pumpernickel, we ate every scrap. That habit has lasted all my life. I seldom leave anything on my plate.

When I passed the Sanford mansion I peered through its tall gates and wondered what the people inside were doing. I always hoped I'd see one of them, but I didn't, not then anyhow. Years later, in Hollywood, someone told me, "Mary Sanford—that's Laddie Sanford's wife—has been trying to reach you. She's giving a party, and since you and Laddie are from the same town, she thinks it would be nice if you came. You two ought to have a lot to talk about."

So I went. I was eager to meet one of the Sanfords, but since I didn't play polo and Laddie hadn't seen many of my pictures, we had little in common.

Things being the way they were with the Danielovitches, I had to work at anything I could get. I've held down more than forty jobs in my life. Among other things, I've been a dishwasher, a punch-press operator, a cashier, a night watchman, a lifeguard. When I was a kid I'd save a coin here and a coin there and sock it away in my "college fund." College meant everything to me. Ma taught all seven of us kids that the opportunity to acquire knowledge was the "gold in the streets" an immigrant could find in America.

While I was still in junior high, I worked for the Goldmeer Wholesale Company after school and on Saturdays. I started in as a thirteen-year-old bookkeeper. When I committed a bookkeeping boo-boo or two, Mr. Goldmeer sighed and made me a stock clerk. Then something happened that sent my stock up with him. As a civic gesture, Mr. Sanford had donated money to buy a medal to be presented annually to the Amsterdam boy or girl who excelled in public speaking or in a ten-minute dramatic recitation. That year I won the contest with a recitation entitled Across the Border.

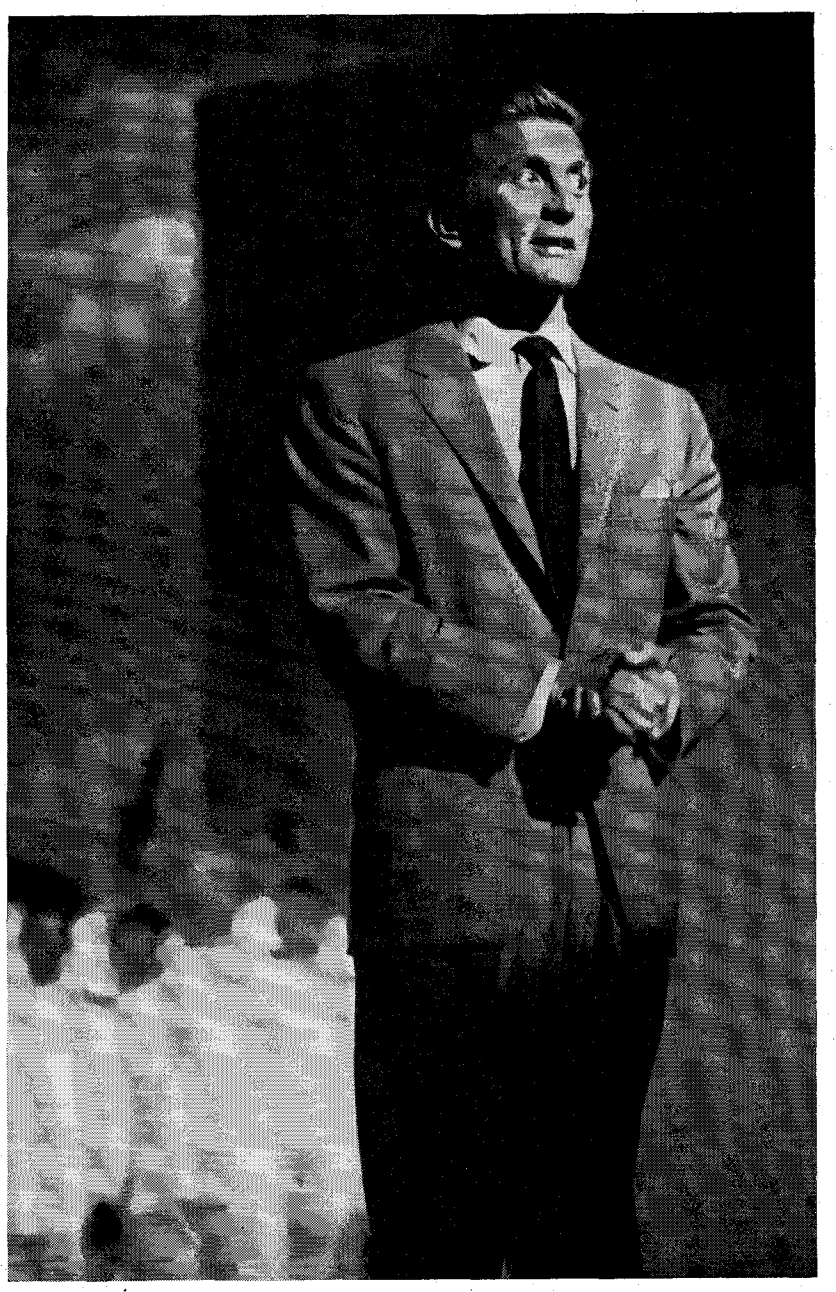
Mr. Goldmeer asked me to deliver my prize-winning recitation to his salesmen, who were assembled in his office every Saturday for a pep meeting. Mr. Goldmeer's office was near Chuctanunda Creek, which roared by outside. I drew a deep breath and began. Across the Border was a poem about a wounded soldier whose soul flitted back and forth between life and death. Just as I reached the most dramatic part, the phone rang and one of the salesmen took an order. The poetic death of a heroic soldier had to compete with that salesman's voice saying, "Five hundred pounds of sugar—yes. . . . One case of baking powder—yes. . . . And one case of lard. O.K."

Reciting while the creek rushed by, the phone jangled and orders for cooking grease were loudly noted was a grueling experience. Since then I've given performances under difficult conditions, but that morning in Mr. Goldmeer's office still ranks with me as the tops in rough going.

I finally had my college fund built up to $350. I thought that was a lot of dough—I still do—but I had to give it to my parents a little at a time to help out at home. So when I graduated from Lynch Senior High School at the age of seventeen, I felt sure I wasn't going to make college. To me this was the end of the world. I would have thrown in the towel if I hadn't been encouraged by my friend and teacher, Louise Livingston. She convinced me that college was worth working for, worth waiting for.

After graduation I went to work at Lurie's Department Store. By this time ma and pa had separated, so I took most of my wages home. Yet I managed somehow to save $163. That wasn't enough to pay my way through college, but I decided to ask St. Lawrence University, in Canton, New York, to take me anyhow. A pal of mine, Pete Riccio, went there. "Ask them," Pete said. "The worst they can say is no."

My sisters backed Pete up. "Go ahead," they told me. "We'll take care of ma."



Actor Kirk Douglas as a guest on the Ed Sullivan TV show last year after his performance in Lust for Life won the New York Film Critics award.

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Pete and I hitchhiked our way to St. Lawrence. For the last leg of our ride we perched on a load of fertilizer. I hadn't written to say I was coming. I had sent no application. All I had were my high-school credentials and $163—and the odor of fertilizer on my clothes. Aware of my aroma, and a bit defiant because of it, I went in to talk to the dean. "I'd like to go here," I told him, "but I've got only a hundred and sixty-three dollars."

The dean eyed me peculiarly, but he was a gentleman. He looked at my high-school credentials; then he said, "We'll take a chance on you."

I arranged a loan from the college and landed a part-time job as a gardener at thirty cents an hour. One day, while I was trimming the campus lawns, the superintendent of grounds bawled me out.

"What do you want for thirty cents an hour?" I asked. "A landscape architect?"

That did it; I lost both my temper and my job. After that I took up janitoring.

Because of my name, which sounded like a sneeze reverberating in a bowl of borsch, I would have been regarded at some colleges as a wild, foreign type, to be watched closely. That wasn't true at St. Lawrence. Although I belonged neither to a fraternity nor to a nonfraternity group—membership would have meant paying dues—I was elected president of the student body. And I made the wrestling team, grappling at 155 pounds. Among our opponents were Colgate, Syracuse and Rutgers. In my senior year I was undefeated and was given the plaque awarded to the team's best wrestler.

But college was more than plaques and plaudits. It meant work, too, and penny-pinching. If another student said, "I'm broke," it signified that he was waiting for the next shipment of money from home. When I was broke, it meant I had no money and didn't know where I was going to get any. In my freshman year I couldn't even live in the university dormitory; that would have been too expensive, so I bunked in the janitors' quarters. I wasn't supposed to eat in the dormitory cafeteria. But an empty belly isn't scrupulous, so I crashed the cafeteria and my friends assembled meals for me, each one giving me something from his tray.

Going to college dances was a problem too. I was determined not to miss my chance to dance with the beautiful coeds, but each time I had to rustle up a tux and tickets. When you ask to borrow a tux, most guys will say, "But mine won't fit you." I always told them to lend it to me and I'd worry about the fit. I developed an "adjustable build" and was able to wear tuxedos in a wide range of sizes. Sometimes I'd have to concentrate on taking shallow breaths, so as not to split a seam. Other times I would go through the night with my chest expanded, so the tux wouldn't look too large.

I also worked out a system for getting the dance tickets. I would check the sick list as eagerly as a medical student. If a fellow student was so ill he couldn't use the ticket he had already bought, he was usually glad to give it to me. If all my friends were in good shape, I would hunt up one of the campus characters who always worried about their health and say, "You don't look so good. Why don't you go to the infirmary and get some medicine?" This strategy had a fair chance of success, and I always rationalized my action by thinking, *He's happier in the hospital anyway.*

I graduated from St. Lawrence University with a bachelor-of-arts degree. But the year before I marched forward to get my sheepskin, I had my sights set on my next goal. When I graduated, I meant to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City and learn to be an actor. During my junior year I hitchhiked to New York and explained my lack of funds to Mr. Diestel, the academy's secretary.

"But we have no scholarships," Mr. Diestel said. He kept on saying it, while I kept on repeating just as firmly, "When I'm done at St. Lawrence I'm coming here."

To silence me, Mr. Diestel gave me an audition. I read the things he asked me to read. He tossed in the towel. "If you still want to come here when you graduate," he said, "we'll try to get you in."

When I left St. Lawrence for the last time, a fellow student, Wally Thompson, was about to throw away his overcoat.

"Don't do that," I said; "I'm going to New York and I don't have one." Wally was six feet four, and his coat flapped around my ankles, but I wore it through one frigid, sleety winter.

Another student at the academy was Betty Bacall, who afterward became Lauren Bacall and married Humphrey Bogart. Every time she looked at me I suspected she was thinking, *Why does he wear such a terrible coat?* I tried to pass myself off as a casual, Greenwich Village type.

"This," I said defiantly, "happens to be the kind of coat I like."

When Betty finally gathered that I had no money to buy a new coat, she talked an uncle into giving me one that fitted.

During my first year at the academy I had a job at the Greenwich Settlement House. I taught dramatics to kids in the evenings. That way I earned enough to rent an attic room and eat two cheap meals a day, breakfast and dinner. I skipped lunch. During my second year at the academy my studies didn't leave me time enough for the Settlement House job, but I had stashed away some money earned in summer stock.

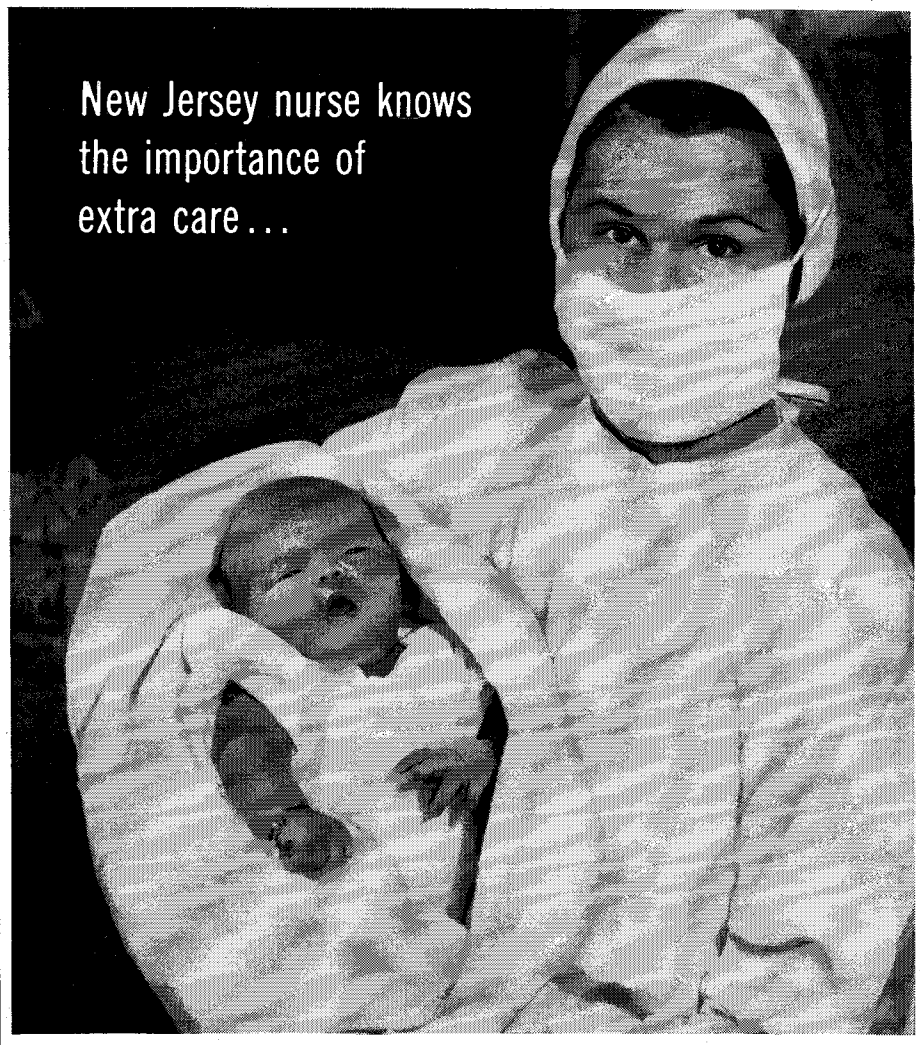
A summer-stock director helped me settle on a stage name. I had already changed my name once, from Issur Danielovitch to Izzy Demsky, so one more change couldn't hurt. Both Demsky and Danielovitch sounded remarkably unglamorous, and the thought was that a glossier label would raise my audience appeal. I chose the name Douglas—I can't remember why. Perhaps if a psychiatrist drained my mind he would find the name "Douglas Fairbanks" floating in the sludge. Anyhow, I remember that we decided to put Kirk in front of Douglas because it would sound "snazzy."

The money I made that summer in stock ran out quickly. Thanksgiving Day found me standing in line on the Bowery with my total cash, thirty cents, in my pants. I was waiting to buy a twenty-cent Salvation Army turkey dinner, but when I reached the head of the line the food had run out. To celebrate the holiday I spent twenty of my thirty cents for a bowl of stew at a lunch wagon. A year later I was to eat turkey with all the trimmings at the home of Katharine Cornell. If I were a producer, I'd throw that scene into the wastebasket. Too corny.

After that I took a job waiting on tables at Schrafft's. Employees weren't supposed to eat there, but if we used discretion we could sneak a sandwich. Those snacks, plus fifteen dollars a week and tips, plus the fact that the hours of nine P.M. to one A.M. fitted in with my academy course, proved helpful.

Shortly after I graduated from the academy in 1941, I got to see Guthrie McClintic. He asked if I could sing. I answered, "Not very well." Mr. McClintic said, "Can you sing loud?" I said I could.

I was told, "Learn this," and handed a paper. It was the tune Yankee Doodle. I thought of four years of college, two years of dramatic school, a couple of summers



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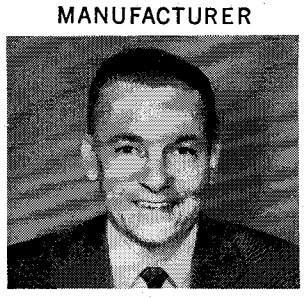

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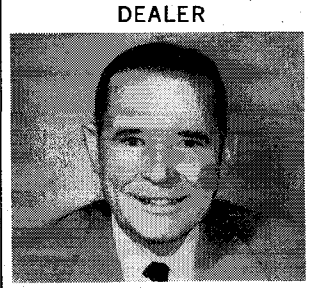

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of stock and repertory work. I had studied Shakespeare, Molière, the Greek classics—all for the sake of Yankee Doodle.

I made my Broadway debut as a singing telegraph boy. My musical telegram was delivered at the end of the second act. It was my only appearance each evening, but Betty Bacall and her mother came to applaud me on opening night, and they told me afterward that they thought I was sensational.

This demonstration of my acting talent landed me another job, in Katharine Cornell's production of The Three Sisters. During the third act, an actor—on his way to war—yelled "Yo-ho" as a farewell to his homeland, and the woods sent back an echo. I was the offstage echo. Then, in 1942, I went off to war.

I enlisted in the Navy, attended midshipman school at Notre Dame and was graduated as an ensign. I spent my wartime service as a communications officer with an antisubmarine patrol in the Pacific. Our ship was a patrol craft, really too small to be trading punches with Jap subs. But once, when we were escorting a ship to Pearl, we ran into a Nip pigboat and tossed several depth bombs from our fantail.

One depth charge, set for shallow explosion, went off too close to the boat. I picked myself up and thought, *I'm O.K.* I was wrong. I had severe internal bleeding, which later was complicated with amoebic dysentery. For months I was laid up at the Balboa Hospital at the San Diego Naval Station, and in 1944 I was given a medical discharge.

While I was at the academy I'd met a Bermuda girl, Diana Dill. We were married during the war, and when I returned to civilian life as the head of a family I needed a break in the breadwinning department. I got it when I replaced Richard Widmark in the hit show, Kiss and Tell. I also managed to establish myself as a radio performer in a dozen or so daytime serials.

After Kiss and Tell, I got jobs in a few other stage shows, and although most of them were morning glories, I drew some good notices. It was then that Betty Bacall met the movie producer, Hal Wallis, on a train headed East from California, and told him, "you're always looking for promising newcomers. Why don't you look up a man named Kirk Douglas?"

Wallis talked to me while I was rehearsing for a play, The Wind is Ninety. He said that he'd like me to do a screen test. That startled me, because I had never thought of working in the movies. My dream had always been to be a star on the Broadway stage. Now, with opportunity knocking on my door like a mad woodpecker, I was frightened. I called Wallis to say I was sorry, but I was going to stick with the show.

After the closing of The Wind is Ninety, I woke one morning with no money. I could tell I had no money because I had written a check for fifteen dollars and it had bounced. Then I went to Wallis' New York office and said, "If you're still interested in having me make a picture, I'll try."

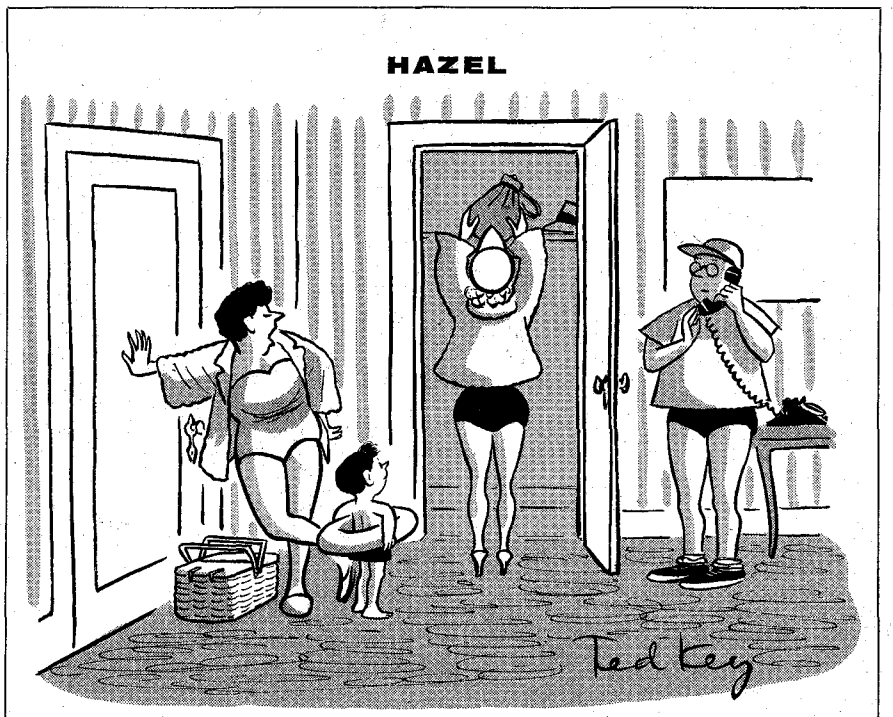
I came to Hollywood thinking they wanted me for strong, commanding roles. As it happened, my first film role—in The Strange Love of Martha Ivers—found me cast as a weak, neurotic character. Almost immediately I was typed as a sniveler.

I'm always running into people who think I've always played violent roles, roaring and smashing things with my fists. They forget A Letter to Three Wives, in which I played a mild-mannered schoolteacher. The trouble is that virtuous roles aren't usually memorable.

It will sound crazy to anyone who doesn't know Hollywood, but the first time my own talent agency thought that I had any talent was the day I began to imitate some of that agency's top brass in their own offices. They did a double take and said, "Hey, this guy's good. Where's he been all the time?" They'd been telling producers for months that I was loaded with talent, but that was different. That came under the heading of salesmanship.

In 1948 my agent was excited about my prospects. He had me all set for the best role I'd had up to that time, in The Great Sinner, at M-G-M. The picture was to have three stars. Ava Gardner and Greg Peck had already been signed, and I was to be the third. My pay would be $50,000, a bigger bundle than I'd ever made.

It was at that moment that I heard of an independent producer, Stanley Kramer, who was going to make a picture called Champion. It was based on a Ring Lardner story of the same name. He wanted me for the title role. Kramer was an unknown independent producer. He is no longer unknown, but he is still very independent.



"Let's get this show on the road."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He didn't have a script, but when he told me about the Ring Lardner story, he made it sound so exciting, and the rock-hard fighter role I was to play was so off-beat for me, that I couldn't wait to begin. Stanley had only one reservation. He didn't know whether I looked like a prize fighter.

Though feeling like a strip teaser, I ripped off my shirt and flexed my muscles.

Kramer was impressed, but my talent agent wasn't. "You're nuts," he said. "Kramer has no real money. He's talking of letting you have fifteen thousand plus a percentage of the profits—in other words, you'll get most of your salary, if any, on a deferred-payment basis. He doesn't even have a script. On the other hand, a major studio is offering you costarring billing in their biggest production of the year for a lot of cash. You don't need us, Kirk. You need teams of psychiatrists working on you in shifts."

In spite of such talk, I passed up the $50,000 at Metro and decided to do Champion. But Stanley still had a selling job to do on the bank that he hoped would put up the money. To the consternation of the bankers, who consternated easily, Stanley said that he wanted Kirk Douglas for the star of his picture. The bankers asked, "Don't you mean Melvyn Douglas?" Stanley said, "No, I mean Kirk Douglas." It was only when he said that he would personally vouch for me that they gave him a reluctant nod.

They took an even dimmer view of the story Kramer planned to film. "Are you sure it'll be all right?" they asked. "After all, boxing stories are usually unsuccessful." Stanley said bravely, "I'll vouch for the story too." (Imagine Stanley vouching for Ring Lardner.)

When I think about Champion, I think about a guy who put all his money on the long shot in a horse race and won. Champion made me very lucky. But when it was all done and Stanley held a preview, I still didn't know whether it was good or bad. There were two clues: when I walked outside, people began to ask for my autograph. And my agent suddenly became very considerate and charming, and asked me to his house for dinner.

Stanley and I have kept a friendly game of verbal hotfoot going ever since we first worked together. I like to tell Stanley that I "discovered" him as a producer. "Listen, you miserable character," I say, "I went to work for you when you couldn't even get Lassie to bark at you. Because of my unusual powers of discernment I was able to detect the tiny grain of talent that is buried very, very deep in you. My willingness to gamble on you was the luckiest moment in your career."

Stanley gives as good as he gets. He likes to suggest that before Champion the word "Douglas" was associated in the public mind with a fir tree, and he indicates that woodenness occasionally creeps into my performances. With a sly grin, he "analyzes" my acting technique. "Kirk uses his chin the way Marilyn Monroe uses her walk," he says. "He thrusts it forward to register masculinity; then pulls it back to indicate tenderness."

I've no intention of going into a play-by-play account of the movies in which I've appeared, even Detective Story, which is a picture I enjoyed to the hilt. The truth is I'd like to forget that picture. It's a sore point with me. I was nominated for an Oscar for my performance in Champion (1949), in The Bad and the Beautiful (1952), in Lust for Life (1956). But my luck ran out with Detective Story. People said, "You're sure to get an Oscar out of this, Kirk." I believed them. I even prepared an acceptance speech; and I didn't even get nominated.

You remember different pictures for different reasons. I'll always remember 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea and Man Without a Star because in both of them I was allowed to strum a guitar and sing in my bathtub baritone. Decca recorded those two numbers, and my first royalty check came to $1000. My ma keeps harping on what a wonderful country this is, and she's right. I have more nerve than voice, and if a guy like me can collect for a couple of recordings, this is quite a country.

Those two films were the first ones I had made that appealed to the juvenile audience. I had an immediate, enthusiastic response from my two eldest sons, Michael and Joel. Now I was not just a movie star, but a star in films that they and their friends went to see.

So far I haven't mentioned Michael and Joel's mother, except to say that we were married during World War II. That marriage ended in divorce in 1950. I constantly run into people who think it is vaguely immoral for me to talk about my first wife with respect and admiration. The simple truth is, she deserves it.

I am now married to Anne Buydens. I met her when I was in France making a movie, and in need of someone who could handle my press relations and be a general all-around aide. She was recommended because she knew the motion-picture business and could speak four languages. Among other things, she was production co-ordinator for John Huston's film, Moulin Rouge.

I was all set to hire her, but she turned me down. I spent ten lunches, seventeen dinners, endless dances and countless hours to get her to change her mind. Later, I persuaded her to come to California for a visit, and just before it was time for her to return to France, I was ready to spend hours persuading her to marry me. It took only one question and twenty seconds.

The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace in Las Vegas. He had a Texas drawl, and since Anne is Belgian, her English is halting. The J.P. told her to repeat certain words after him, and I heard her promise to "take this man as my awful wedded husband." Awful or lawful, it was also for better or for worse, and we have a son, Peter Vincent Douglas, born in November, 1956.

While Peter has been my most successful recent independent production, I have been busy as a producer along more conventional lines. My independent company, Bryna Productions, has had three films reach the theaters and has three in work right now, including our biggest effort to date, The Viking.

Last January the New York Film Critics selected my portrayal of Vincent van Gogh in Lust for Life as the best performance by a motion-picture actor in 1956. I've been to New York a few times since the picture opened, and during one visit a man from Warner Brothers telephoned my hotel room to ask if he could talk to me about another picture.

When he entered, he began to laugh. I asked what was funny.

"Look out of your window," he told me.

I looked and saw, across the street, a line of people waiting in front of the Plaza Theater, where Lust for Life was playing. "It's nice," I said, "but why is it funny?"

"It's easier to see you than to see your movie," he told me. "I've been trying to see that picture for a month, but there's always that line, and I've been too busy to stand in it."

I hadn't thought about it like that, but it's healthier that way. If I ever become the kind of an actor who's harder to see than one of his movies, I'll be in deep trouble.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Martin.

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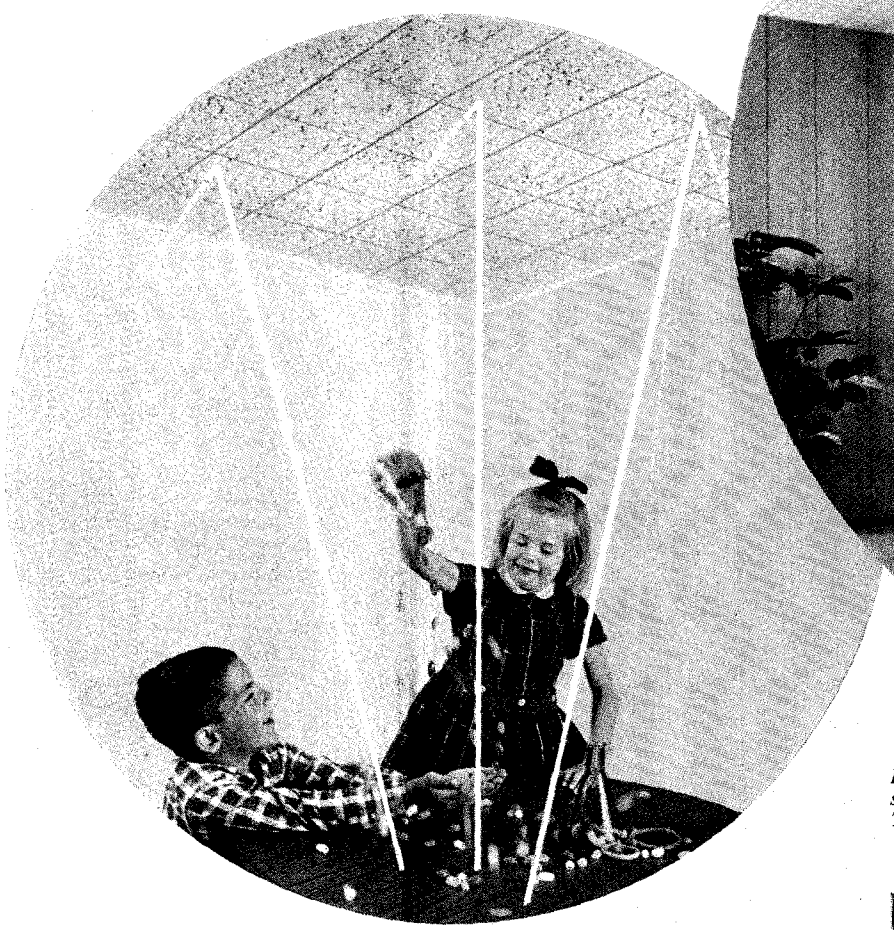

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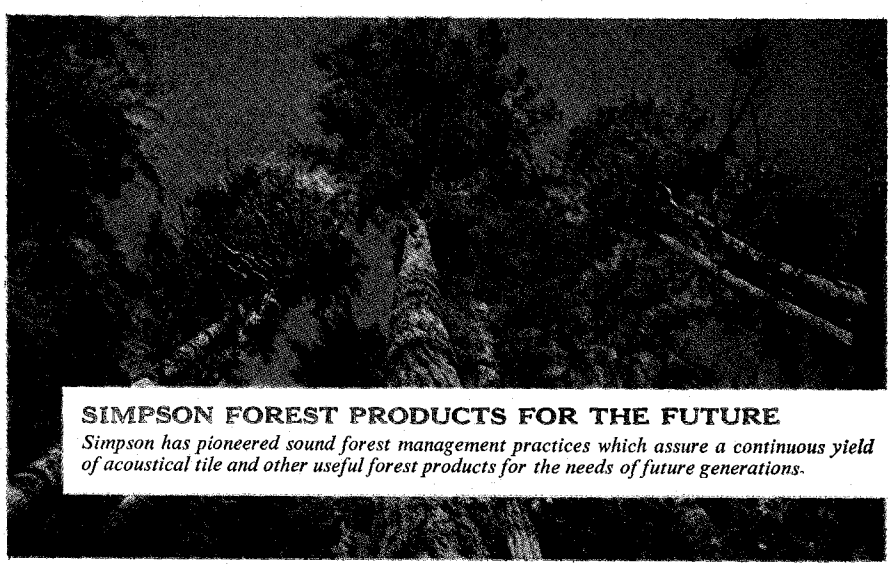
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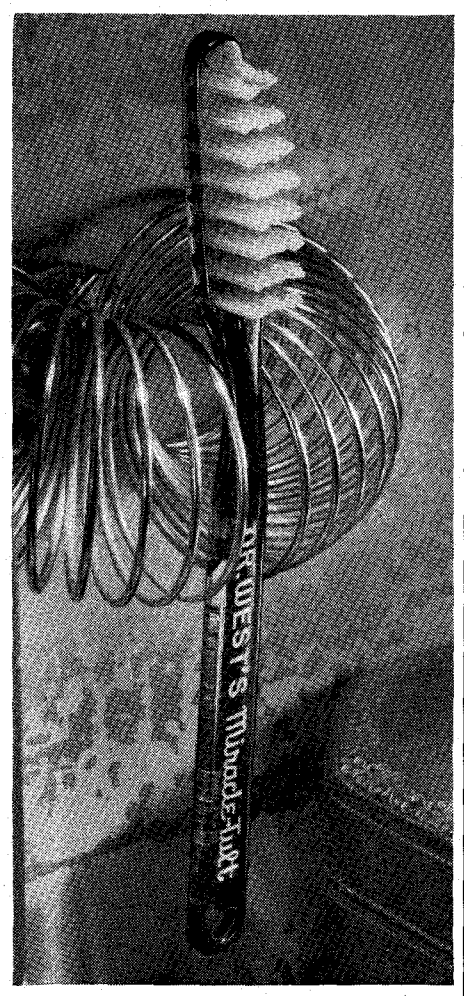
Bob Hope's
TOOTHBRUSH



It's no laughing matter!

Inside Bob Hope's dressing room, a new kind of toothbrush. It's the Dr. West's Germ-Fighter that fights back against germs. Bob takes no chances with his toothbrush, and neither should you. Get a new Dr. West's Germ-Fighter—the *only* toothbrush that inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it and hold to it (whether they are picked up while brushing or while the brush hangs in your bathroom). Anti-bacterial up to 4 months, it's the safest toothbrush!

THE ALL NEW
DR. WEST'S
GERM-FIGHTER TOOTHBRUSH
69¢

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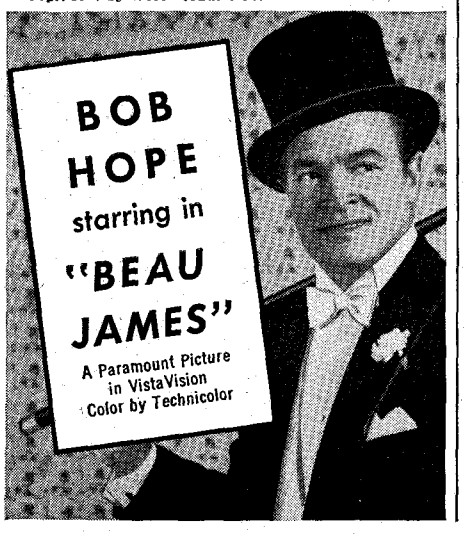


Keeping Posted

Phyllis Kern, Louise Beardwood, Lucille Geyer.

Gallery of Winners

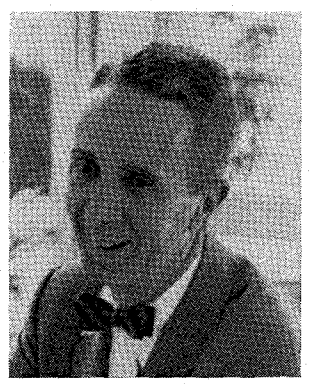
Last week it was reported here that **John Bartlow Martin** won both the Benjamin Franklin and the Sigma Delta Chi writing awards for *1956* with his series on mental health, Inside the Asylum (Oct., Nov. Post). It was a fine year for Post award collectors. Some others:

In Washington the U. S. Chamber of Commerce designated nine persons as Great Living Americans, and one was Post cover painter **Norman Rockwell.** From his citation: "Through the magic of your talent, the folks next door—their gentle sorrows, their modest joys—have enriched our own lives and given us new insight into our countrymen."

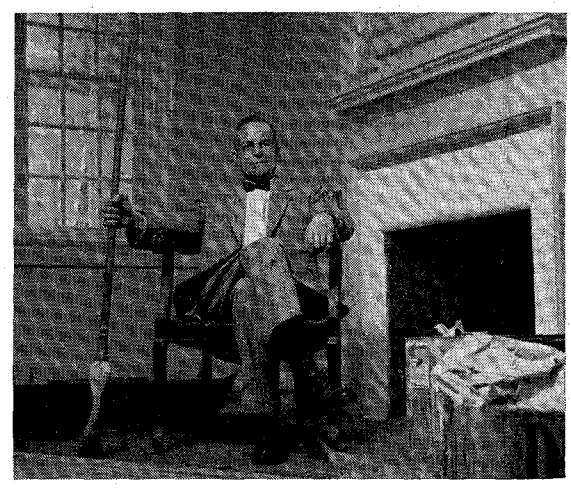
Science editor **Steven M. Spencer,** who last year added to his writing-trophy collection the coveted Lasker Medical Journalism Award for his Mystery of the Blinded Babies (June 11, '55, Post), has this year bagged the Distinguished Service Award of the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation, Philadelphia Chapter, "for his contribution to lay understanding of medical developments." Spencer's 81st Post appearance is on page 32.

Among hundreds of 1956 contestants for the American Institute of Architects Awards "to encourage public understanding of architecture," Associate Editor **Arnold Nicholson** carried off second place in the magazine field for House With a Charmed Life (Nov. 24, '56, Post)—about the old Octagon in Washington. Timely news: Nick has restored and recently occupied a 190-year-old Philadelphia house, a *very* easy walking distance from the office.

And now, gentlemen, here's to the ladies. Under sponsorship of the National Association of Business Schools, three young ladies were selected from the nation to be finalists in Washington for the title of Miss Secretary of 1957. Hail to Lucille Geyer, of Boston, the winner, and to Phyllis Kern, of Denver; and a double hail to Art Editor Ken Stuart's secretary, **Louise "Bunny" Beardwood**—she's our girl!



Norman Rockwell.



Arnold Nicholson in an old house he has just made new.

Steven Spencer.

Author Among Sharks

Frank Harvey, while vacationing in the West Indies, tried lobster diving and surprised himself by boating four big ones after wrestling them loose from caves twenty feet down. Those waters can be perilous—see story, page 24. "Our boatman," Harvey recalls, "was missing two fingers. Once a python-size conger eel, coiled in a cave, grabbed his hand and he had to cut off the fingers or drown."

On an occasion when Harvey was skin-diving with another party, an eight-foot shark approached him ominously. "I don't know how I got into the boat, but I got there very quickly." Aboard, he found his friends guffawing merrily: sand shark—harmless. It is the mako sharks that kill and eat people, and on this same trip, a skilled diver was driven by one into a cave forty feet down. Harvey relates, "He stayed in the cave almost to the limit of his air lung, then out he came, squirting bubbles at the waiting mako with his CO-2 spear gun—he had previously shot the spear and missed." The killer-fish shied away just long enough for the diver to surface, and then it wrathfully circled the boat. Harvey recommends lobster diving as good fun, but it seems like more fun just to eat them. P.S.: In the May 14, 1955, Post, Harvey wrote an article called I'll Never Dive Again; he went down with some Navy deep-sea divers and for a while his anti-diving sentiment was intense.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Jackie Gleason"

Pete Martin confronts the fat and funny showman with rumors that he's feuding with Perry Como, worried about women, and ready for the psychiatrist. You'll surely want to read what Jackie says.

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